

THE QUIVER:

DESIGNED FOR THE

DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF BIBLICAL TRUTH,

AND THE

Advancement of Religion in the Homes of the People.

VOLUME IV.

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THE QUIVER.

JOHN SULLIVAN;

OR,

A SEARCH FOR "THE OLD RELIGION."

IV.—A REASONABLE APPEAL TO ANTIQUITY (continued).

"I SEE what you mean," said Sullivan. "But tell me, had not the Church a right to enlarge her Creed, if she found it necessary? Did not the Council of Nice enlarge the Apostles' Creed? and might not the Council of Trent do the same thing, at a later period?"

"We will speak of that question presently," said Rogers; "at present I dwell merely on this fact, that we have, and use, the old Creed—the Creed of the Apostles; while your Church, not content with this, insists on adding to it certain further articles, devised 1,500 years after. And this one fact surely ought to decide the question—Which Church adheres most simply and closely to the first faith—the old religion?"

"I think," said Sullivan, "that you are laying too much stress upon a brief statement like this—a Creed which scarcely occupies a dozen lines."

"Perhaps," said Rogers, "you might justly say so, if this were the sole fact of the case. But let us go on to the next step in the argument. In the year 325, or about 225 years after the death of St. John, the Emperor Constantine, for the settlement of the Arian controversy, summoned together the First General Council at Nice in Bithynia. It was attended by 318 bishops, and one of its chief duties was to prepare a Creed, or declaration of the faith, suited to the necessities of the times. The Creed then adopted was this:—

"We believe in one God Almighty, Maker of all things, visible and invisible; And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God; Begotten of the Father, the only-begotten, that is, of the substance of the Father: God of God, Light of Light, Very God of very God; Begotten, not made; Of one substance with the Father, By whom all things both in heaven and earth were made; Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, And was incarnate, and was made man, and suffered; And the third day rose again, and ascended into heaven; And shall come again to judge the quick and the dead: And in the Holy Ghost."

"I never saw that Creed," said Sullivan.

"No," said Rogers; "I dare say it never came in your way, for, in fact, it is very seldom referred to. It was enlarged at another council, held fifty years later, and we generally call the enlarged copy the 'Nicene Creed.' But Father Jerome will tell you, if you ask him, that this was the Creed actually adopted at the Council of Nice. I have copied it out of Father Dupin's 'Ecclesiastical History,' and he was a doctor of your own Church. But let us go on to the Second General Council, which was held at Constantinople in A.D. 381, and was attended by 150 bishops. In this council the Creed of Nice was revised and enlarged, so as to become what we now call 'the Nicene Creed.' Here it is:—

"I believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible: And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God; Begotten of his Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of very God, Begotten, not made, Being of one substance with the Father; By whom all things were made, Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man, And was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, And the third day he rose again according to the Scriptures, And ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of the Father. And he shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead: Whose kingdom shall have no end. And I believe in the Holy Ghost, The Lord and Giver of life, Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son, Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified, Who spake by the prophets. And I believe in one Catholic and Apostolic Church. I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins; And I look for the Resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come."

"You know this Creed, which is generally received both by Roman Catholics and Protestants. It was first published, as I have said, as the faith of the Church, in A.D. 381. In A.D. 431, just fifty years after, another general council was held at Ephesus, which was attended by about 200 bishops; and twenty years later, in A.D. 451, a fourth council was held at Chalcedon, at which more than 600 bishops were present.



At both of these councils the 'Nicene Creed,' as enlarged at Constantinople, was read, and affirmed, as the faith of the whole Church. Thus, for more than a century, and at four successive councils, attended by about 1,200 bishops from various parts of the world, was this great Creed under consideration; and we may say with confidence that it was then put forth, by general consent, as containing the Religion—the profession of faith—a belief in which entitled a man to be admitted within the pale of the universal Church. Surely we may reasonably conclude that he who heartily receives this Nicene Creed is in communion with the early Church—is a believer in the 'Old Religion.'

"But your argument assumes," said Sullivan, "that a Creed of twenty or thirty lines may contain all that the Church believed at the time. Do you not think that you go too far in taking this for granted?"

"No; I do not for a moment imagine, or argue," said Rogers, "that a short Creed like the Apostles', or the Nicene, can contain all the notions, opinions, or fancies which might be floating about the Church at the time. I only press this upon you, that, looking at the whole history and origin of these Creeds, especially of the Nicene, we may safely conclude that they contain all that the great body of the bishops of those days regarded as essential to salvation. There must always be, in every Church, primary and fundamental doctrines of vital importance; and also a variety of opinions on non-essential points, which the Church leaves undetermined. For instance, in the Church of England at this moment there are many persons who receive, literally, the predictions of St. John concerning a Millennium; and there are many others who do not accept this literal interpretation. Well, on this point the Church is silent. She does not make either one view or the other an article of faith. In like manner I make no question that in the fourth and fifth centuries a variety of notions were becoming predominant in the Church, concerning the veneration due to the saints; the degree of honour to be paid to the Virgin; the pre-eminence of the See of Rome; and on some other points. But what I want you to remark is this: that while such opinions were growing up in the Church, they were not yet generally accepted by it. No one, at any of the above councils, so much as suggested that any article should be inserted in the Creed

expressing belief in the intercession of the saints, or in the power of the Virgin Mary, or in the honour due to images of the Apostles, or in any other of those opinions which divide your Church from ours. These were left by all these councils as mere matters of opinion—matters on which men might differ. During all these centuries no one required belief in them; no council admitted them to the rank of Articles of the Faith. Had you lived in those days—had you asked any bishop of the fifth century to tell you his faith, he would have given you the Nicene Creed. Had you desired baptism, he would have instructed you in the articles of that Creed; and when you were prepared to avow your faith in the doctrines of that Creed, he would have baptised you; propounding to you that Creed, and *nothing more*. It was left to your Church, after a thousand years had passed away, to add twelve new articles to that Creed, and to demand from every candidate for baptism a belief in twelve doctrines which Ambrose and Augustine would never have prescribed to him. And hence, I say, that ours has the better title to be termed the Old Religion. We are content with the Creed of the Apostles and the Creed of the Councils of Nice and Constantinople; but you deem these insufficient, and insist upon the Creed of 1564. Surely, then, your faith, your religion, is by a thousand years more modern than ours."

"You overpower me," said Sullivan, "with a crowd of thoughts which I cannot so rapidly bring into any order. Give me time to reflect upon these things, for much that you have said is quite new to me."

"Willingly," said Rogers; "and not to hurry you, I will postpone our next meeting until the end of the week."

(To be continued in our next.)

CONVALESCENCE.

Oh, whence—oh, whence came that reviving breeze,
Which, entering my casement even now,
Shed its cool fragrance on my parched brow,
Laden with odours from yon linden trees?
Sure 'twas the fluttering of an angel's wing
Which fanned my cheek, and chased away the gloom
Of this long fever-spirit haunted room,
And causing thus my thankful heart to sing.
Hast Thou indeed, dear Lord, in this the hour
To me, like thine, of dark and evil power,
E'en sent thine angel thus to strengthen me?
For Thou wast tempted once, tho' sinless still,
And canst be touched with our infirmity.
Give me submission, sinless, to Thy will.

FRUITS OF A PRAYER MEETING.

SOME time since I established what might be called a fellowship meeting in my parish. I was moved to it partly by observing the isolation and want of brotherly sympathy between those who, as far as I could judge, were growing Christians. Each man seemed to pursue his journey alone—to be in the position of the "Pilgrim," before he met with "Faithful" or "Hopeful." His griefs and joys he kept to himself; he was unconscious of the strength, and joy, and light which union brings with it. My people did not seem to have realised that portion of the Creed, "I believe in the communion of saints." I was moved to it, also, by a feeling that there was a remarkable influence for good abroad in the land, which had its effect even upon those who were not yet converted by it. I think all of us who are ministers must feel that there is a great readiness to hear, and a willingness to be spoken to in a very serious manner.

And surely this was to be expected. Now that the last sands of Time are running out, men seem to stop, and catch their breath and listen, as if they felt conscious that the Judge is at the door, and expected to hear the sound of his coming. We must not overlook this fact of men's readiness to hear; but since a market seems thus to open for our spiritual merchandise, we must bestir ourselves, as merchants do in a time of brisk trade, and ask ourselves what new openings (forsooth, into men's hearts) we can find—what opportunities for putting off our wares. So, casting about, and asking myself, the prayer meeting suggested itself to my mind, as it had done to the minds of so many others. At first I had both a fellowship meeting and a general prayer meeting, but after a time, the smaller meeting merged into the larger one. And though I cannot tell of men and women stricken to the heart, and crying out, "What must I do to be saved?" I can tell of greatly increased seriousness among the people; of a few true converts coming gradually out from the world; and of a wonderful drawing together of the people of God. A wonderful drawing together, on their part, indeed; a realisation, as it were, for the first time, that there was something real in Christian brotherhood. If I could only see this last-named blessing, as a result of the prayer meetings, I should count myself amply repaid. My spirit has been greatly refreshed by this return, as it were, to primitive Christian love. It has dawned on my people as a new joy, and they find in it not only a new pleasure, but also a new power for good. I believe there never was such a spirit abroad among my people as there is now; never a time when the poor, unlettered men among them spoke so earnestly to their "mates" and partners in work about eternal things, proving themselves helpers together in the work of God with their minister.

Of those who have received benefit from these

meetings, one has already been removed from this world. She was a woman of considerable intelligence, and removed as far as one can conceive it possible from anything like enthusiasm. She had for years counted herself a Christian, and of late years had been a communicant. But there was a coldness and want of life in her Christianity which was very discouraging. She attended regularly our prayer meetings, and, after a time, a great change in her was evident. There was a responsiveness in her now: the eye would light up; the expressive countenance began to work; the interest she took in spiritual things was not to be mistaken. It might have been only that she had returned again, by God's grace, to the warmth of her "first love;" that her soul, which had been cleaving to the dust, had been greatly quickened; that she had girded up her loins, and mended her pace, for the last stage of her journey; for soon after this she failed, and sickened, and passed away. It may have been only this; but she herself always looked upon the time as that of her conversion. "I had thought myself, sir," she has said to me, "a Christian, for some time; but I believe that my mind was impressed at one of the prayer meetings held at the school."

"Can you remember," I said, "what it was which impressed you, and led you to think more seriously of your state? Was it while the Scripture was being read, or during the prayer?"

"It was during one of the hymns," she answered. "They sang that beautiful hymn—"

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs."

I was not feeling well, and was not able to stand up or join in the singing. And as they sang—

"Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For He was slain for us;"

I thought how blessed to join in that song, and wondered whether I should join in it. As I sat silent on my chair, I seemed excluded from the song then; should I be excluded from it for ever? Religion, from that time, seemed to me far more important, and, also, a more blessed and joyful thing, than ever it had done before. Heaven appeared before me as my home: it seemed more real; and since then my thoughts have been much more on it. I love to think of it."

I might well have answered, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." I doubt not that she joins in that song, and will join in it, throughout eternity: "Worthy the Lamb."

I will give, briefly, another encouraging instance of a benefit resulting from these meetings.

I had a meeting at my own house, in my dining-room. The room was full: we had, I suppose, sixty persons. A neighbouring clergyman had come over to help me. He had chosen, as the portion of Scrip-

ture which he read, the parable of the "barren fig-tree." Upon this he made a few plain and pointed remarks. It was not until some little time after that I learned that the arrow had gone home.

Among those who were assembled that night was Edward Hooker. His wife had long been a praying woman. They had no children, and her prayers had long been offered, with intense earnestness, for him. Before that night she had never, she said, seen him "bend the knee before God." *That night he prayed.* From that time forth no man was more regular at the means of grace than he. Whenever the church doors were open for Divine service, he was there. Wherever I held a meeting for reading the Scriptures and prayer, Hooker would be present. Noticing this, I spoke first to his wife, and then to him, and so learned the history of this happy change. Between two and three years have passed away, and he is a growing and ripening Christian. He cannot read, and was, three years ago, a very ignorant man; but he makes up for all by great diligence and real love. He comes to every means of grace to gather food; he feeds upon the word, and hides it in his heart. We need not, therefore, be surprised that he profits exceedingly.

Soon after his change, he established family prayer in his house. His wife reads the Bible, and then this poor, unlearned man pours out his heart in prayer. "It makes the tears come to my eyes," said his wife, "to hear how earnest he is: he seems to forget nobody. It is not only when he prays in the prayer meeting that he is earnest: he is just as much so when he and I are alone before God. 'And this,' I say to myself, 'is my husband, who, three years ago, never bent his knees before God!'"

We may well say, What hath God wrought! I can bear testimony to his earnestness in the prayer meetings. Only a few nights ago, walking home from one of them, with several of my parishioners, one Christian woman said to another, "I am always glad when Hooker prays; his prayers seem to come from the bottom of his heart." Indeed they do: it is just that. He uses the broadest language, and speaks, perhaps, the worst English of any of the labourers; but you cannot, while he is praying, get over the impression that his words are heart deep, and that you are joining in prayer with a man who is really speaking with God. He is, as you may suppose, a great advocate for these prayer meetings. He never likes to hear of their being discontinued, even for a time. He persuades his neighbours to attend, and when he is there, seems as if he were at home and happy.

Two single grapes out of a small cluster; two of the richest and choicest; two which lay, so to speak, nearest to the sun. Others are slowly ripening: some are still very immature; but we may trust to the Sun of Righteousness to give to them the degree of ripeness of which they are capable.

Blessed fruits of a prayer meeting!

Happy meetings we have had; meetings full of profit and blessing; meetings in the middle of the week, to help us on our way from Sunday to Sunday. May God multiply such "prophesyings" (to use the old English word) throughout the land!

THE SAYINGS OF THE WISE.

ELEVENTH CLUSTER.

101. The highest honour on earth is to be the servant of God, and the highest wisdom is to know by experience that his service is perfect freedom.

102. Good works are highly to be prized, when rendered by a subject and not a rebel; when springing from right motives, when valued at a correct estimate, and when holding their proper place in man's esteem.

103. The promises of God are of no value until they are accepted by us, then the honour of God is engaged to fulfil them.

104. God is no man's debtor, and in keeping the commands there is great reward.

105. Let this solemn truth never be forgotten—that without repentance man must perish; but repentance will never atone for a single sin.

106. It surpasses the power of the mind to estimate the height and depth of that folly which makes a man neglect the things of eternity for the things of time.

107. Alas, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!

108. To-day, we visit the tomb of our friends; to-morrow, others will visit ours.

109. God sometimes employs wicked men to afflict the wicked.

110. The book of creation, the book of providence, and the book of redemption, are works that reflect light upon each other, and are all by the same Divine Author.

MEDICINE.

THE late Dr. Darwin, one day at Nottingham, assembled a crowd of people around him, and standing upon a tub, thus addressed himself to the population:—"Ye men of Nottingham, listen to me. You are ingenious mechanics. By your industry, life's comforts are procured for yourselves and families. If you lose your health, the power of being industrious will forsake you. That you know; but you may not know, that to breathe fresh and changed air constantly, is not less necessary to preserve health than sobriety itself. Air becomes unwholesome in a few hours if the windows are shut. Open those of your sleeping-rooms whenever you quit them to go to your workshop; keep the windows of your workshop open whenever the weather is not insupportably cold. I have no interest in giving you this advice. Remember what I, your countryman, and a physician, tell you. If you would not bring infection and disease upon yourselves, and to your wives and little ones, change the air you breathe; change it many times in a day by opening your windows."

"I HAVE NO RELIGION,
AND YET I AM NOT UNHAPPY."

A TALE OF THE SUMMER OF 1862.

By CHARLES B. TAYLER, M.A.

(Continued.)

"HA! what is this that I hear?" said De l'Orme to himself. "That man was at one time what I am now. I must hear more—I must hear all! He must not go till he has let me hear this secret."

He now dreaded to see them quit the bench and go away. He felt as if he could even say to them, "You must not go, you must not leave me, you two Christian brothers, till you have been my teachers, for I also must learn this secret." But they did not go; and with renewed and deepened interest, he gave a more intense and earnest attention to every word he heard.

It was Walter who now spoke. "I must tell you at once, Allan, something of my life since I left you. I cannot spend the time better than in opening my heart to you, and giving you some particulars of the dealings of our gracious Lord with me.

"I had sought to remove myself from the reproofs which constantly met me in my father's house. I do not mean from what was said to me, though that galled and fretted me, and was intolerable. The reproofs that were not spoken, but which I had to encounter from all the ways of my Christian home, those were the keenest, the most deeply felt. But wherever I went, God in his mercy seemed to meet me. The prayers of my parents and of all their household, yours among them, my dear Allan, must in a manner have followed me. Thus it was that I took lodgings in the same house with an aged widow, named Madame Violette; and while I was still going on in my old ungodly, wicked ways, the kind words of that poor old widow often went at once to my heart. She was so gentle, so very kind, so hopeful about me, that at times I could not resist feeling in the depths of my heart how good she was, and how vile I was. My first awakening, however, happened in a remarkable way. A good man, a friend of Madame Violette's, came to my room. He was a colporteur. He put a bundle of English tracts into my hand. He was gentle and courteous, but I was in a rage; and pointing to the fire on the hearth, I said, fiercely, 'I shall burn them all.' He spoke but a few words, words of prayer, as he afterwards told me. I kept my word, and instantly threw the tracts into the fire. As I watched them burning, the flame caused one of the leaves to curl round and to cast its light on a single sentence. It was a verse from the Bible: 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.' I was confounded. I felt that I might destroy those books, and thousands more, but that I could never destroy the Word of God. Thus it was, I repeat, that my gracious Saviour spoke to me, and then he found me a friend and a guide in that poor and aged disciple of Christ, dear Madame Violette. Though

much older, she reminded me of my own dear mother; she had many of her sweet, gentle ways. She was very poor, but always contented, living on the humblest fare, and wearing the coarsest raiment; but if I ever saw real Christian goodness and humility, it was in that poor and lonely widow. She was not, like her neighbours, a Catholic. Her parents, she told me, had been what they call Jansenists. She herself was simply a follower of Christ; and she and a few aged persons like herself often met to read their Bibles, with the colporteur, who went about giving religious tracts, and selling Bibles and Testaments, employed, as I afterwards learned, by some English gentleman in that good work. The dear old woman had, however, been a Christian before that good man found her out. She had learned to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ in a remarkable way—from two leaves of a very old Bible, to her the most precious treasure in the world. She showed them to me, carefully unfolding several sheets of paper in which she kept them, and she taught me to read them, and so became my first teacher in French.

"Poor as she was, I learned from one of her friends that she was denying herself part of her necessary food, putting by a sou at a time, that she might purchase a Bible. I bought a Bible for her from the colporteur. When I put the book into her feeble hands, her joy was so great that she could scarcely speak, and the tears trickled down her pale, withered face. The look with which she fixed her eyes upon me was so like my mother's, that I could scarcely stand it; my heart was softened, and I could not refuse her request that I would go with her to a meeting of her friends. It was a fine evening in spring, and I found a number of poor women, most of them old, and a few men, one a soldier, another an old street-sweeper, whom I had often passed when going to my work. They met in a large, solitary garden, under the shade of some tall acacias and poplars. The colporteur was there, and before their simple meeting broke up, a Protestant pastor, M. M—, joined them, and spoke to them for a quarter of an hour. It was a meeting and a service, Allan, that I have never forgotten. The words of the pastor, and the prayers and the hymns which I heard, went to my heart at the time; and as I walked away, with the hand of my dear old friend Madame Violette resting on my arm, I felt that I was almost persuaded to be a Christian. Such was the way in which the Lord first met with me.

"For some weeks I endeavoured to reform from my evil ways; but my good resolutions were all at once broken. I turned my back on good Madame Violette and her godly friends; I gave up my lodgings, and went to another quarter of Paris, and lived among a very different set of people.

"All my good intentions and serious thoughts had, indeed, been dashed to the ground, chiefly owing to a new acquaintance I made at the restaurant where I dined—a young man named Gaspard Colombier, a

dashing, handsome, open-hearted fellow, but, like myself, an infidel. He was a soldier, and had seen much of the world. He took to me, and I to him; and as he could make himself very agreeable, and was most friendly to me, we were constantly together. He led me, all willingly on my part, into many kinds of folly and dissipation unknown to me before; and as I never did things by halves, I soon gave full swing to my love of idle and sinful pleasures. When we had been acquainted about two months or more, Gaspard invited me to go with him for a fortnight to his native village in Normandy, to be present at his sister's marriage. I was glad to get into the country, and see life in a French farmhouse, so I went with him. I found it very different from our father's house; but the whole family received me with such hearty kindness, that I much enjoyed my visit. Gaspard was more grave and quiet there than he had been in Paris, owing, it seemed to me, to the influence of his mother, who was very superior to the rest of her family. She had been nurse to the great lady of the Château de l'Orme, the late countess, and had had the sole charge of the present count and his sister, her two children. The countess had been an English lady, and having been left a widow a few years after her marriage, she had devoted herself to her children, and brought them up with much care, till she herself had also died, when her son, the present count, was but a youth of eighteen, and his sister still younger. The memory of the good English countess was held in reverence by all the villagers, and by no one more than by Gaspard's mother. But the present count, now a man of my age, is little known, and little thought of. He is immensely rich, but wastes his money and his time, I fear, in idle dissipation, and cares very little either for the souls or bodies of his large tenantry. Good Madame Colombier, Gaspard's mother, loves the young count with all her heart, and will not suffer a word against him in her presence. As for his sister, who was Gaspard's foster-sister, she spoke of her as the loveliest and sweetest lady in the world. I heard much about that young countess, (for she was a married lady) at the farmhouse. She was then daily expected at the château. Her brother had lent them the grand old place, and her husband, the Count of Chatillon, was to bring her from Paris (for she was in failing health), in the hope that she might regain her strength in her native air, and in the quietness of her former home. She came two days before the wedding of Gaspard's sister. Farmer Colombier gave a *fête* to his neighbours on his daughter's marriage; and the countess sent the bride some beautiful presents, and made known her intention to come with her husband to the large *bosquet* in the park, where the guests assembled in the evening.

"Certainly I never saw such sweetness and goodness as in that lovely young lady's looks and ways. She came leaning on her husband's arm, looking like

a pure white rose, as delicate and as fragile; and yet there was all the dignity about her of one of high birth, with a charming modesty which seemed to me the sign of a really noble mind. She kissed the fair young bride with the affection of a sister, and embraced the good Madame Colombier, her old nurse, with the most loving tenderness. She had smiles and kind words for every one. She sat a little apart, looking, I thought, at times faint and wearied, and her sweet face became very pale. Once she rose up and went to a little group of persons who were conversing with a simple, honest-looking man. Her eyes had been turned for some minutes upon them, and she had seen, I suppose, as I had, the angry and supercilious looks of some of the party, as the good man spoke to them, offering to all around the books and tracts which he had taken from his wallet. With an air of almost tender respect, and with a smile of genuine kindness (not appearing to notice the rudeness of the persons about him), the countess approached the colporteur. After talking with him for some time, while her face was suffused for a moment with a faint flush, she turned to her husband, who had followed her and stood by her side, and, taking out her purse, loaded him with the books and tracts which she bought, and then distributed them with her own fair hands to the very persons who had turned away with disdain from the poor colporteur, but who received her gifts with bows of the most profound respect. Gaspard and I had drawn near; and to each of us she gave a New Testament, saying, 'You will, I hope, read this precious book, as the good colporteur says it should always be read, with prayer for the Divine blessing.' It was strange to see the effect produced by that little incident. Numbers came forward, and the wallet of the colporteur was soon emptied of its contents."

While Walter Charlton was thus speaking, a sudden movement, and a half-suppressed exclamation on the part of the foreign gentleman who was sitting beside them, caused the brothers to look round suddenly; but the Count de l'Orme had almost as quickly mastered the emotion which nearly betrayed him at the mention of his sister's name, and had determined to hear the whole of an account so deeply interesting to himself.

"A heavy shower fell fast as the festive party dispersed; it was but a shower, and soon over, but not before most of us had received a thorough wetting. The next morning the carriage of the Count de Chatillon was early at the farmhouse. The young countess had taken cold, had passed a restless night, and was that morning so very unwell that her husband had come himself to entreat her dear old nurse to go back with him in the carriage to the château immediately. Madame Colombier was as anxious as himself to go to her darling, Mademoiselle Valerie, as she still sometimes called her; the child that was as dear to her as her own children. She set off instantly with

the count. Alas! the countess was seriously ill, and her old nurse from that morning took up her abode at the chateau. An express was sent off to Paris for the first physicians there, and to the Count de l'Orme. The doctors came, but the young count had quitted Paris, and had not left word at the Hotel de l'Orme in what direction. It was not till a week after his sister's death that a letter came from him, dated Vienna.

"The lovely countess rallied for a short time, and for some days hopes were entertained of her recovery; but these hopes were soon blighted, and she died away, as her beloved nurse told us, like a beautiful flower broken at the stalk.

"During those few days of apparent convalescence, she begged Madame Colombier to take her to the favourite apartment of her late mother, and the room, which had long been shut up, was unlocked and aired, and the 'jalousies' of the window unclosed. Her mother's picture hung there, and she longed to look upon it; but her chief attention was soon given, not to the portrait, but to a book, a single volume, which lay upon the table near one of the windows; there it had lain unheeded and unopened ever since the death of the late countess. It was the Holy Bible, her mother's Bible. 'Ah, my good Louise,' she said, as she sank weeping into a chair, 'here is a reproof for me and for you. Is there not a look almost of tender reproach in the eyes of that lovely portrait? Is there not a reproof in the very cover of that precious volume? They are both silent in this silent room; but do they not speak to both of us with a voice that penetrates to our very hearts? How could we forget the Divine precepts which she so often read to us from that inspired book; the love of that adorable Redeemer to the chief of sinners; the cleansing efficacy of his blood—the consolations of that holy Comforter—and those few saving doctrines of heavenly truth about which she spoke to us out of her inmost heart? Here let us kneel together,' she added, wiping away her fast-falling tears, 'and entreat our heavenly Father to forgive us for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to renew in us, by the Holy Spirit, that first love and that new life which has been dying away in our souls.'"

(To be continued.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF RIGHT PRINCIPLE.

PERSONS whose conduct is not guided by a religious principle are liable to adopt a very erroneous standard of what is right and what is wrong; and consequently, by a defective mode of reasoning, a guilty action is in their minds divested of its evils. A man of business gives us an example. He says—

"A late clerk of my own, who had been for some years partly engaged by a City merchant, left me to take the confidential management of the latter's accounts. After three years, being unwell, he was

compelled to be absent, as he thought, for two or three days, and during his absence it was discovered that he had embezzled more than £900. But his illness was fatal; and on my visiting him when dying, and gently urging the sad conduct he had been guilty of, and my hope that, although he had no prospect of being able to make good the loss, he had earnestly repented, he actually attempted to justify, or at least palliate, his conduct, by saying he had in other respects been a good servant, and that the loss was not felt, as he took the money by dribblets." Thus sin hardens men's hearts, and perverts their judgment. Here we find an offender regarding theft as less reprehensible because it had been not a single act, but had been committed possibly a thousand times!

THE SUSPECTED ARE NOT ALWAYS GUILTY.

A few years ago the green of a rich bleacher, in the north of Ireland, had been frequently robbed at night to a very considerable amount, notwithstanding the utmost vigilance of the proprietor and his servants to protect it, and without the slightest clue being furnished for the detection of the robber.

Effectually and repeatedly baffled in the ingenuity of the thief or thieves, the proprietor at length offered a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any person or persons detected in the act of robbing the green.

A few days after this proclamation the master was at midnight roused from his bed by the cry of a faithful servant, who, in the tones of alarm and agitation, informed him there was some person with a lantern now crossing the green. The master started from his bed, flew to the window, and found his information correct: it was so in fact. He hurried on his clothes, and armed himself with a loaded pistol; the servant flew for his own loaded musket; and thus prepared, they cautiously followed the light.

The person with a lantern (a man) was, as they approached on tiptoe, distinctly seen stooping, and earnestly employed feeling about on the ground; he was seen lifting and tumbling the linen. The master's conclusion was, as may be imagined, quickly made: the servant fired; the robber fell. The man and master now proceeded to examine the spot.

The robber was shot dead; and he was now, to their astonishment, recognised to be a youth of about nineteen, who resided but a few fields off. The linen was out across; large bundles of it were tied up, as if in readiness for removal; and upon searching and examining farther, the servant, in the presence of his master, picked up a penknife, with the name of the unhappy youth engraved upon the handle. This mass of circumstantial evidence was conclusive, for in the morning the lantern was acknowledged, by the afflicted and heartbroken father of the boy, to be his son's lantern. The unhappy man would have asserted his son's innocence, and with a pure conscience; but defence was dumb, astonishment sealed his lips; the

evidence before him overpowered his belief and his parental feelings.

The faithful servant received the £100 reward, and was, besides, promoted to be confidential overseer of the establishment. The blood curdles in the veins when we learn the remaining acts of this tragedy.

This faithful servant, this confidential overseer, was shortly after found to have been himself the thief, and was hanged at Dundalk for the murder of the youth he had so cruelly betrayed.

It appeared, upon the clearest evidence, and by the dying confession and description of the wretched man, that all the overpowering mass of circumstantial evidence we have related was preconceived by him, not only to screen himself from the imputation of former robberies, but to obtain the proffered reward of £100. The unhappy dupe, the innocent victim he chose for this wicked sacrifice, was an industrious lad of the neighbourhood, on whom an aged father wholly depended for support: he was artless, affectionate, and obliging. The boy had a favourite knife—a penknife—which had his name engraved upon its handle, the keepsake of some loving friend. The first act of this fiend was to coax him to transfer to him that knife as a pledge of their friendship; and this, as may be imagined, was not easy to effect; but it was done. On the evening of the fatal day the miscreant prepared the bleaching green for his dreadful deed of murder. He tore the linen from the pegs in some places, and cut it across in others; he turned it up in heaps, and tied it up in the large bundles in which it was found, as if ready to be moved; and placed the favourite knife, the keepsake, in one of the cuts he had himself made.

Matters being thus prepared, he invited the devoted youth to supper; and, as the nights were dark, he recommended him to provide himself with a lantern to light him home. At supper, or shortly after, he artfully turned the conversation on the favourite knife, which he affected, with great concern, to have lately missed, and pretending that the last recollection he had of it was his using it on a particular spot of the bleaching green, describing the spot to the obliging and unsuspecting youth, and begging him to see if it was there.

The lantern he had been desired to bring with him to light him home was prepared, and he proceeded, with the alacrity of good nature, on his fatal errand. As soon as the monster saw his victim completely in the snare, he gave the alarm to his master, and the melancholy and horrible crime described was committed under the approving eye and hand of the deceived master himself.

Could there have been possibly a stronger case of suspicion than this? The young man seemed actually caught in the fact. The knife, with his name on it, was found upon the spot; the linen cut and tied up in bundles for removal; the lantern acknowledged by his father to be his own; the night chosen for its dark-

ness; the time, midnight; the master himself present, a man of the fairest character; the unsuspected servant a faithful creature of unblemished reputation.

TRIUMPHING IN DEATH.

THE dying moments of the Rev. Augustus Toplady, the author of the well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me!" are thus described:—

During his last illness he seemed to lie in the very vestibule of glory. To a friend's inquiry he answered with sparkling eye, "Oh, my dear sir, I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul: they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul." And within an hour of dying he called his friends, and asked if they could give him up; and when they said they could, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added, "Oh, what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over into the hands of my Redeemer, and part with me; for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul."

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. S. M.—*How am I to reconcile "And they came and held him by the feet" (Matt. xxviii. 9), with the prohibition, "Touch me not?" (John xx. 17).*

The word in Matthew, which in our English translation is rendered "to hold," and the word in John, translated "to touch," mean very much the same thing; both words express the action of "holding," "clinging to," "seizing," "grasping," &c.

"They held him by the feet," &c., in the manner of suppliants, who prostrated themselves, and embraced the feet of those from whom they sought protection. The expression, "Touch me not," may, we think, be thus understood. Our Lord was about to ascend when he spoke thus to his disciples, and had but a short time longer to remain with them; but he did not wish to be delayed, or held back. We reconcile the two expressions:—Hold, embrace, or grasp me not; let me go; waste no more time on demonstrations such as these of affection and duty; you can show me such acts of devotedness afterwards; but go immediately to my brethren, and tell them that "I ascend to my Father and your Father."

W. H.—*"Simon Peter said unto him, Lord, whither goest thou?"—John xiii. 36. "But now I go my way to him that sent me; and none of you asketh me, Whither goest thou?"—John xvi. 5. Are not these passages contradictory?*

There is no contradiction whatever in these passages; they only require a careful perusal, and the sense of each will appear. Our Saviour had been speaking of his departure, and the token he would give to the one who would betray him. At the time when Simon

Peter first asked him, "Whither goest thou?" the disciples were not altogether aware of the sufferings to which they were themselves to be exposed; a new subject, therefore, was introduced to them in chap. xvi. 5. "I go my way to him that sent me, and none of you [new] asketh me [as ye did on a former occasion], Whither goest thou?" The words in brackets, no doubt, supply the sense originally intended by our Lord, to convey to them a kind of mild rebuke.

J. G. O.—*What was the rule of conduct from the time of Adam until the giving of the Law?*

It was evidently the counterpart of the Law itself, from the frequent mention of those crimes which are forbidden in the Law, such as murder, adultery, and the like. We infer this also from the reverence of children for their parents, the rights of property, &c., of which we find mention made in the Book of Genesis.

B. J. T.—*Whoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council.*—Matt. v. 22.

The word "Raca" means a vain, profane person, or vile, worthless fellow. It is a word of contempt. Vilifying a Jew was an offence punishable by the Sanhedrim.

T.—*How do we reconcile our Lord's words, "I go to prepare a place for you" (John xiv. 2) with other passages of Scripture, which speak of Christ's reign upon earth?*

The mournful intelligence which our Lord's prediction of his speedy departure made known to his disciples had filled them with the greatest alarm. He therefore, after replying to Peter's inquiry, proceeds to suggest various motives of consolation. In the second verse, he gives an assurance intended to wean them from secular ambition, and console them under present affliction. The "many mansions" are the various rewards intended for the faithful, according to their degree and progress in holiness. Christ knowing who would remain faithful to him, and that by his finished work alone could any be admitted to the joys of the Father's presence, said, "I go to prepare a place for you"—viz., by virtue of my sacrifice and intercession—a similitude taken from one who goes before another into some distant country, to prepare for his reception. There appears to be no difficulty in reconciling this passage of Scripture with others which speak of Christ's personal reign upon earth. The portion of the redeemed is literally so stupendous, that it will not be affected by the Millennium, beyond being made more glorious. The words, "I go to prepare a place for you," and "will come again," may be taken in a physical as well as a figurative sense—the one when he returned literally to his disciples after his resurrection, in a visible manner; the other unseen, after his ascension into heaven, when also, as he promised, he was perpetually with them.

May not Rev. xxi. 3 be, perhaps, the best solution of the difficulty, and be the true mode of reconciling the promises?

J. R.—*But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father.*—Mark xiii. 32.

The word "to know," signifies in the original to make another to know—to declare. "I determined," says

St. Paul, "not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified;" that is, I determined to make known nothing, and to preach nothing among you but Jesus Christ. The verse in St. Mark may, therefore, be rendered thus—Neither man, nor angel, nor even the Son, can reveal the day and hour to you, because the Father hath determined that it should not be revealed. Dr. Macknight takes this view, and Bishop Mann's is to the same effect. "This," he says, "was one of the times and the seasons which the Father put into his own power, and it formed no part of the revelation which the Son of Man was to make to the world." As the time has not been declared, it is in the power of God to accelerate or to retard the event should he see fit so to do.

F. L.—*Will you tell a labouring man what is meant by "Saul" and "Paul;" and why did the Apostle change his family name?*

"Saul" is a Hebrew name, and signifies "asked for," or "lent." It appears in the Old Testament in another form—that of Shaul (Numb. xxi. 13).

"Paul" was a Roman name. It was borne by the Roman deputy (Acts xiii. 7). It has been thought that St. Paul took the name of the deputy, because he was his first notable convert from among the Gentiles. Certainly St. Luke, who, until the account of the conversion of Sergius Paulus, had called the Apostle Saul (Acts xiii. 2, 3, 7), from that time forth never calls him by any name but that of Paul. It may be that, being a Hebrew born among Gentiles, at Tarsus, he had always borne both names; and that, receiving from this time his commission to the Gentiles, he is known thenceforth only by his Gentile name, as being more acceptable to them.

Some have thought also that there is, in the derivation of the word, an allusion to his smallness of stature.

To S. M.—We have received a letter from "S. M.," in which, alluding to the work for God which was carried on in the Exhibition, and of which an account was given in "THE QUIVER," she expresses her regret that she did not contribute towards the expenses. We have much pleasure in informing her that a similar work is about to be carried on in Paris during the summer months of this year. The lady who was the originator and supporter of the work in the Exhibition of 1862 is now endeavouring to collect funds for this new effort. Subscriptions will be gladly received by Miss Skinner, Swelling Rectory, near Saxmundham.

"S. M." also inquires to whom subscriptions for the London City Mission should be paid. Messrs. Barrett and Hoare, 62, Lombard Street, London, are the bankers to the Society.

GOOD NATURE.

As welcome as sunshine
In every place,
Is the beaming approach
Of a good-natured face.

As genial as sunshine,
Like warmth to impact,
Is a good-natured word,
From a good-natured heart.

The Student's Page.

THE KINGS OF ISRAEL BEFORE THE REVOLT OF THE TEN TRIBES.

Saul	reigned 40 years, B.C. 1095.	
David	" 40 " 1055.	
Solomon	" 40 " 1015.	

KINGS AND PROPHETS OF JUDAH AFTER THE REVOLT.

Prophets of Judah.	Kings of Judah.	Reigned Years.	Began to Reign, B.C.
Shemaiah	Rehoboam	17	975
	Abijah, or Abijam	3	958
Oded	Asa	41	955
Azariah			
Hanani			
Jehu, son of Hanani	Jehoshaphat	25	914
Eliezer	Jehoram, or Joram	8	892
Jahaziel	Ahaziah, or Azariah	1	885
	Athaliah	6	884
	Jehoash, or Joash	40	878
Zechariah, son of Jehoiada	Amaziah	29	839
	<i>Interregnum of 11 years, according to Hales</i>		
Zechariah (who had understanding in the visions of God, 2 Chron. xxvi. 5)	Uzziah, or Azariah	52	810
Isaiah	Jotham	16	758
Micah	Ahaz	16	742
Nahum	Hezekiah	29	726
Joel	Manasseh	55	698
	Amon	2	643
Jeremiah	Josiah	31	641
Habakkuk	Jehoahaz	3 mo.	610
Zephaniah	Jehoiakim	11	610
Ezekiel	Jehoiachin, or Jeconiah	3 m. 10 d.	599
Daniel			
Obadiah	Zedekiah	11	599
	Jerusalem destroyed and Judah carried captive		588
	Governors of Jerusalem after the Captivity.		
Haggai	Zerubbabel		536
Zechariah	Ezra		547
Malachi	Nehemiah		545

The above is according to Usher's Chronology.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—XII.

The Resurrection.

I. Prove the possibility of the resurrection.

1. The wide extent of the powers of man.
2. The possibility of material changes without annihilation.
3. Infinite wisdom of the Creator.
4. Almighty power of God.

II. Its probability.

1. The universal belief of it among men.

2. The present society in the world.

3. The moral government of God.

4. The declarations of Scripture.

III. The criterion by which all men may judge of the truth.

1. The design of man's creation.

2. The insatiable desire of immortality.

3. The judgment of the best men in all ages.

4. The conviction of the wicked in all ages.

5. Resurrection of Christ.

FALSEHOOD.

Forbidden, Lev. xix. 11; Col. iii. 9.

Hateful to God, Prov. vi. 16—19.

An abomination to God, Prov. xii. 22.

A hindrance to prayer, Isa. lix. 2, 3.

The devil the father of, John viii. 44.

The devil excites men to, 1 Kings xxii. 22; Acts v. 3.

The children of God—

Hate, Ps. cxix. 163; Prov. xiii. 5.

Avoid, Isa. lxiii. 8; Zeph. iii. 13.

Respect not those who practise, Ps. xl. 4.

Reject those who practise, Ps. ci. 7.

Pray to be preserved from, Ps. cxix. 29; Prov.

xxx. 8.

Unbecoming in rulers, Prov. xvii. 7.

The evil of rulers hearkening to, Prov. xxix. 12.

False prophets addicted to, Jer. xxiii. 14; Ezek. xiii. 23.

False witnesses addicted to, Prov. xiv. 5, 25.

Antinomians guilty of, 1 John i. 6; ii. 4.

Hypocrites addicted to, Hos. xi. 12.

The wicked—

Addicted to, from their infancy, Ps. lviii. 3.

Love, Ps. liii. 3.

Delight of, Ps. lxxii. 4.

Seek after, Ps. iv. 2.

Prepare their tongues for, Jer. ix. 3, 5.

Bring forth, Ps. vii. 14.

Give heed to, Prov. xvii. 4.

A characteristic of the apostasy, 2 Thessa. ii. 9; 1 Tim.

iv. 2.

Leads to—

Hatred, Prov. xxvi. 28.

Love of impure conversation, Prov. xvii. 4.

Often accompanied by gross crimes, Hos. iv. 1, 2.

Folly of concealing hatred by, Prov. x. 18.

Vanity of getting riches by, Prov. xxi. 6.

Shall be detected, Prov. xii. 19.

Poverty preferable to, Prov. xix. 22.

Excludes from heaven, Rev. xxi. 27; xxii. 15.

They who are guilty of, shall be cast into hell, Rev.

xxi. 8.

Punishment for, Ps. v. 6; cxi. 3, 4; Prov. xix. 5;

Jer. i. 36.

Exemplified, the devil, Gen. iii. 4; Cain, Gen. iv. 9;

Sarah, Gen. xviii. 15; Jacob, Gen. xxvii. 19;

Joseph's brethren, Gen. xxxvii. 31, 32; Gibeonites,

Joshua ix. 9—13; Samson, Judg. xvi. 10; Saul,

1 Sam. xv. 13; Michal, 1 Sam. xix. 14; David, 1

Sam. xxi. 2; Prophet of Bethel, 1 Kings xiii. 16;

Gehazi, 2 Kings v. 22; Job's friends, Job xiii. 4;

Ninevites, Nahum iii. 1; Peter, Matt. xxvi. 72;

Ananias, &c., Acts v. 5; Cretians, Titus i. 12.

Youths' Department.

PHILIP MARSH; OR, THE HISTORY OF A POOR BOY.—PART I.

THE wind howled through the leafless trees, and the rain descended in torrents. It was truly a dreary winter's evening, when every one whom necessity compelled to be abroad made all possible haste to get home again, and those within doors drew closer round the cheerful fire, and longed for the return of those belonging to them who chanced to be out on that cheerless night. A poor, half-starved looking, scantily-clothed lad was hurrying along through the mist and rain. It needed not much penetration to see that he had no comfortable home and cheerful fire awaiting him. Stern poverty was written in every feature, and in every shred of his almost threadbare garments. He hurried on, regardless of the wind and the rain, and at length stopped at a large gate. He rang the bell, which was answered by an old porter in the workhouse dress.

"How's father?" said the boy, out of breath. "I could not get away before; I had more parcels than ever to carry out this evening."

"He's no better, and never will be to my mind," said the porter. "I heard the doctor says he can't live till morning."

The boy did not hear the latter part of the porter's remarks, for he was hastening across a large courtyard which separated the infirmary from the main portion of the building.

In a long room, with whitewashed walls, and numerous pallet beds ranged side by side, lay a poor man evidently near death. A pale and careworn-looking woman knelt by his bedside, and from time to time moistened his lips with some barley-water. There was an expression of hopeless misery in her face. Her husband had fallen from a scaffold some six weeks previously, and had been gradually sinking since that time under the injuries he had received. Now all would soon be over, and she would be left alone to battle with the world for herself and five children.

It is hard—none but they who have felt it know how hard—to part from those we love, from a good husband and father, even when surrounded with all the comforts of life; but how much more desolate must be the feelings of one who knows that poverty will be added to her other trials, and that in losing her children's father she loses their bread also! Truly it is only humble faith in God's never-changing promise to be the "Father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow," which can sustain in griefs such as these; and Alice Marsh had never yet learned to pray for that consoling and saving faith; so all was dark and dreary in her distracted mind as she knelt in silent agony by her husband's dying bed.

"Why does not Philip come?" murmured the sick man.

"He'll be here soon, John, I'm sure he will; but this is Saturday night, and he's always later then than other evenings."

"I'd like to see the lad once more," said his father, in a still weaker voice.

Just then the room door opened, and the boy whom we have already described hurried across the room towards the bed on which his father lay, and knelt down beside his mother.

"I'm glad thou'rt come, lad, right glad!" and the

father's voice seemed to gain a momentary strength from the presence of his son. "Thou'lt soon have to fill my place, Phil, to thy mother; art thou ready and willing to do it?"

"Yes, father," said the boy, in a low but earnest voice.

"And the little ones will all be looking up to thee as an example; wilt try to be a good one to them, Phil?"

"Yes, father," murmured the boy, half choked with tears.

"Fourteen years old is not much of an age; and yet much will be required of thee, Phil! Keep out of bad company, and go to God's house regularly; and Alice, girl," continued the dying man, addressing his wife, "I've promised Mr. Walton, the kind clergyman who has been so often to see me, that all the young uns shall go regularly to the Sunday-school. I feel, now it is too late, that I have not thought about such things as I should have done; may God, in his mercy, forgive me, and give you grace to do better! Mr. Walton has promised to keep an eye on you all; and Phil, my boy, if thou wouldst have a death-bed free from the bitterest remorse, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'"

The excitement of talking exhausted the feeble strength of the dying man, and for some few moments those around thought his spirit had fled. He rallied again, however, on a little restorative being given to him, and his first glance of consciousness rested on Mr. Walton, who had entered the room whilst he was insensible, and now stood beside his bed.

"This is kind, sir," said John Marsh.

"I am glad you are pleased to see me," said Mr. Walton. "I wished to have an opportunity of seeing your son Philip; is that he?" pointing to the boy, who still knelt by the bed, his head buried in his hands.

"Yes, sir, that's Phil, my eldest. Get up, Phil, and speak to the gentleman. I've been telling him, sir, what he must be to his mother when I am gone. Tell the gentleman what you have promised, Phil."

But poor Philip, overcome with grief and awe, could not utter a word.

Mr. Walton took his hand. It was very cold, and the lad was shivering from head to foot. "I hope you have promised your father that, by God's help and grace, you will do all you can to be a comfort and support to your mother; that you will pray for strength to avoid bad company, and to be a good example to your brothers; and that you will honestly endeavour to do your duty in whatever station you may be placed. Is that what you wish, Philip?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, in a low, but firm voice.

"Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves," said Mr. Walton, solemnly; "therefore, as God has given you grace to form the good desire, may he, of his great mercy, give you strength to perform the same through Jesus Christ our Lord!"

Mr. Walton then prayed with the sick man, and after some soothing words to Alice, took his leave.

He never saw John Marsh again; he died during the night. His wife and Philip remained with him to the last, and when all was over, went back to their poor home.

How true it is that grief is a luxury in which the poor cannot long indulge! The necessity of re-

doubled exertion checked the first violence of the widow's sorrow. She had now to earn sufficient to maintain herself and four children, for Philip's gains did not more than suffice to keep himself. He was errand-boy to a milliner in the town, and had three shillings a-week, and an occasional supper. Many, many miles did he walk every day, and his shoes alone cost something to keep in anything like repair. Mr. Walton had promised to look out for something better for him; meanwhile he worked on patiently and steadily, amid many temptations and trials of patience. Mrs. Marsh was a good laundress, and washed for several small families. Philip rarely got home before eight o'clock at night, and even then his labours did not cease. Either there was linen to carry home, or the copper to fill, for his brothers and sister were too young to help their mother, so there was generally something to occupy him for an hour or more, and his mother was often cross and angry with him for coming home so late. Time had been when Philip would have been offended, or have answered his mother hastily; but, since his father's death, a change had come over the lad. He went regularly to the Sunday-school—Mrs. Marsh obeyed her dying husband's wishes in that respect—and Mr. Walton took a kindly interest in him, talked to him, encouraged him, prayed with him, reminded him constantly of the solemn promise he had made; and God blessed these endeavours, and enabled Philip to act up to his resolve.

"What is the matter with you, Philip?" said Mr. Walton, very gravely, one Sunday morning, as the boy entered the school-room with his face very much discoloured. "I hope you have not been fighting; you know how I have cautioned you against so doing."

"No, sir," said Philip, colouring. "I will tell you all about it afterwards, if you please, sir."

"Very well, Philip; remain after school."

Philip had looked Mr. Walton steadily in the face as he spoke, and there was a truthful, honest expression in his countenance, which caused that gentleman to believe the lad's statement.

"And now for the history of your misfortunes, Philip," said Mr. Walton, as he and Philip left the school-room together.

"It happened this way, sir. You know you have often told me that I should be robbing my employer by staying and wasting my time when sent on errands. I used to do so once, sir, before I knew you, and I think the boys of the town dislike me because I will no longer join them; so, yesterday, as I was going along in a great hurry, taking something to a lady, I heard Joe Raynard say, 'Here comes Phil, let's have some fun with him.' Upon which they ran against me, and tried to throw me down. I got away from them at last, and delivered my parcel safely; but as I was returning, by the public-house on the hill, I saw a chimney-sweep's truck and sweeping machines at the door. I knew they belonged to Mr. McCree, the sweep—he was very kind to father when he was so bad. I saw Joe Raynard and some other boys whisper together, and then seize the truck, and begin rolling it down the hill. So I ran into the public-house to tell Mr. McCree what they were doing, and when I came out, Dick Collins struck me in the face, and said he would be revenged on me."

"And is that all, Philip?"

"No, sir; the worst is to come," and Philip's voice faltered.

"You did not, I hope, strike the boy?"

"No, sir; I felt tempted to do so, but I did not, because I had been told it was wrong; and then the other boys called me a coward, and set upon me, and the box was broken in the scuffle, and my mistress wouldn't believe me when I told her it was not my fault, and she discharged me last night, sir; and I shall be a burden to my mother till I get something to do again."

"If your story be all true, Philip, you are not to blame in the matter, and rest assured that all will turn out for the best. I am rejoiced to hear you were enabled to withstand the provocation. There is nothing too hard for us to do if God helps us, and you must ask him to help you. I will call on McCree to-morrow morning, and hear his version of the story; and if all you say be true, I will see that your mother is no loser by your being out of employment."

Philip went home with a lightened heart. His mother had been sadly put out at his losing his situation. She had the unfortunate habit of always looking at the black side of things; and being, as we said before, a stranger to those holy and comforting doctrines which are the only sure support in trouble, she saw everything through a glass darkly. Taking this view of matters, she reproached Philip for not having minded his own business, instead of interfering about the truck. "If you'd have left it to take its chance, Phil, you see all this wouldn't have happened."

"Yes, mother; but remember how kind Mr. McCree was to us when poor father was ill; you wouldn't have had me see his property destroyed without telling him of it."

"Well, well, charity begins at home—that's what I say; and it's well for us if we don't have to starve for it—that's all!"

"Never fear, mother; I'll be off early to-morrow morning to look for work." But poor Philip did, nevertheless, feel rather downhearted, and it was an inexpressible relief to him when Mr. Walton promised to assist his mother.

"So I shan't be a burden to you, mother, after all, you see."

"Wait till we do see," said Mrs. Marsh, petulantly; "it's easy for folk to talk."

The good news had its effect, however, and, in spite of all her forebodings, Alice Marsh became more cheerful towards evening.

They were all seated comfortably at tea, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Go and see who it is, Jemmy," said Mrs. Marsh to her second boy.

It was Mr. McCree, the sweep.

"Oh, Philip, my boy," said he, as he entered the cottage, "you are just the person I wanted to speak to; but I scarcely thought to find you at home."

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Marsh; "he's at home, and likely to be for all that I can see!"

"Why, how's that, Philip?"

Philip cast a beseeching glance at his mother to entreat her silence. But Mrs. Marsh was not to be silenced.

"Why you see, sir, he got into a scrape about that truck of yours yesterday," and she gave Mr. McCree the whole account of Philip's dismissal from his situa-

tion. To her surprise, and no small annoyance, her auditor did not appear so distressed as she had anticipated.

He smiled, on the contrary, and said, good-humouredly—

"Well that smoothes the way for what I was going to propose, Mrs. Marsh. I want a boy whom I can trust—they are a sad set hereabouts. I want a boy—none of your harum-scarum lads—but a good steady chap, who would look after my interests. You did so yesterday, Philip, at the expense of your own; and if you are willing to serve me faithfully, I will be a good master to you. I can't afford high wages; five shillings a-week will be the most I can give for the first year, but you can take all your meals with us, and that will be something."

Poor Philip's dancing eyes told how great a "something" it would be.

"I shall want you to sleep at my place, because of rising betimes in the morning, but there will be little or nothing for you to do in the afternoon, and you can have an hour or two to yourself every day, which you can spend at home if you like. Is it a bargain?" asked Mr. McCree, for Philip's heart seemed too full for words.

Of course, it was a bargain, and one to which even Alice could find no objection. Mr. McCree told her he had an old coat and pair of trousers at home which she might cut up for Philip, so that he should have a decent suit to wear, and he was to commence his duties the very next evening.

(To be continued in our next.)

ST. AUGUSTINE ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

Oh, marvellous mystery! oh, inexplicable conjunction! oh, mercy most adorable, ever to be admired, ever to be loved! We were not worthy to be called thy servants; and thou hast made us sons—sons of God!—not only sons, but heirs, too,—“heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.”—Rom. viii. 17. Whence is that mighty favour? Send down thy grace and Spirit, and let this qualify us to receive the fullness of thy mercy. Help us to understand, and with all diligence to walk worthy of this “mystery of godliness;” this Son of God “manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.”—1 Tim. iii. 16.

THE COTTON FAMINE.

OUR friends who forward contributions for the Lancashire Fund, unaccompanied by a bill, will oblige us by stating in which of our periodicals they wish the acknowledgments to appear.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the following further sums:—

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SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. CHATTAWAY'S OFFICE.

It was Nora's day for churning. The butter was made twice a-week at Trevlyn Farm, and the making of it fell to Nora. She was sole priestess of the dairy: it was many and many a long year since anybody but herself had interfered in it: except, indeed, in the churning. One of the men on the farm did that for her in a general way: and the words above, with which this chapter commences, "It was Nora's day for churning," would be looked upon by anybody familiar with the executive of Trevlyn Farm as a figure of speech.

In point of fact, however, they would have proved to be literally true as to this particular day. When Nora was detected at the fold-yard gate by Mr. Chattaway, idly staring up and down the road, she was looking for Jim Sanders, to order him in to churn. Not the Jim Sanders whom you heard mentioned in the earlier portion of our history, but Jim's son. Jim the elder was dead: he had brought on rather too many attacks of inward inflammation (a disease to which he was predisposed) with his love of beer; and at last one attack worse than the rest came, and proved too much for him. The present Jim, representative of his name, was a youth of fourteen, not overdone with brains, but strong of muscle and sound of limb, and was found handy on the farm, where he was required to make himself useful at any work that came uppermost.

Just now he was wanted to turn the churn. The man who usually performed that duty was too busy out of doors to be spared for it to-day: therefore it fell to Jim. But Nora could not see Jim anywhere, and she returned in-doors and commenced the work herself.

The milk at the right temperature—for Nora was too experienced a dairy woman not to know that if she attempted to churn at the wrong one, it would be hours before the butter came—she took out the thermometer, and turned the milk into the churn. As she was doing this, the servant entered: a tall, stolid girl, remarkable for little except her height: Nanny, by name.

"Ain't nobody coming in to churn?" asked she.

"It seems not," answered Nora.

"Shall I do it?"

"Not if I know it," returned Nora. "You'd like to quit your work for this straightforward pastime, wouldn't you? Have you got the potatoes on for the pigs?"

"No," said Nanny, sullenly.

"Then go and see about it. You know it was to be done to-day. And I suppose the fire's burning and wasting away under the furnace in readiness."

Nanny stalked out of the dairy. She nearly always went about in pattens, which made her look like some great giantess moving in the house. Nora churned steadily away, using her arms alternately, and turned her butter on to the making-up board in about three-quarters of an hour. As she was proceeding to make it up, she saw through the wired window George ride into the fold-yard, and leave his horse in the stable. Another minute, and he came in.

"Is Mr. Callaway not come yet, Nora?"

"I have seen nothing of him, Mr. George."

George took out his watch: the one bequeathed him by his father. It was only a silver one—as it may be in your remembrance Mr. Ryle remarked—but George valued it as though it had been set in diamonds. He would be sure to wear that watch and no other so long as he should live. His initials were engraved on it now: G. B. R. standing for George Berkeley Ryle.

"If Callaway cannot keep his appointments better than this, I shall beg him not to make any more with me," he remarked. "The last time he came he kept me waiting three parts of an hour."

"Have you seen Jim Sanders this morning?" asked Nora.

"Jim Sanders? I saw him in the stable as I rode out."

"I should like to find him!" said Nora. "He is skulking somewhere. I have had to churn myself."

"Where's Roger, then?"

"Roger couldn't hinder his time in-doors to-day. I say, Mr. George, what's the matter up at Trevlyn Hold again about Rupert?" resumed Nora, turning from her butter to glance at George.

"Why do you ask?" was his reply.

"Chattaway rode by an hour ago when I was outside looking after Jim Sanders. He stopped his horse, and asked how we came to give Rupert a bed last night, when we knew that it would displease him. Like his insolence!"

"What answer did you make?" said George, after a pause.

"I gave him one," replied Nora, significantly. "Chattaway needn't fear he'll get no answer when he comes to me. He knows that."

"But what did you say about Rupert?"

"I said we had not given him a bed. That he had not slept here. If Chattaway—"

Nora's speech was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Chattaway's daughter, Octave. She had come to the farm, and attracted by the sound of voices in the dairy, made her way to it at once. Miss Chattaway had taken it into her head lately to be friendly at Trevlyn Farm, honouring it with frequent visits. Mrs. Ryle neither encouraged nor repulsed her. She was civilly indifferent; but the young lady chose to take that as a welcome. Nora did not show her much greater favour than she was in the habit of showing her father. She bent her head over her butter-board, as if unaware that anybody had entered.

George took off his hat, which he had been wearing, as she stepped on to the cold floor of the dairy, and received her hand, which was held out to him. "Are you quite well, Miss Chattaway?"

"Who would have thought of seeing you at home at this hour?" she exclaimed, in the pretty, winning manner she could put on at times, and which she always did put on to George Ryle.

"And in Nora's dairy, watching her make up the butter!" he answered, in his free, pleasant, laughing tone. "The fact is, I have an appointment with a gentleman this morning, and he is keeping me waiting and making me angry. I can't spare the time to be in-doors."

"You look angry!" exclaimed Octave, laughing at him.

"Looks go for nothing," returned George.

"Is your harvest nearly in?"

"If this fine weather shall only last four or five days longer, it will be all in. We have had a glorious harvest this year. I hope everybody's as thankful for it as I am."

"You have some especial cause to be thankful for it?" she observed.

"I have."

She had spoken lightly, and the strangely earnest tone of the answer struck upon her. George could have said that but for that plentiful harvest they might not quite so soon have got rid of her father's debt.

"When shall you hold your harvest home?"

"Next Thursday; this day week," replied George.

"Will you come to it?"

"Thank you very much," said Octave. "Yes, I will."

Had it been to save his life, George Ryle could not have helped the surprise in his eyes, as he turned them on Octave Chattaway. He had asked the question in the light, careless gaiety of the moment; really not intending it as an invitation; if he had meant it as an invitation, and proffered it in all earnestness, he never would have supposed it one to be accepted by Octave. Mr. Chattaway's family had not been in the habit of visiting at Trevlyn Farm.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," thought George.

"I don't know what my mother will say to this; but if she comes, some of the rest shall come."

It almost seemed as if Octave had divined part of his thoughts. "I must ask my Aunt Ryle whether she will have me. I shall tell her, by way of bribe, that I delight in harvest homes."

"We must have you all," said George. "Your sisters and Maude. Treve will be at home, I expect, and the Apperleys will be here."

"Who else will be here?" asked Octave. "But I don't know about my sisters and Maude."

"Mr. and Mrs. Freeman. They and the Apperleys always come."

"That starched old parson!" uttered Octave. "Does he come to a harvest home? He is not a favourite with us at the Hold."

"I think he is with your mamma."

"Oh, mamma's nobody. Of course we are civil to the Freemans, and exchange dull visits with them once or twice a-year. You must be passably civil to the parson you sit under."

There was a pause. Octave advanced nearer to Nora, who had gone on diligently with her work, never turning her head, or noticing Miss Chattaway by so much as a look. Octave drew close and watched her.

"How industrious you are, Nora!—as if you enjoyed the occupation. I should not like to grease my hands, making up butter."

"There are some might make it up in black kid gloves to save their hands," retorted Nora. "The butter wouldn't be any the better for it, Miss Chattaway."

At this juncture Mrs. Ryle's voice was heard, and Octave quitted the dairy to go in search of her. George was about to follow when Nora stopped him.

"What is the meaning of this new friendship for us here—of these morning calls, and proffered evening visits?" she asked; her voice full of grave seriousness, her eyes thrown keenly on George's face.

"How should I know?" he carelessly replied.

"If you don't, I do," she said.

"Can you take care of yourself, George Ryle?"

"I believe I can," he answered.

"Then do," said Nora, with an emphatic nod. "And don't despise my caution: perhaps you may want it."

He laughed in his gay light-heartedness: but he did not tell Nora how entirely unnecessary her precautionary warning was. Nanny put her head within the dairy.

"Here's a gentleman come. He's asking for you, sir."

"Callaway," said George, hastening away; "I'm glad of that."

Later in the day, George Ryle had business which took him to Blackstone. It was no inviting ride. The place, as he drew near, had that flat, dreary, black aspect peculiar to the neighbourhood of mines in work. Rows of black and smoky huts were to be seen, the dwellings of the men who worked in the pits; and little children ran about with naked legs and tattered clothing, whose thin faces were of squalid whiteness.

"Is it the perpetual dirt they live in that makes these children look so unhealthy?" thought George—a question he had asked himself a hundred times. "I believe the mothers never wash them; perhaps they deem it would be a work of supererogation, where all around is so black—even to the very atmosphere."

Black, indeed! Within George's view at that moment might be seen high chimneys congregating in all directions, their tall tops throwing out their volumes of smoke and flame. Valuable works were established around, connected with iron and other productions of the richly-endowed mines which abounded in the neighbourhood. Valuable parts of land for the use of man—for the furtherance of his civilisation, his comforts—for the increase of his wealth; but not pleasant for his eye, as compared with the rich fertilisation of other spots—their clear air, their green meadows, and their blossoming trees."

The office belonging to the colliery of Mr. Chattaway stood in a particularly dreary angle of the main road. It was a low but not very small building, facing the road on one side, looking to those tall chimneys and the dreary flat of country on two of the others. On the fourth was a sort of inclosed yard or waste ground, which appeared to contain nothing but different heaps of coal, a peculiar description of barrow, and some round shallow baskets. The building looked like a great shed, roofed over, and divided into partitions.

As George rode by, he saw Rupert standing outside the narrow entrance door, leaning against its side as if in fatigue or idleness. Ford, the clerk, a young man accustomed to take life in an easy manner, and to give himself little concern as to how it went, was standing near, his hands in his pockets. To see them thus, doing nothing, was sufficient to tell George that Chattaway was not about, and he rode across the strip of waste land intervening between the road and the office.

"You look tired, Rupert."

"It's what I am," answered Rupert. "If things are to go on like this, I shall grow tired of life."

"Not yet," said George, cheerfully. "You may talk of that, perhaps, some fifty years hence."

Rupert made no answer. The sunlight (which had decidedly a black shade in it) fell on his fair features, on his golden hair. There was a haggardness in those features, a melancholy look in the dark blue eyes, that George did not like to see. Ford, the clerk, who was humming the verse of a song, cut short the melody in its midst, and addressed George.

"He has been in this gay state all the afternoon, sir. A charming companion for a fellow! It's a good thing I'm pretty jolly myself, or we might both get consigned to the county asylum; two cases of melancholy madness. I hope he won't make a night of it again—that's all. Nothing wears out a chap for the day like no bed, and no breakfast at the end of it."

"It isn't that," said Rupert; "I'm sick of it altogether. There has been nothing but a row here all day, George—ask Ford. Chattaway has been on at us all. First, he attacked me: he demanded where I slept, and I wouldn't tell him: next, he attacked Cris—a most unusual thing—and Cris has not overgot it yet. He has gone galloping off to gallop his ill temper away."

"Chattaway has?"

"Not Chattaway; Cris. Cris never came here until one o'clock, and Chattaway had wanted him, and there ensued a row. Next, Ford came in for it: he had made his entries wrong. Something had uncommonly put out Chattaway—that was certain; and to mend his temper, the inspector of collieries came to-day and found fault, ordering things to be done that Chattaway says he won't do."

"Where's Chattaway now?"

"Oh, he is gone home. I wish I was there," added Rupert, "without the trouble of walking to it. Chattaway has been ordering a load of coals to the Hold. If they were going this evening instead of to-morrow morning, I protest I'd take my seat upon them, and get home that way."

"Are you so very tired?" asked George.

"Dead beat."

"It's the sitting up," put in Ford again. "I don't think much of that kind of thing will do for Mr. Rupert Trevlyn."

"Perhaps it wouldn't do for you," grumbled Rupert.

George prepared to ride away. "Have you had any dinner, Rupert?" he asked.

"I tried some, but my appetite had gone by. Chattaway was here till past two o'clock, and after that I wasn't hungry."

"He tried at bread-and-cheese," said Ford. "I told him if he'd get a piece of steak I'd cook it for him, if he was too tired to cook it himself; but he didn't."

"I must be gone," said George. "You will not have left in half an hour's time, shall you, Rupert?"

"No; nor in an hour either."

George rode off over the black and stony ground, and they looked after him. Then Ford bethought himself of a message he was charged to deliver at one of the

pits, and Rupert went in-doors and sat down to the desk on his high stool.

Within the half-hour George Ryle was back. He rode up to the door, and dismounted. Rupert came forward, a pen in his hand.

"Are you ready to go home now, Rupert?"

Rupert shook his head. "Ford went to the pit, and is not back yet; and I have a lot of writing to do. Why?"

"I thought we could have gone home together. You shall ride my horse, and I'll walk; it will tire you less than going on foot."

"You are very kind, George," said Rupert. "Yes, I should like to ride. I was thinking just now, that if Cris were worth anything, he'd let me ride his horse back. But he's not worth anything, and he'd no more let me ride his horse and walk himself, than he'd let me ride him."

"Is Cris not gone home?"

"I fancy not. Unless he has gone by without calling in. Will you wait, George?"

"No. I must walk on. But I'll leave you the horse. You can leave it at the Farm, Rupert, and walk the rest of the way."

"I can ride on to the Hold, and send it back."

George hesitated for half a moment before he spoke. "I would prefer that you should leave it at the Farm, Rupert. It will not be far for you to walk after that."

Rupert acquiesced. Did he wonder why he might not ride the horse to the Hold? George would not say to him, "Because even that slight attention must, if possible, be kept from the ears of Chattaway." It might make Rupert's position even worse.

He fastened the bridle to a hook in the wall's angle, where Mr. Chattaway often tied his horse, where Cris sometimes tied his. There was a stable near; but unless they were going to remain in the office or about the pits, Mr. Chattaway and his son seldom put up their horses.

George Ryle walked away with a hearty step, and Rupert returned to his desk. A quarter of an hour passed on, and the clerk, Ford, did not return. Rupert got impatient for his arrival, and went to the door to look out for him. He did not see Ford; but he did see Cris Chattaway. Cris was approaching on foot, at a snail's pace, leading his horse, which was dead lame.

"Here's a nice bother!" called out Cris. "How I am to get back home, I don't know."

"What has happened?" returned Rupert.

"Can't you see what has happened? *How* it happened I am unable to tell you. All I know is, the horse fell suddenly lame, and whined out like a child. Something must have run into his foot, I conclude: is there still, perhaps. Whose horse is that? Why, it's George Ryle's," concluded Cris, in the same breath, as he drew sufficiently near to recognise it. "What brings his horse here?"

"He has lent it to me, to save my walking home," said Rupert.

"Where is he? Here?"

"He has gone home on foot. I can't think where Ford's lingering," added Rupert, walking into the yard, and mounting on one of the smaller heaps of coal to get a better view of the side road from the colliery, by which

Ford might be expected to arrive. "He has been gone this hour."

Cris was walking off in the direction of the stable, carefully leading his horse. "What are you going to do with him?" asked Rupert. "To leave him in the stable?"

"Until I can get home and send the groom for him. I'm not going to cool my heels, dragging him home," retorted Cris.

Rupert retired in-doors, and sat down on the high stool. He had some accounts to make up yet. They had to be done that evening; and as Ford did not come in to do them, he must. Had Ford been there, Rupert would have left him to do it, and gone home at once.

"I wonder how many years of my life I am to wear out in this lively place?" thought Rupert, after five minutes of uninterrupted attention given to his work, which in consequence slightly progressed. "It's a shame that I should be put to it. A paid fellow at ten shillings a-week would do it better than I. If Chattaway had a spark of good feeling in him, he'd put me into a farm. It would be better for me altogether, and more fitting for a Trevlyn. Catch him at it! He'd not let me be my own master for—"

A sound as of a horse trotting off from the door interrupted Rupert's cogitations. He flew off his stool to see. A thought crossed him that George Ryle's horse might have got loose, and be speeding home riderless, at his own will and pleasure.

George Ryle's horse it was, but not riderless. To Rupert's intense astonishment, he saw Mr. Cris mounted on him, leisurely riding away.

"Halloa!" called out Rupert, speeding after the horse and his rider. "What are you going to do with that horse, Cris?"

Cris turned his head, but did not stop. "To ride him home. His having been left here just happens right. He'll carry me nicely."

"You get off," shouted Rupert. "The horse was lent to me, not to you. Do you hear, Cris?"

Cris heard, but did not stop: he was urging the horse faster. "You don't want him," he roughly said. "You can walk, as you always do."

Further remonstrance, further following, was useless. Rupert's words were drowned in the echoes of the horse's hoofs, galloping away in the distance. Rupert stood, white with anger, impotent to stop him, his hands stretched out on the empty air, as if their action could arrest the horse and bring him back. Certainly the mortification was bitter; the circumstance precisely one of those likely to excite the cholera of an excitable nature; and Rupert was on the point of going into that dangerous fit of madness known as the Trevlyn passion, when its course was turned aside by a hand being laid upon his shoulder.

He turned, it may almost be said, savagely. Ford was standing there out of breath, his good-humoured face red with the exertion of running.

"I say, Mr. Rupert, you'll do a fellow a service, won't you? I have had a message that my mother's taken suddenly ill; a fit, they say, of some sort. Will you finish what there is to do here, and look up for once, so that I can go home directly?"

Rupert nodded. In his passionate disappointment

about the horse, at having to walk home when he expected to ride, at being put upon, treated as of no account by Cris Chattaway, it seemed of little moment to him how long he remained, or what work he had to do: and the clerk, waiting for no farther permission, sped away with a fleet foot. Rupert's face was losing its deathly whiteness—there is no degree of whiteness like unto that born of passion or of sudden terror; but when he sat down again to the desk, the hectic of reaction was shining in his cheeks and lips.

Well, oh, well for him, could these dangerous fits of passion have been always arrested in their course on the threshold, as this had been arrested now! The word dangerous is put advisably: they brought nothing less than danger in their train.

But alas! this was not to be.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEAD BEAT.

NORA was at some business or other in the fold-yard, when the man servant at Trevlyn Hold, more especially devoted to the service of Cris Chattaway, came in at the gate with George Ryle's horse. As he passed Nora on his way to the stables, she turned round, and the man spoke.

"Mr. Ryle's horse, ma'am. Shall I take it on?"

"You know the way," was Nora's short answer. She did not regard the man with any favour, reflecting upon him, in her usual partial fashion, the dislike she entertained for his master and for Trevlyn Hold in general.

"Mr. Trevlyn has sent it, I suppose?"

"Mr. Trevlyn!" repeated the groom, betraying some surprise.

Now, it was a fact that at Trevlyn Hold Rupert was never called "Mr. Trevlyn." That it was his proper style and title, was indisputable; but Mr. Chattaway had as great a dislike to hear Rupert called by it as he had a wish to hear himself styled "the squire." At the Hold Rupert was "Mr. Rupert" only, and the neighbourhood generally had fallen into the same familiar style when speaking of or to him. Nora supposed the man's repetition of the name had insolent reference to this; as much as to say, "Who's Mr. Trevlyn?"

"Yes, Mr. Trevlyn," she resumed, in a sharp tone of reprimand. "He is Mr. Trevlyn, Sam Atkins, and you know that he is, however some people may wish that it should be forgotten. He is not Mr. Rupert, and he is not Mr. Rupert Trevlyn, but he is Mr. Trevlyn; and if he had his rights, he'd be Squire Trevlyn. There! you may go and tell your master that I said it."

Sam Atkins, a civil, quiet young fellow, was overpowered with astonishment at Nora's burst of eloquence. "I'm not saying aught again it, ma'am," cried he, when he had recovered himself sufficiently to speak. "But Mr. Rupert didn't send me with the horse at all. It was young Mr. Chattaway."

"What had he got to do with it?" resentfully asked Nora.

"He rode it home from Blackstone."

"He rode it? Cris Chattaway?"

"Yes," said the groom. "He has just got home now, and he told me to bring the horse back at once."

Nora pointed to the man to take the horse on to its

stable, and went in-doors. She could not understand it. When George returned home on foot, and she enquired what he had done with his horse, he told her that he had left it at Blackstone for Rupert Trevlyn. To hear now that it was Cris who had had the benefit of it, and not Rupert, excited Nora's indignation. But the indignation would have increased fourfold had she known that Mr. Cris had rode the horse hard, and made a *detour* of some five miles out of his way, to transact a matter of private business of his own. She went straight to George, who was seated at tea with Mrs. Ryle.

"Mr. George, I thought you said to me that you had left your horse at Blackstone for Rupert Trevlyn, to save his walking home?"

"So I did," replied George.

"Then it's Cris Chattaway who has come home on it. I'd see him far enough before he should have the benefit of my horse!"

"It can't be," returned George; "you must be mistaken, Nora; Cris had his own horse there."

"You can go and ask for yourself," rejoined Nora, in a crusty tone, not at all liking to be told that she was mistaken. "Sam Atkins is putting the horse in the stable, and he says it was Cris Chattaway who rode it from Blackstone."

George did go and ask for himself. He could not understand it at all: and he had no more fancy for allowing Cris Chattaway the use of his horse than Nora had. He supposed they had been exchanging steeds; though why they should do so, he could not imagine: that Cris had used his, and Rupert the one belonging to Cris.

Sam Atkins was in the stable, talking to Boyer, one of the men about the farm. George saw at a glance that his horse had been ridden hard.

"Who rode this horse home?" he inquired, as the groom touched his hat to him.

"Young Mr. Chattaway, sir."

"And Mr. Rupert: what did he ride?"

"Mr. Rupert, sir? I don't think he is come home."

"Where's Mr. Cris Chattaway's own horse?"

"He have left it at Blackstone, sir. It fell dead lame, he says. I be going for it now."

George paused. "I lent my horse to Mr. Rupert," he said. "Do you know how it was that he did not use it himself?"

"I don't know nothing about it, sir. Mr. Cris came home just now on your horse, and told me to bring it down here immediate. His orders was, to go on to Blackstone for his, and to mind I led it gently home. He never mentioned Mr. Rupert."

Considerably later—in fact, it was past nine o'clock—Rupert Trevlyn appeared. George Ryle was leaning over the gate at the foot of his garden in a musing attitude, the bright stars above him, the slight frost of the autumn night rendering the air clear, though not very cold, when he saw a figure come slowly winding up the road. It was Rupert Trevlyn. The same misfortune seemed to have befallen him that had befallen the horse, for he limped as he walked.

"Are you lame, Rupert?" asked George.

"Lame with fatigue; nothing else," answered Rupert

in that low, half-inaudible voice which a very depressed state of physical energy will induce. "Let me come in and sit down half an hour, George, or I shall never get to the Hold."

"How was it that you let Cris Chattaway ride my horse home? I left it for yourself."

"Let him! He mounted and galloped off without my knowing—the sneak! I should be ashamed to be guilty of such a trick. I declare I had half a mind to ride his horse home, lame as it was; but that the poor animal is in evident pain, I would have done it!"

"You are very late."

"I have been such a while coming. The truth is, I sat down when I was half way here; I was so dead tired I couldn't stir a step; and I dropped asleep."

"A very wise proceeding!" cried George, in a pleasant, though mocking tone. He did not care to say more plainly how unwise—nay, how pernicious, it might be for Rupert Trevlyn. "Did you sleep long?"

"Pretty well. The stars were out when I awoke; and I felt ten times more tired when I got up than I had felt when I sat down."

George placed him in the most comfortable arm-chair they had, and got him a glass of wine. Nera brought some refreshment, but Rupert could not eat it.

"Try it," urged George.

"I can't," said Rupert; "I am completely done over."

He leaned back in the chair, his fair curls falling on its cushions, his bright face—bright with a touch of inward fever—turned upwards to the light. Gradually his eyelids closed, and he dropped into a calm sleep.

George sat watching him. Mrs. Ryle, who was poorly still, had retired to her chamber for the night, and they were alone. Very unkindly, as may be thought, George woke him soon, and told him it was time for him to go.

"Do not deem me inhospitable, Rupert; but it will not do for you to be locked out again to-night."

"What's the time?" asked Rupert.

"Considerably past ten."

"I was in such a nice dream. I thought I was being carried along in a large sail, belonging to a ship. The motion was pleasant and soothing to a degree. Past ten! What a bother! I shall be half dead again before I get to the Hold."

"I'll lend you my arm, Ru, to help you along."

"That's a good fellow!" exclaimed Rupert.

He got up and stretched himself, and then fell back in his chair, like a leaden weight. "I'd give five shillings to be there without the trouble of walking," quoth he.

"Rupert, you will be late."

"I can't help it," returned Rupert, folding his arms and leaning back again in the chair. "If Chattaway looks me out again, he must. I'll sit down in the portico until morning, for I shan't be able to stir another step from it."

Rupert was in that physically depressed state which reacts upon the mind. It may be said that he was as incapable of care as of exertion: whether he got in or not, whether he passed the night in a comfortable bed, or under the trees in the avenue, seemed of very little

moment in his present state of feeling. Altogether, he was some time getting off; and they heard the remote church clock of Barbrook chime out the half-past ten before they were half-way to the Hold. The sound came distinctly to their ears on the calm night air.

"I was somewhere about this spot when the half-hour struck last night," remarked Rupert. "I ran all the way home after that—with what success you know. I can't run to-night."

"I'll do my best to get you in," said George. "I hope I shan't be tempted, though, to speak my mind too plainly to Chattaway."

The Hold was closed for the night. Lights appeared in several of the windows. Rupert halted when he saw the light in one of them. "Aunt Diana must have returned," he said; "that's her room."

George Ryle rang a loud, quick peal at the bell. It was not answered. He then rang again: a sharp, imperative, urgent peal, and shouted out, with his stentorian voice, a prolonged shout that could not have come from the lungs of Rupert, and it brought Mr. Chattaway to the window of his wife's dressing-room in very surprise. One or two more windows in different parts of the house were thrown up.

"It is I, Mr. Chattaway. I have been assisting Rupert home. Will you be so kind as to allow the door to be opened?"

Mr. Chattaway was nearly struck dumb with the insolence of the demand, coming from the quarter it did. He could scarcely speak at first, even to refuse.

"He does not deserve your displeasure to-night," said George, in his clear, frank, ringing voice, which might be heard distinctly ever so far. "He could scarcely get here from fatigue and illness. But for taking a rest at my mother's house, and having the help of my arm thence here, I question if he would have got as far. Be so good as to let him in, Mr. Chattaway."

"How dare you make such a request to me?" roared Mr. Chattaway, recovering himself a little. "How dare you come disturbing the peace of my house at night, George Ryle, as any housebreaker might come—save that you make more noise about it!"

"I came to bring Rupert," was George's clear answer. "He is waiting here to be let in; he is tired and ill."

"I will not let him in," raved Mr. Chattaway. "How dare you, I ask?"

"What is all this?" broke from the amazed voice of Miss Diana Trevlyn. "What does it mean? I don't comprehend it in the least."

George looked up at her window. "Rupert could not get home by the hour specified by Mr. Chattaway—half-past ten—Miss Trevlyn. I am asking that he may be admitted now."

"Of course he can be admitted," said Miss Diana.

"Of course he shan't," retorted Mr. Chattaway.

"Who says he couldn't get home in time if he had wanted to come?" called out Cris from a window on the upper story. "Does it take him five or six hours to walk from Blackstone?"

"Is that you, Christopher?" asked George, going a little back that he might see him better. "I want to speak to you. By what right did you take possession of

my horse at Blackstone this afternoon, and ride him home?"

"I chose to do it," said Cris.

"I lent that horse to Rupert, who was unfit to walk. It had been more in accordance with generosity—though you may not understand the word—had you left it for him. He was not in bed last night; he has gone without food to-day—you were more capable of walking home than he."

Miss Diana craned forth her neck. "Chattaway, I must inquire into this. Let that front door be opened."

"I will not," he answered. And he banged down his window with a resolute air, as if to avoid further colloquy.

But in that same moment the lock of the front door was heard to turn, and it was thrown open by Octave Chattaway.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

The Boy's Handy Book of Sports, Pastimes, Games, and Amusements [London: Ward and Lock]. Wholesome exercise and harmless mirth are very desirable things for the young, and tend not only to preserve health, and to develop physical and mental faculties, but to promote a cheerful and genial disposition. Such things have a preservative influence, when rightly used, and we believe it quite possible that the boys should be merry as well as wise. The volume before us is quite a cyclopaedia of amusements, including most of the sports and exercises which attract and amuse our youthful friends. Here are out-of-door games, athletic sports, gymnastics and swimming, for summer and fair weather; a swarm of devices and recreations for play-rooms and long, quiet evenings; a round of pleasures at the seaside; the more grave and sedate pursuits of gardening; the invigorating and bracing pastimes of cricket, and other games at ball; pets for the farmyard, and pets for the house and its precincts; rural pursuits and pleasures; the intellectual games of chess and draughts; and a concluding chapter of riddles and concentrated puzzles, philosophy, and wit;—all these may be found in this comprehensive book. With its red covers, and its gilt edges, and its pretty pictures, in addition to all we have named, we have no doubt the boys will think it a very handy book; and so it is.

The Christian Mother; or, Notes for Mothers' Meetings. By Mrs. C. HOARE [London: Wertheim and Co.]. Suggestions on a variety of weighty matters, put in the shortest possible form under their proper heads. Managers of mothers' meetings will find this just the book to aid them in their difficult but important task.

A Morning beside the Lakes of Galilee. By JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. [James Nisbet and Co.], consists of a series of meditations upon the record contained in the last chapter of the Gospel of St. John. It will be enough for us to say that it has the same features as have made such enduring favourites of the author's "Life in Earnest," "Mount of Olives," and other charming books. As a Christian word painter, Dr. Hamilton has no superior in our language.

The Thoughts of God [Nisbet and Co.] is a third edition of a little book from the pen of Dr. Macduff, whose "Morning Watches," and "Night Watches," and other works, have had an enormous circulation. This work consists of daily meditations for a month upon some gracious promise, purpose, or declaration of God. It is sure to win its way rapidly to public favour.

A Trip to Constantinople, &c. [J. Sheppard], is written by a Mr. Dunne, who was in Turkey at the time of the Crimean War. It consists, in fact, of reminiscences of Constantinople and its neighbourhood, in a somewhat free and easy style. The reader will derive from it some information and much amusement.

Faith; what it is, and what it does; or, a Word to Anxious Inquirers, by S. M. HAUGHTON, Clapham (pp. 32). *Heaven; and How to Get There*. By S. M. HAUGHTON (pp. 32). *A Saviour for You; a Word to Every One*. By S. M. HAUGHTON, (pp. 32). These three little works are the productions of the same pen. They are very pleasant little books, written in a style of earnest, lively piety. A cheerfulness pervades them that makes them very readable even by persons who may not be able to appreciate the truths they contain. A dull, prosy tract, or a religious book that is dry and uninteresting in its style, is really a misfortune, and is detrimental to piety, as it increases the disrelish for sacred subjects which prevails more or less in the mind of every man of unchanged heart. We therefore love to make known any work, large or small, that contains sound piety presented to us in an animated and attractive form. We cordially wish that the author of these little works may enjoy the satisfaction arising from an increasing demand for his books, as the books are calculated to do much good; and the subjects, the style of writing, and the low price unite to make them desirable books for distribution.

Lower Brittany and the Bible there; its Priests and People. Also, *Notes on Religious and Civil Liberty in France.* By JAMES BROMFIELD [London: Longmans]. The subjects handled in this volume are both interesting and important. To those who are not acquainted with what is going on in the north-west provinces of France, much that is here said will seem very strange, and almost unaccountable. Protestantism and Bible circulation are not so prominent in Lower Brittany as in some other parts of France. There is a large amount of ignorance, prejudice, and superstition to contend with. The priests are too often seconded by the civil power in their efforts to harass and impede evangelical labourers. But notwithstanding numerous and formidable obstacles, real progress has been made, and positive improvement is apparent. Mr. Bromfield seems to have paid attention to the general state and experience of Protestantism in France, and the information which he supplies is frequently very valuable. We can vouch for the accuracy of many of the statements made, and the book generally wears an aspect of truthfulness and impartiality which deserves our regard. It affords us pleasure to recommend the work to all who take an interest in the religious condition of France, and who desire to see the Gospel proclaimed to its many benighted millions, who knew not the way of salvation.

Temperance Department.

THE LONDON "GENTLEMAN" OF THE LAST CENTURY.

WALKER, in his "Original," mentions that sixty or seventy years since certain hackney coachmen in London carried on a lucrative business by going with their vehicles through the streets during the night, in order to take home drunken gentlemen whom they saw staggering about, and who next day paid them liberally for their pains.

DISCOVERY OF FERMENTATION IN PERSIA.

THE Persians relate the following anecdote in reference to the invention of wine:—

Jemshid, the founder of Persepolis, was immoderately fond of grapes, and with the view to preserve some, placed them in vessels, which were lodged in vaults, for future use. When the vessels were opened it was found that the grapes (or rather the liquor which had issued from them) had fermented. The juice in this state was so acid that the king believed it to be poisonous. A label with the word "Poison" was accordingly placed upon each of the vessels.

One of the ladies of the court was afflicted with most distressing attacks of nervous headache, in a paroxysm of which she resolved to put an end to her existence. By accident she found one of the vessels with the word "Poison" written on it, and, intent on her purpose, swallowed its contents.

Stupefaction, as might be expected, followed the act, and, strange to say, unlike the result of similar indulgence in modern times, her headache disappeared. Charmed with the remedy, the lady was induced to repeat the experiment until the monarch's "poison" was all gone. The theft was discovered, the fair culprit confessed the deed. A fresh quantity of wine was prepared, and Jemshid and all his court partook of the newly discovered beverage.

A HERO DEGRADED.

THE intemperance of Alexander the Great put a premature stop to his career. Previously to his death, his mind had been depressed by superstitious forebodings. Plutarch relates that Medias called upon him one day and persuaded him to engage in a carousal which was then about to take place. "There," he tells us, "Alexander drank all that night and the next day, till at last he found a fever coming upon him." Other writers relate that Alexander drank out of the cup of Hercules, containing about two congii, to the health of Proteas. The latter, according to the custom of the country, ordered a bowl of similar size to be filled with wine, which he immediately drank off.

Alexander complied with the convivial laws, at that time so strictly observed, and again pledged Proteas in the same vessel. The effect of this indulgence was so powerful on his previously debilitated frame, that, as Athenæus relates, he let the cup drop from his hand, fell back on his couch, and never afterwards recovered. Aristobulus states that, during the violence of the fever which afterwards ensued, Alexander, who was tormented with thirst, swallowed a draught of wine which hastened his end.

"Here," says Seneca, "is this hero, invincible by all the toils of prodigious marches, by all the dangers of sieges and combats, by the most violent extremes

of heat and cold—here he lies conquered by his intemperance, and struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules."

PRINCELY ABSTAINERS.

XENOPHON relates an interesting circumstance, relative to the young Prince Cyrus, which occurred during a visit which the latter made when a boy to his maternal grandfather, Astyages. Cyrus was asked by his grandfather why he did not take the wine which was offered to him.

"Because, truly," replied the youth, "I was afraid there had been poison mixed with the cup; for when you feasted your friends upon your birthday, I plainly found the Sæmæan (slave), had poured you all out poison."

"What!" exclaimed Astyages; "what mean you, child?"

"I mean," replied Cyrus, "that I saw you all disordered in body and mind. First, what you did not allow us boys to do, that you did yourselves; for you all bawled together, and could hear nothing of each other; then you fell to singing very ridiculously, and, without attending to the singer, you swore he sang admirably; then every one began to tell stories of his own strength; you rose, too, and fell to dancing, but without all rule and measure, for you could not so much as keep yourself upright. In short, sire, you all entirely forgot yourselves—you that you were king, and they that you were their governor. You might, indeed, have been celebrating a festival where all were allowed equal liberty. This it is which makes me think that the cup must contain poison; for what but poison could have produced so great a change? Sire, I will have none of it."

Prince Lee-Boo, a native of the Pelew Islands, when on his way to England, on his arrival at Macao, witnessed one of the seamen in a state of gross intoxication. This uncivilised child of nature evidently supposed the man to be ill, and expressed much concern at his state, requesting the surgeon of the vessel to visit him, and afford him every requisite assistance. The prince was told that nothing material ailed the man, and that he would soon be well, as it was the effect only of indulgence in liquor—a habit common to the sailors. The alarm of Lee-Boo was removed by this statement; but they could never afterwards, on any occasion, prevail upon him even to taste spirituous liquors.

EXCESSIVE DRINKING.

A LONDON drayman will consume a couple of gallons of ale or stout in a day, by a process of perpetual imbibition in moderate quantities. It is a common habit with carriers and wagoners, who journey from country villages to towns, to stop at most of the public-houses on the road, both going and returning, and partake of refreshment in the shape of ale and spirits. Add to the quantity thus obtained that which they drink at their different houses of call in the town, and the aggregate becomes enormous. In this way they will often swallow two and three gallons daily of ale, as variable in its age and strength as in its amount of adulteration.

But still greater quantities of beverage are frequently consumed by harvest labourers. In Herefordshire and Devonshire it is not considered an excess for a man, when mowing or making hay, to drink from twelve to sixteen pints of rough cider in the day!

JOHN SULLIVAN;

OR,

A SEARCH FOR "THE OLD RELIGION."

V.—THE DISCUSSION CONTINUED.

THE questions and the facts which Rogers had left with Sullivan greatly perplexed him. The broad fact was undeniable, that his Church had augmented the Creed fifteen hundred years after the time of the Apostles. Still, he had been brought up in a belief in the Church's infallibility; and he clung to the plea that if a new Creed was lawful at Nice, in 325, it could not be unlawful at Trent, in 1564. He therefore met Rogers, on his next visit, with a renewal of this argument. "Did not our Lord," he asked, "just before his ascension, assure his Apostles that he would be with them until the end of the world? And as they were mortal men, who would die, did not this promise necessarily extend to those who should stand in their room, in the ages which were to elapse before his return? And was it not in reliance on this promise that the bishops assembled at Nice ventured to compose and publish a new Creed, to meet a new heresy? And why do you deny the same right to the bishops who met at Trent? Where do you draw the line; assuming that up to a certain time the promulgation of a new Creed was lawful, and after that time it was unlawful? I do not quite understand the position you wish to take."

"You are opening," said Rogers, "a wider field for argument than it is at all necessary for us to take. The question of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of framing a new Creed may be a difficult one; but it is quite distinct from the case which I presented you. I might show you that the early councils were more truly general than those of later times. I might remark that the Council of Trent, so far from representing all Christendom, was composed of the bishops of two or three countries only; while ten or twelve European realms were wholly unrepresented there. But what I want now chiefly to remind you is this: that our discussion turned solely upon a question of *fact*. Is yours, or is ours, the Old Religion? Now, if you were to prove, ever so satisfactorily, that the Council of Trent had a right to make a new Creed, that argument would not at all affect the plain fact, that a faith—a religion, which existed in the first five centuries, is *older* than one which was first expressed

in a Creed in 1564. Take the somewhat similar case of church architecture. Every one who is acquainted with the subject knows, on looking at it, that Rochester Cathedral was built in the eleventh century, and that King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, was built in the fifteenth. Now you are quite at liberty to say, if you please, that you like King's College Chapel the best; but you must confess, if you would speak the truth, that Rochester Cathedral is the oldest of the two. And, in like manner, even if you adhere to the Creed of 1564, you must confess, after all, that it is a modern creed; and that we, who are content with the ancient ones, have the best right to call *ours* 'the Old Religion.'"

"I see what you mean," said Sullivan; "but before I admit the validity of your argument, I must try and find out what Father Jerome would say to it. I feel tolerably sure that he would strongly object to your conclusion. But you have something more to add, I think. Did you not say that you meant to rest your case on five documents of the early Church?"

"Yes," said Rogers; "but these five documents are of two classes. Three—the Creeds of which we have already spoken—were, if I may so speak, of public origin. At least, at Nice, Constantinople, and Chalcedon, great assemblies of bishops, called together to deliberate on the affairs of the Church, did discuss and adopt certain statements of their faith, called creeds, which are now extant, and which leave us no room to doubt as to what that faith was. But, besides these, two other documents silently appeared, which derive no authority or weight from their origin. The first is called the Creed of St. Athanasius. Of its author, or the date of its appearance, we know nothing with any certainty. Dupin, of your Church, and Bingham, a Protestant writer, agree that it was probably written by an African bishop, named Vigilus Tapsensis, who lived at the latter end of the fifth century. Dr. Waterland, however, believes it to have been from the pen of Hilary, Bishop of Arles, who flourished at the beginning, or earlier half, of that century."

"Why, then," said Sullivan, "do you attach any importance to it?"

"Simply," replied Rogers, "because the fact is certain, that instead of perishing, like thousands of other controversial papers of that date, it was accepted by the Church, became an authorised exposition of the Church's belief, was adopted by

councils and enjoined by bishops, until, as we see, it became a great Church document, bearing date from the days of the Athanasian controversy."

"But you say," objected Sullivan, "that although it is called the Creed of St. Athanasius, it was not written by him, but by somebody else. Surely, then, it has untruth stamped upon the very face of it."

"Not exactly so," replied Rogers, "for perhaps the writer only meant to say, 'This is the faith, or creed, of Athanasius, drawn from his own writings.' We know that this Vigilius was a great admirer of Athanasius, and published several tracts drawn from his works. Probably, too, he was a humble man, and had no wish to bring forward his own name. He might be alarmed, also, at the condemnation pronounced by the Council of Ephesus, at this time, upon all who should set forth any other Creed than that of Nice. That Council, in the year 438, impressed with a sense of the danger of allowing the Creed to be perpetually altered, or enlarged, as it afterwards was at Trent, positively forbade all such additions. Hence, probably, it was, that, silently, and not in any council, Vigilius (or Hilary) compiled, from the writings of Athanasius, what he deemed to be the creed, or theology, of Athanasius; just as any man might, in the present day, compose what he believed to be the faith, or belief, of Calvin or of Luther. This document, however, as I have said, derives no weight from its origin: its importance arises from this, that it soon became the property of the Church. Thus, in 670, we find the Council of Autun enjoining its constant use by every priest and deacon. In like manner, Hatto, Bishop of Basil, in 801, or shortly after, commands all the priests of his diocese to recite it daily. A few years later, Theodulphus, Bishop of Orleans, A.D. 809, cites this creed as an authority, in a treatise on the Holy Ghost. In 820, it is cited by Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons; and in 852, by Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims. In 865, Anscarius, Archbishop of Hamburg, enjoins its recital on his clergy; and it is cited, about the same time, by Encas, Bishop of Paris, and by Adalbert, Bishop in the Rhenish province. I could give you, from Dr. Waterland's treatise, many other testimonies of the same kind, but these may suffice. We find, also, ancient commentaries on this Creed: one by Venantius Fortunatus, of

about A.D. 570; and one by Archbishop Hincmar, of Rheims, about 852; and a third by Bishop Bruno, of Wurtzburg, in 1033. And as we have ancient manuscripts of the Scriptures, treasured up as of great value, so have we copies of this Creed—one in the Library of Milan; two or three in the British Museum; several in the Royal Library at Paris; two or three at Cambridge; all of these being of the date of more than a thousand years back. This Creed, also, was quoted and adopted by the Fourth Council of Toledo, in Spain, A.D. 633, and it was translated into German, almost as soon as Germany became Christian. In fine, this Creed has been equally received by Roman Catholics and by Protestants. It is ancient. All through the ages, from the fifth century to the fifteenth, it was everywhere received. And when in the sixteenth century many European churches reformed themselves, they never thought of departing from the ancient creeds, the Old Religion. They received the three great Creeds—the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian—both because they knew them to have been, for more than a thousand years, the faith of the Church, and also because they saw that, as our Eighth Article declares, 'they may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture.'

"Our present business, however, is simply with the fact that this is an ancient Creed, and that it has been received and adopted by the universal Church, East and West, Catholic and Protestant, for more than a thousand years. And having said this, I place the document before you, as one of the facts on which I rely. There is the Creed:—

Whosoever will be saved: before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic Faith.

Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled: without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.

And the Catholic Faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity;

Neither confounding the Persons: nor dividing the Substance.

For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son: and another of the Holy Ghost.

But the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, is all one: the Glory equal, the Majesty co-eternal.

Such as the Father is, such is the Son; and such is the Holy Ghost.

The Father uncreate, the Son uncreate: and the Holy Ghost uncreate.

The Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible: and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible.

The Father eternal, the Son eternal: and the Holy Ghost eternal.

And yet they are not three eternals: but one eternal.

As also there are not three incomprehensibles, nor three uncreated: but one uncreated, and one incomprehensible.

So likewise the Father is Almighty, the Son Almighty: and the Holy Ghost Almighty.

And yet they are not three Almighties: but one Almighty.

So the Father is God, the Son is God: and the Holy Ghost is God.

And yet they are not three Gods: but one God.

So likewise the Father is Lord, the Son Lord: and the Holy Ghost Lord.

And yet not three Lords: but one Lord.

For like as we are compelled by the Christian verity: to acknowledge every Person by himself to be God and Lord:

So are we forbidden by the Catholic Religion: to say, There be three Gods, or Three Lords.

The Father is made of none: neither created, nor begotten.

The Son is of the Father alone: not made, nor created, but begotten.

The Holy Ghost is of the Father and of the Son: neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding.

So there is one Father, not three Fathers; one Son, not three Sons: one Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts.

And in this Trinity none is afore, or after other: none is greater, or less than another;

But the whole three Persons are co-eternal together: and co-equal.

So that in all things, as is aforesaid: the Unity in Trinity, and the Trinity in Unity is to be worshipped.

He therefore that will be saved: must thus think of the Trinity.

Furthermore, it is necessary to everlasting salvation: that he also believe rightly the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.

For the right Faith is, that we believe and confess: that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and Man;

God, of the Substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds: and Man, of the Substance of his Mother, born in the world;

Perfect God, and perfect Man: of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting;

Equal to the Father, as touching his Godhead: and inferior to the Father, as touching his Manhood.

Who although he be God and Man: yet he is not two, but one Christ;

One; not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh: but by taking of the Manhood into God;

One altogether; not by confusion of Substance: but by unity of Person.

For as the reasonable soul and flesh is one man: so God and Man is one Christ;

Who suffered for our salvation: descended into hell, rose again the third day from the dead.

He ascended into heaven, he sitteth on the right hand

of the Father, God Almighty: from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

At whose coming all men shall rise again with their bodies: and shall give account for their own works.

And they that have done good shall go into life everlasting: and they that have done evil into everlasting fire.

This is the Catholic Faith: which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

"And now, lastly, we proceed to the consideration of the fifth document, on which my argument is founded, the *Te Deum*."

"The *Te Deum*!" exclaimed Sullivan. "What can that have to do with the matter?"

"I will endeavour to show you," answered Rogers; "but first let us ascertain its character. It is not, like the creeds I first quoted, the work of any council or collective body of divines. It rather resembles the Creed of Athanasius, the authorship of which is a matter of doubt. The *Te Deum* has been often ascribed to St. Ambrose; but most learned men, says Bingham, now incline to the opinion that it was written by Nicetius, Bishop of Triers, who lived about the year 535. It was soon adopted by the whole Church. Not long after the time of Nicetius, it was mentioned in the Rule of St. Benedict, and in the Rule of Cesarius of Arles, and in that of Aurelian. Since that time it has been universally valued and constantly used, 'everywhere, by all the churches.' To complete my case, I will lay this also on the table. Here is the *Te Deum* :—

We praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee: the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud: the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To thee Cherubin, and Seraphin: continually do cry, Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty: of thy Glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles: praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets: praise thee.

The noble army of Martyrs: praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world: doth acknowledge thee;

The Father: of an infinite Majesty;

Thine honourable, true: and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost: the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory: O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son: of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man: thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death: thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God: in the Glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come: to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants: whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy Saints: in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people: and bless thine heritage.

Govern them: and lift them up for ever.

Day by day: we magnify thee;

And we worship thy Name: ever world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord: to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us: have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us: as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded.

"These, then, are the five great documents of which I spoke. The first three are universally accepted, as the earliest declarations of the faith of the Church, recognised and adopted by great bodies of the bishops. The fourth and fifth stand upon a different ground,—their universal acceptance by bishops and clergy in all parts of the world. You will not, I am sure, question the fact, that all five are really ancient documents, and that they are the only ancient documents which hand down to us the faith of the Church of the second, third, fourth, and fifth centuries."

"Well," replied Sullivan, "I suppose that that is a fact which can hardly be questioned."

(To be continued in our next.)

NONE BUT CHRIST.

WHILE I'm in this world below,
Tried with sorrow, want, and woe,
It shall be my aim to know

None but Christ!

Walking in the narrow way,
Foes may try my course to stay;
But to each, to all, I'll say,

None but Christ!

Though the world may lay its snares,
Burden me with anxious cares,
I will trust my soul's affairs

To none but Christ!

He will dry the mourner's tears,
Drive away his doubts and fears,
When in mercy He appears,

None but Christ!

THE chamber of the dying mortal is the best school for those students who would know themselves.

"I HAVE NO RELIGION, AND YET I AM NOT UNHAPPY."

A TALE OF THE SUMMER OF 1862.

BY CHARLES B. TAYLER, M.A.

(Continued.)

"LOUISE," she said, afterwards, 'send to that good colporteur, and ask him to come to me. The curé, as you know, has been with me, and he is very kind and gentle; but he only talks to me of the blessed Virgin (as if she were one with God, and had power over her Son), and of the saints, and of my patron saint, as he terms her, St. Valerie, a mere woman like myself, as if they were mediators to intercede with God for me, when "there is but one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." No; Christ is all and in all to me,' she added, fervently clasping her hands, 'and the colporteur will speak to me of him as my one and only Saviour. I could not, in my dying hour, I could not bear to listen to any teacher who has been corrupted from the simplicity which is in Christ.'

"The colporteur was much with her, and with her noble-minded husband, and both he and Madame Colombier soon after embraced the pure faith of the one Gospel, through the simple teaching of that faithful man of God.

"I returned with Gaspard to Paris, and there we soon parted; for he rejoined his regiment, and went off to the war in Italy. But I must shorten my story, and give you its further details another time. Again the goodness and mercy of God had followed me; and in his own wonderful way, through my acquaintance with one who had been as will and dissipated as myself, my cold, hard heart had been again touched and softened, but it had not been broken. Gaspard had been more impressed than I had; he looked grave when we parted, and as he pressed my hand, he said, 'Remember the gift of the sainted countess, and remember her words!' I felt low-spirited when he was gone, and went to seek out again my aged friend, Madame Violette. The porter of the house told me she was dead, and his wife, who had been one of her friends, added that she had constantly prayed for me, and had said that she knew her prayers would be answered. I copied out of an old book which had been hers a prayer she had composed, and written with her feeble hand. I know that prayer by heart, and often use it:

"O my God, give me a heart full of love; take away the heart that I now have, which is so ungrateful, so sinful, so full of pride, the source of so much vice, take from it all that offends thy holiness. Support the weakest of thy children, who scarcely knows how to take a step; consume this heart of sin, and make me like a little child, having no will but thine. Oh, make me child-like, by thy Holy Spirit, for Jesus Christ's sake."

"From that time I was more steady; I returned no more to my former evil ways; I passed my even-

ings in reading and trying to improve my mind, and I worked hard during the day; and thus the time passed on, till one evening a soldier came to me with a message from Gaspard. He had returned from the war, he had been wounded, and, though his wounds were healed, his health was gone, and he begged me to go with him to his home; he was too weak to travel alone. We set off the next morning, and he bore the journey better than I expected. A wonderful change had come over the village since we had left it. When we arrived at the farmhouse, we found a company of at least twenty persons, farmers and their wives. They were seated round a large table, all of them with their Bibles open before them, and the good colporteur was there, and together they were searching the sacred volume! 'Thank God for what I now see!' said Gaspard, after he had received the warm and affectionate welcome of his family and friends, and he sat with smiles upon his poor, wasted features while the reading went on, for he would not have it interrupted. They had placed wine and food before him; he raised the wine up to his lips, but said, 'This sight is better to me than meat and drink.' Gaspard had come back a new creature, but he had come back to die. I was with him to the last, and his affection for me, and his yearning anxiety to see me also a child of God, cut me to the heart. After his death, the New Testament which the young countess had given him was found next his heart; it had been, as one of his fellow-soldiers (also a godly man) told me afterwards, his support and comfort during the whole campaign. My heart smote me as I thought of my own copy of that priceless volume. My eyes had fallen upon it the morning I left Paris, as it lay neglected and covered with dust among my books and papers, the most neglected. It is now my most precious possession."

De l'Orme heard no more; he had seen his brother-in-law in the distance, and he felt that just then it would be more than he could bear if De Chatillon joined him there and was recognised. He rose quickly from the bench, and taking out his tablets, he turned to the brothers. "It is a strange request," he said, in French, to Walter; "but a short time hence I will explain it. Will you kindly write your address on this page, and will you add to the favour by not inquiring now why I ask it?"

He wrote—"Walter Charlton,

"Hillside Farm, near F——."

"A thousand thanks," added De l'Orme, after reading aloud the few words. "Adieu, adieu, my much esteemed friends; God grant that we may soon meet again." He was just in time to meet De Chatillon, before he could approach near enough to the brothers to notice Walter. He took the arm of his brother-in-law in silence, and they turned towards the Exhibition.

"You are tired of waiting for me?" said De Chatillon.

"No, my brother, no," he said, as he pressed the arm linked in his. "Leon, dear Leon, *I have no religion, and I am miserable*. I have heard strange things since you left me, things that have startled and awakened me. Your searching words had set me thinking, and prepared me for what followed."

"And what did follow?" said De Chatillon.

"A conversation between two men of the working class—honest, sensible fellows, brothers, who had not met for years. One of them had left his home and his country a *vaurien* and an infidel, like myself; and, strange to tell, in our freethinking land of France, he has become a firm believer in the truths of religion: not that of Romish priests and Jesuits, but that which you deem the only true faith, the religion of the Bible; and, still more strange, that I have come to this country to learn, from that same labouring man—and, I suspect, to love—the same pure and true religion. But, my dear Leon, who is this that is coming towards us? I cannot meet a stranger just at present. I must leave you."

"Not when he comes purposely to be introduced to you, Armand. He is the man you most wished to meet in England—no other than that brave, good General C——, one of the noblest and the finest characters in this land; the friend whom, next to yourself, I love most warmly; to whom, indeed, I owe more than I can express, for he it was who taught me that the highest honour and the most chivalrous courage can be, and is, united to the humblest and most devoted piety. You begged me to introduce him to you, and I promised to bring you to him. Indeed, we are to dine with him this very day. I was sure I might accept for you, as well as for myself, his pressing invitation. He leaves London to-morrow. I had for the moment forgotten, in the deep interest I felt in what you were beginning to tell me, that he was waiting here."

"Well, my Leon," said De l'Orme, and he sighed; "then I have no choice. I must make his acquaintance, I see, in my present mood."

But De l'Orme, even as he spoke, regained his self-possession, and, though very grave, received General C—— with all the ease and courtesy of a high-bred and elegant man.

"You have seen this great Exhibition, I find," said General C——. "It is a marvellous display, is it not, of the genius and the industry of all the civilised nations of the earth—of all that man can accomplish?"

"Yes," said De l'Orme; "one can only say, even after the rapid survey of its countless productions, that it far exceeds all that we imagined."

"It is all wonderful, beautiful, marvellously beautiful," said De Chatillon. "It is indeed the rich combination of all that the art, the science, the skill, the most exquisite taste of man can achieve: the perfection of the powers, both of the mind and the hand of man, of the energies of man's inventive genius, and

man's consummate skill. But it is well to remember, while we are dazzled and confounded by such a spectacle, that it is all of man, and only of man. It may go as far as man can go, and exhibit all the wonders which man's genius can accomplish, but it can do no more."

"Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further," such is the voice that speaks to me," said General C—, "while I think of all that man has brought together in this stately palace. But wonderful as these things are, the waxen cell of the bee, the cocoon of the silkworm, the reefs of the coral insect, and even the web of the spider, are marvels of art and industry almost as astonishing, and still more so, when we consider that the instinct of the inferior creatures, and not the mind of man, has been at work in all those natural wonders. Thus, the great Creator humbles the pride of man, and brings him to a level with the mere creatures of instinct."

"And thus," said De Chatillon, "he would graciously teach us to raise our thoughts to himself, the source of all perfection. He giveth the goodly wings to the peacock, wings and feathers to the ostrich. He giveth strength to the horse, and clotheth his neck with thunder, but to man he giveth knowledge; and surely the highest knowledge and the best is to know him—to see him both in his works and in his Word, and, as we do so, to adore him. Oh, when we look upon this wondrous exhibition of the works of his creatures, let us raise our thoughts to the far more marvellous works of his hands, and say in deep humility, 'Lord, what is man?' When we look up at night to the star-lit sky, by the aid of the telescope we may discover, in the Milky Way alone, no fewer than twenty millions of stars, which is twenty thousand times the number of them that can be seen by the unassisted eye; and if every star be a splendid sun, surrounded by its planets, as we have every reason to believe, yet these are but a portion of the sparkling gems with which the vaulted roof of the deepest sapphire above us has been enriched and adorned by the Divine Creator of the heavens. When again we examine by the microscope a single rose-leaf and a drop of dew upon its damask petal, and mark the innumerable ramifications of the exquisitely delicate veins and fibres of the one, and the prismatic and glorious hues of the other, or inspect the plumage of the humming-bird, or the lustrous dust on the wings of a butterfly, what are the rarest, richest, the most splendid and elaborate works of art in that Exhibition, marvellous as they are, to these simple, every-day sights with which God has enriched the earth in which we dwell? Truly may it be said of them what our blessed Lord said of the lilies of Palestine, that 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!'"

"How heartily I respond to your words, my beloved friend," said General C—; "and I am thankful that this International Exhibition has brought you

and me, a Frenchman and an Englishman, together, when I hear such words from your lips.

"As to this great Exhibition, this grand and splendid spectacle, it is a glorious sight, if all the glory be given to God; but I confess that I tremble to think how many of those assembled here may have no thought of him in their hearts, and may be giving all the praise and honour to man. Let us pray that the motto to the former Exhibition may be present to the minds and graven on the hearts of many who have come to this still more wonderful display of the treasures of all nations. 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.' That enlightened and deeply lamented Prince, the fact of whose untimely death hangs like a cloud over the whole Exhibition, would have had it so; he would have ascribed all the glory, and the honour, and the praise to the Lord God, the eternal, the Almighty Jehovah, as manifested in his adorable Son, the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person. I remember his words at the opening of the first Exhibition, how he said, 'that he confidently hoped that the first impression which the view of this vast collection would produce upon the spectator, would be that of deep thankfulness to the Almighty for the blessings that he has bestowed upon us here below.'

"Dear friend," continued General C—, turning to De Chatillon, "I would say with you in deep humility, 'Lord, what is man?' Surely the spectacle of this Exhibition, associated, as it must now always be, with that truly noble Prince who has been so suddenly taken from among us, is calculated to teach us all that great lesson, that truth never to be forgotten, 'Lord, what is man?' Does not the eternal God say to all that come hither in a spirit of pride, 'Behold, ye are of nothing, and your work of nought?' To that deeply lamented Prince we owe the first design of this vast undertaking, and we fondly thought that under his direction it would have been completed. But we shall behold him no more till, by the mercy and grace of God in Christ, we meet him in that glorious city, the very street of which is of pure gold, where 'the nations of them that are saved shall walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.' This is our consolation when we think of him, and this it is that can alone bring true and unfailing comfort to that royal lady, who is endeared to the hearts of all her people—that devoted wife who will long mourn over a loss and a blank which nothing on earth can fill up—that, when he whom she loved with the warmest and tenderest affection of her inmost heart was taken from her, he was found ready to meet his sudden and unexpected summons, with the humble trust and the adoring love of a simple believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; that he rested firmly upon the Rock of Ages, making Christ his only plea of acceptance with God, even to the last breath of his mortal life.

"These, my friends, were the words that he used, this the expression of his faith and hope, as we know on undoubted authority. May the remembrance of his last moments be present to the minds of many who have come to this Exhibition, which is so associated with his memory. May they carry away with them a lasting impression for good from the words which follow—the beautiful hymn which cheered and comforted him in his last hour on earth:—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side that flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure."

PRISON SCENES;

OR,

HOW TO PREVENT SOME MEN GOING IN, AND HOW TO DO GOOD TO SOME COMING OUT.

SQUIRE. I hope, my worthy friend, it is not treason to scold a magistrate?

MAGISTRATE. That will depend upon the manner. The whole bench of magistrates are, I know, quite safe in your hands; so say on.

S. Some of us country gentlemen were dissatisfied with one of your sentences lately.

M. I know the case to which you refer, but you cannot have "one law for the rich, and another for the poor."

S. My good friend, that is the very thing of which I am about to complain. You worthy men appear to lose sight of this great fact—that things which are in one sense the same, are often not equal. Two men may commit similar offences, and may be sentenced to similar punishments, and yet the punishments may be frightfully unequal.

M. Prove your case.

S. In the lane adjoining my plantation there is a cottage tenanted by a worthy not unknown to you and your brother magistrates: this worthy answers to the name of Reuben Giles. Mr. Giles is a great admirer of good living, and it is said that he occasionally contrives to provide dinner and dessert by midnight visits to your park, and morning calls at my orchard. Giles is returning home one evening, not tipsy, certainly, but in a transition state, and disposed to be pugnacious; at this inconvenient time a policeman accosts him in a manner that appears to this excited person to infringe upon the liberty of the subject. Giles' wrath is excited, and he pummels the poor policeman without mercy. The consequence is, that Reuben is taken before the magistrate and punished.

Now let us see how it affects this worthy. The magistrate administers a lecture; one half Giles does not understand, and the other half he says was all "bosh;" therefore that did not do much good. The magistrate ends his rebuke by sentencing Reuben Giles to the county gaol for four weeks with hard labour; which, I presume, are other words for the treadmill and picking oakum.

Reuben Giles is put to work at the treadmill; but

Giles is the parish lamplighter, and to him the act of ascending and descending flights of steps is but the repetition of his customary daily exercise—by no means irksome, and rather favourable to health. Picking oakum succeeds, which is by no means painful to his horny hands. As to the prison discomforts, they are no discomfort to him; and his bed, though hard, is preferable to a damp ditch and a bed of thorns—luxuries with which our friend Reuben has been familiar. It is true the prison authorities cut his hair by the aid of a wooden bowl, and make a scarecrow of him; but as Mr. Giles always wears his cap in the house and out of it, this does not matter, and he smiles and says it is both cool and pleasant.

Neither does Mr. Giles inflict much scandal on his friends, who are not found in troops, and many of them are familiar with the scenes through which he has passed, while at his discharge he betakes himself to the "Bagpipe and Skittles," where, among his drunken companions, the prevailing sentiment is, that Giles did not beat the policeman as a policeman ought to be beaten, and where, we need scarcely add, he has not lost caste.

Take now the case of another person, doomed to a similar punishment for a similar offence:—Mr. Fitzalan Hyti-Tyti, of the Llangolullaby Rifles, fancies a drive on a summer's evening, and turns his horses' heads towards the Park; and at the moment that he is rounding the corner with great skill, a policeman shouts, "You can't go in!" "Not go in? I have been in fifty times, man." "I tell you, ye can't go in!" This prohibition was accompanied by an attempt to turn the horses; the intention on the part of the policeman was simply to do his duty; but possibly his mode was somewhat clumsy. Mr. Hyti-Tyti, who had been accustomed to receive obedience the greater part of his life, is terribly excited, and in his anger he leaves off slashing his horses, and slashes the policeman. By some talismanic process the aggrieved man gives an alarm, and a host run to the aid of their discomfited colleague. The offender is dragged from his lofty seat in a very unceremonious fashion, and, with a crowd to follow him, he is hurried away to the lock-up house. The officer for the night is obliged to regard it as what he terms "an ugly case," and as such he cannot accept bail, and the transgressor is locked up for the night to experience discomforts that almost drive him wild; anger, vexation, and shame are added to his personal miseries during a night that appeared as if it would never end. This is misery the first. On the morrow, the angry gentleman is taken before the magistrate to answer for the assault and battery. The case is dead against him, and the worthy magistrate considers that the law has been outraged.

Four weeks' imprisonment, with hard labour in the county gaol, falls ruinously on the country gentleman. He is locked up in a van, and borne away to prison. His wife and daughters are overwhelmed with shame and grief, and the offender is a prey to mental agony. The labour of the treadmill nearly destroys him; that he obeys the injunctions to pick oakum, is shown by stained hands and bleeding fingers. The gaol attire, the clipping the hair, the dietary table of his prison house are all loathsome. The officers behave well—

they must do their duty—and they mingle with it as large an amount of consideration as propriety admits. In due time the unfortunate gentleman is released—a dishonoured man. He feels he has lost caste; he has lost almost everything that a high-minded man can value; he has lost his spirit, he is depressed. On his return to society he discovers that his witty neighbours have conferred upon the county gaol the appellation of "The Hyti-Tyti Retreat!" The poor man from that moment can look no one fairly in the face; he fancies his friends cut him. At his club, if a man reads a trial to his listening friends, he is sure it is a hit at him, and that they are having a little mirth at his expense. No such thing: these playful fellows are gentlemen, and no such thoughts crossed their minds; but the agony is the same to this sensitive being. In the street poor Hyti-Tyti's sorrows are neither few nor far between. If two or three men gaze at anything, he is certain they are some of the prisoners who want to make his acquaintance. Dejected in mind, and dreading at every step to find something to remind him of the fatal four weeks, he sells his property, and takes up his abode in one of the Channel Islands.

Now, my friend, tell me, although the two sentences were similar, will you say the penalty paid was similar? Did not the sufferings of Mr. Fitzallan Hyti-Tyti, the country gentleman, exceed by a hundredfold all that was endured by Mr. Reuben Giles, the poacher?

M. Suppose we grant that this sentence on the angry gentleman was too severe, policemen are not to be made into mincemeat to satiate the wrath of angry Hyti-Tyties. If gentlemen err, gentlemen must be punished.

S. Assuredly; and I would punish, and punish smartly; but I would not degrade.

M. What would you do?

S. I would extend the power to fine, and instead of limiting the fine to £2, which for many offences would be a mockery of justice, I would extend the fines to £500, or even to £1,000.

M. How would you have applied this power in the case of your Llangollaby friend?

S. I would have given him the full benefit of the lecture, and then have fined him in £500. The result would have been that Mr. Hyti-Tyti would have sent for his solicitor, or for his cheque-book, and the money would have been duly paid. Mr. Hyti-Tyti would have been punished, but not degraded, and he would assuredly have been reformed; for if twenty years hence, in his anger, he was about again to slash a policeman, memory would silently remind him that it was a very bad investment of capital, for the £500 twenty years before had paid no dividend.

M. What is to be done with the fines?

S. Make the result of crime the means of preventing crime. Appoint a committee of gentlemen in the commission of the peace to act as the dispensers of this fund, and apply it for the benefit of discharged prisoners—men discharged after imprisonment for the first offence; for there are associations to relieve men after a second offence.

M. How would you relieve?

S. Empower the governors of the various gaols to give aid in this manner—

The turnkey says—"John Smith, sir, is to be discharged this morning."

"Very well; send him to me."

"Well, my man, your time is up. What are you going to do with yourself?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Have you any friends?"

"No, sir."

"Any work to go to?"

"No, sir."

"Anybody to give you a little money?"

"No, sir."

"Any food?"

"No, sir."

"Then what will you do?"

"Can't tell, sir. Hope to get work."

"Very well; now, listen to me. I never want to see your face again, and it will be to your comfort never to see mine. But it is no use my telling you to be honest if you have not a shilling in your pocket, because you'll be tempted to strangle the first man you meet in the dark for the sake of a guinea, and then plead that you must either steal or starve. I say, Neither steal nor starve. Here are ten shillings, that you may not plead distress. To what place are you going?"

"To London, sir."

"I thought so. Now, take care; if you had bad companions, do not go near them. They'll share with you the bread, the cheese, the tobacco, and the beer; but it is upon condition that you share with them in thieving. If you do this, you are ruined. Don't go near them; but when you get to town, report yourself at Scotland Yard. Some money for your support is lodged there for you, and you can receive ten shillings a-week for six weeks, or five shillings for twelve weeks, to support you until you find work. If you can do without the money, do not draw it out; keep it there for hard times—it is always yours. This is done to make an honest man of you. When you get settled, always go to some place of worship on the Sunday; you'll be out of harm's way, and you may get more good there than you dream of; and by shewing steady conduct you'll make friends, and will not be the friendless man you are now, nobody caring for you. If you get work regularly, show your gratitude by paying back the £3 10s. to the people in Scotland Yard, to help out the 'Reformation Fund.' Now you may go. The magistrates give you 'a chance' to become an honest man. May God bless that chance, and don't forget that there is another world to think of besides this."

M. My good friend, your reformation scheme is excellent; but do you know that there are men who would commit an offence for the sake of the reward when they came out?

S. I believe it; but these men are sure to be caught a second time; and if they were flogged every three months, they would soon let their comrades know that they had made a bad move and had come to grief.

M. I fear the plan would not work.

S. Perhaps not, in its present shape; but if you will discuss it with your brother magistrates, it may lead to something that will work, and my object will be gained.

Short Arrows.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM ON PREDESTINATION.

JUDAS was not the traitor because Christ foretold it; but Christ foretold it, because he knew that he would be the traitor.

HOOKER ON PRAYER.

THEY pray in vain to have sin pardoned, which seek not also to prevent sin by prayer, even every particular sin by prayer against all sin.

"GRACE IN THE HEART OF MAN IS LIKE LIGHT IN A ROOM."

It is not the same light now in this room which was here an hour ago; constant and hourly supplies are needful. If an eclipse took place, the room would be dark. So grace must be supplied hourly, daily, and is always changing and varying. Consider what grace in the heart is. It is a disposition given by God. It is God making us willing in the day of his power; working in us both to will and to do.

REGENERATION.

REGENERATION is twofold:—a change of state, and a change of nature. Before baptism, a man is not in covenant with God. Baptism brings him into covenant, gives him a title to live, a title to salvation, &c. This is a change of state, and the bulk of Christians go no further. But a change of nature can only be known by the fruits of a new nature being seen. If we see these from infancy, we are warranted in believing that the two changes took place together; perhaps that, like John the Baptist, the child was sanctified from the womb.

THE SICK CHRISTIAN USEFUL.

ANN MEIGH, a poor, distressed woman in the parish of Portmoak, when visited by Mr. Erskine, said to him, "Oh, sir! I am just lying here, a poor, useless creature." "Do you think so?" said he. "I think, sir, what is true. If I were away in heaven, I could be of some use to glorify God without sin." "Indeed, Annie," said Mr. Erskine, "I think you are glorifying God by your resignation and submission to his will, and that in the face of many difficulties and under many distresses. In heaven, the children of God have no burdens to groan under; your praises, burdened as you are, are a source of wonder to me, and, I trust, acceptable to God."

AN AFRICAN CLERGYMAN'S IDEA OF ENGLAND.

SOME time ago, the Rev. J. Taylor, a native African, from Sierra Leone, paid a visit to this country; he arrived at Liverpool, and having remained there a few days, desired to proceed to London. Now, he had not much idea of what England was, as he himself confessed, for having seen it was but a little island on the map of the world, he supposed he could walk round it in a day or two. He did not, however, attempt that, as he had luggage with him, and being directed to the railway, thither he went.

"How much do you pay for the passage to London, if you please, sir?"

"Thirty shillings, second class," was the reply.

Now the black divine, thinking this was too much for what he thought was about an hour's ride, called a cab, and asked the driver for how much he would take him to London. Judge, then, his surprise when told it would take a fortnight to travel the journey that way, and it would cost £20 at least.

Doubtless ere his return to Sierra Leone his ideas of the size and power of England would be somewhat altered.

Is it not possible for some amongst us to be as much mistaken in matters of greater importance?

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

V. C. L.—"*Who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe.*"—1 Tim. iv. 10. *Does this imply universal salvation?*

Although this text may seem to support the doctrine of universal salvation, yet such a doctrine cannot be deduced from it. Arguing from the tenor of the whole chapter, the full sense appears to be—Who is the temporal preserver of all men, as well as the Saviour of mankind in general, whether Jews or Gentiles; i. e., Christ in the Gospel offers salvation to men of every nation, who are willing to receive the blessing by the mode which God has appointed.

NEMO.—"*I speak this by permission, and not of commandment.*"—1 Cor. vii. 6. *Does not this militate against the doctrine of plenary inspiration?*

This is only one of similar expressions made use of by the Apostle; they do not in any way militate against the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. Although inspired, he was at perfect liberty to write the thoughts of his own mind, and what he believed to be needful for the benefit of others. There is some difficulty, however, in determining to which of the verses in the chapter the Apostle alludes; but it seems desirable to refer it to what precedes the words in question. He means to tell them what is allowable or expedient, not what is absolutely enjoined to be done. They might learn from what he enjoined, not what they must, but what they may do.

E. W.—"*How do we know that the choice of Matthias as an apostle was ratified by the Holy Spirit?*"—Acts i. 26.

The exact mode in which the Apostles cast lots cannot be determined. A decision upon a doubtful matter, by casting lots, was understood to be a mode of attaining the will of the Almighty, and was therefore, from the earliest times, resorted to in creation of kings, or the appointment of priests. If the will of the Almighty (after the prayers of the Apostles) had been thus obtained, and God by such means was pleased to make choice of Matthias, we may suppose that he also ratified his own choice. If we doubt this in the case of Matthias, we might raise a similar question with regard to the other Apostles. The Holy Spirit descended upon them all, not to confirm them in their apostleship, but to give them new powers for carrying on the work of Christ.

J. S.—"*What is witchcraft?*"

It is common to suppose that nothing more is intended by witchcraft and necromancy than jugglery and deceit, and that the art of the sorcerer lay in the skill with which he could impose on others. But this is not correct. God's laws against *witchcraft* were most severe: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." The Almighty, in his wisdom, would not exact penalties for an offence which never existed. That such persons have existed is evident from Exod. xxii. 18; Lev. xix. 31; xx. 6; Deut. xviii. 10; Gal. v. 20. Sleight of hand, without any pretence to intercourse with the invisible world, was not criminal, even under the Jewish dispensation; therefore, without pretending to determine what the arts of the sorceress were, or to what degree men might combine with evil spirits to avail themselves of their agency, witchcraft was far more than trick, inasmuch as it dealt with invisible beings. At the same time, we know that Satan could do nothing without God's permission. The art could never be carried so far as to infringe on the prerogative of the Creator; yet the Almighty often, for some wise purpose, permits actions which he does not approve. We may therefore explain witchcraft by saying that it was a kind of compact between human beings and Satan, whereby, for the furtherance of his designs, he imposed on certain of our race, and deluded them by appearances which the Almighty suffered him to produce. There is reason to believe that witchcraft, like the actual possession of the bodies of men by evil spirits, has been mercifully restrained since the death of Christ; and this subjugation may be part of the triumph to be achieved by Him who came to deliver his people from the hostility of Satan, and all the powers of darkness.

T. A.—*What is meant by an unclean spirit?*—Luke iv. 33.

There appears to be in this verse what may be termed a blending of two synonymous expressions, for the sake of greater significance—the "spirit of an unclean devil." Having an "unclean spirit" was a term usually applied to those labouring under demoniacal possession. The disease, we learn from the Evangelists, assumed the form of violent fits. An "unclean spirit" signifies an "unrenewed spirit," a spirit still under the dominion of Satan and fleshly lusts, as in contradistinction to the spirit of the regenerate, whom the Spirit of God has enabled to sit at the feet of Jesus, clothed with his righteousness, and with a mind directed to happiness and heaven.

C. H.—*Pray tell me—Is it true that the conversion of every soul is a miracle?*

A miracle is a sensible deviation from known laws. Now, though every conversion is a wonder-work of God's power, yet, as it is in harmony with revealed laws, and is carried on in accordance with certain well-defined and known rules, it is not, strictly speaking, a "miracle," according to the present acceptation of that word.

Our thanks are due to our kind correspondent, J. E. D., for his highly gratifying communication respecting the spiritual benefit which he has derived from the perusal of "THE QUIVER." We can assure him that it is our constant desire to make this publication a sound

medium of religious instruction. Extensive as is our circulation, we were not prepared to hear that two hundred numbers of "THE QUIVER" are taken in every week in one small district. May its usefulness daily increase.

THE SAYINGS OF THE WISE.

TWELFTH CLUSTER.

111. No man can praise God for the blessings of creation and of providence who has not learned to praise him, above all, for the blessings of redemption.

112. In spiritual troubles, remember David; in temporal troubles, remember Lot; in personal troubles, remember Abraham; in family troubles, remember Jacob; in national troubles, remember Hezekiah.

113. Repentance is not the work of man, but the gift of Christ, "who is exalted as a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance."

114. He who talks much cannot always talk wisely.

115. We are not always to talk of religion, but we ought always to talk religiously.

116. The highest exercise of a man's free will is when he willingly says unto God, "Not my will, but thine be done."

117. It is the sunny day that calls forth the adder.

118. "What have I that I have not received? and what have I received that I have not abused?" is the language of Christian men.

119. Humility is the soil in which all the other Christian graces flourish.

120. The joys of God's servants are often very independent of their worldly circumstances.

YOUTH'S' Department.

PHILIP MARSH; OR, THE HISTORY OF A POOR BOY.—PART II.

DAVID MCCREE was a man well-to-do in the world. He lived in an old-fashioned little house at the outskirts of the town. There was a large piece of ground at the back, which he used for storing the dust and ashes which he collected from the different houses. The ashes were carefully sifted and sorted, and afterwards disposed of to brickmakers and farmers, the latter of whom used the ashes to mix with their manure heaps. Mrs. McCree had been dead some years. She had left one child, a little girl, who had a spinal complaint, and was never seen out of doors. An old woman, Mrs. Sarah Stubbs by name, kept house for David McCree. She was a strange, old-fashioned looking being, wearing a very stiff muslin cap, and a large-patterned, gay-coloured print gown. She was very rheumatic, and used to walk about with a large stick, with which weapon she used to threaten the boys of the town, who would sometimes get over the wall into David's yard to grope for "treasure," as they called it, amongst the heaps of dust and ashes. Report said that many a silver spoon was found in the rubbish at different times. This was the household into which Philip was about to become domesticated.

Early on Monday morning Philip went to Mr. Walton's house, to tell that gentleman of his good fortune. To his great surprise, Mr. Walton did not

seem to participate in his delight as he had expected him to do.

"There is no doubt but that it is, in many respects, a good situation for you, Philip; but, at the same time, there is one great drawback. From all I have heard of David McCree, he is a very irreligious man, and is never seen in a place of worship. I need not tell you that your temptations will be greater in such a family than elsewhere, and you will need all your watchfulness to guard against them. You must not, however, be discouraged," he continued; for he saw Philip's downcast expression of countenance. "You know that God can so strengthen you, that you shall be able to resist every temptation; and so long as you rely implicitly on him, and endeavour faithfully and steadily to do your duty, you will be safe. Come to me at any time, whenever you feel in any difficulty, and I will always advise you to the best of my power."

"Some people are mighty particular, to be sure," said Mrs. Marsh, as Philip related as nearly as possible the conversation he had had with Mr. Walton.

"Oh, mother, Mr. Walton only meant it for my good. It was kind in him to warn me."

"To warn you of what, I should like to know?—as if folks couldn't be good unless they think just as Mr. Walton does!"

"Dear mother, if you would only think differently—if you would only——"

"There, don't begin preaching to me, Phil. Things are come to a pretty pass, certainly, when boys of your age take upon themselves to lecture their mothers! If your poor father were alive——" And Mrs. Marsh began to cry bitterly.

Poor Philip felt sadly tried. His conscience told him he had only done what was right, and for a moment an impertinent answer rose to his lips. The next instant, the promise he had made his father to comfort his mother flashed across his mind, and the hasty words softened into an affectionate kiss.

"Come, come, dearest mother! I did not mean to make you angry. We have very much to be thankful for, and should be indeed ungrateful if we were miserable and quarrelling to-day with such good fortune before us. Why, you'll have a clear half-crown a week now, for two shillings and sixpence will be quite enough to clothe me, and I shall be able to save something out of that."

Who could be proof against such good-humoured affection? Not even cross Mrs. Marsh. She returned Philip's kiss with warmth, and the storm passed away. So true it is that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

"So you're the new boy, I s'pose?" said a sharp, unmusical voice, as Philip entered Mr. McCree's house. "So you're the new boy; and I hopes you're not a-going to give yourself no airs about nothing, but just make yourself useful."

It was not a very friendly welcome; but Philip assured Mrs. Stubbs—for it was she who had spoken—that he would try and be as useful as he could.

"Ah! we shall see that. Deeds, and not words, that's what I say. There's that child a whining again!" continued Mrs. Stubbs, as a shrill cry was heard issuing from an adjoining room. "I can't leave off my sweeping up to come to you now, so you must wait a little."

"I want a drink," cried the same little shrill voice from the inner chamber.

"Here, you! what's your name?"

"Philip, ma'am."

"Too fine a name by half! Here, Philip, then, take that cup of milk to that child yonder."

Philip did as he was told, and carried the mug of milk into the adjoining room.

A very thin, pale little girl was lying on a couch near the window. Philip thought he had never seen so unhappy an expression on any one's face. It told of constant pain and hopeless suffering. A slight look of surprise passed over the child's features as Philip entered. He placed the milk on a table by the side of the couch, and was leaving the room, when the child cried, in a peevish tone, "Lift me up, lift me up! I cannot help myself."

Philip was more gentle than most boys of his age; and although he felt a little awkward, he managed to raise the child up whilst she drank the milk.

"Cannot you sit up by yourself?" he asked, in a tone of pity.

"No; my spine is hurt."

"Has it always been bad?"

"Yes, always."

"Have you never walked?"

"No, and never shall, so the doctors say."

There was a tone of such hopeless misery in these few words, that Philip felt the tears coming into his eyes. What a magical thing is sympathy! The child saw that Philip's eyes were full of tears.

"Are you sorry for me?" she asked.

"Yes, very, very sorry. It must be so sad to lie there always!"

"I don't think I should mind that so very much, if I had any one to talk to me; but father is out nearly all day, and——"

Her silence was more expressive than words.

"Can you read?"

"No."

"Does any one ever read to you?"

"No; I don't care for books."

"Oh, but you would care for some of the nice stories I have at home," said Philip. "I'll bring some of them here, and then, perhaps, I shall be able to find time to read to you."

"Are you coming to live here?"

"Yes; are you glad?"

"I don't know. Some of father's boys used to tease me, and laugh at me; and one of them hurt my little kitten so much that it died. I never had such a pet before, and I did love it so;" and the child wept as she spoke.

"I'll get you another kitten."

"Will you? then I shall be glad you've come."

"Now I'm sure you've been long enough a-taking that milk," Mrs. Stubbs cried out, in an angry tone. "If that's the way you're going to do your work, we shan't get much out of you."

Philip went into the room, where Mrs. Stubbs was still "cleaning up," as she called it.

"Can I do anything else?" said Philip.

"Of course you can. Here, fill this scuttle with coals; the coal-cellar is out in the yard there; and then there are plenty of knives to clean."

Philip fetched the coals, and cleaned the knives, and even Mrs. Stubbs could find no fault with his want of quickness. McCree came home at tea-time. He welcomed Philip kindly. With him was the

other boy, Philip's companion that was to be. He was a good deal older than Philip, and his name was Norris.

"Father, father!" cried the shrill little voice from the adjoining room.

"I'm coming, little one; wait till I take off my coat."

He went into his child's room, and Janet put her thin arms round his neck as he stooped over her, and drew his face down to hers, whilst something of a happy smile beamed on her face.

"Janet has taken quite a fancy to you, Philip," said the sweep, when he had returned to the sitting-room. "The poor child is very lonely there, and when you have half an hour to spare, I shall take it kindly of you if you will go and cheer her up a bit."

"That I will, sir. I have promised to read to her some of the nice books I had given me at the Sunday-school."

McCree's countenance darkened.

"None of your religious cant, you know, Phil; she's enough to make her sad without that."

Philip did not answer, for he scarcely understood his master's meaning. "Make her sad!" oh, no, Mr. McCree need not fear that; and he thought of the comfort and support which he, young as was, had derived from religion.

McCree continued: "Last year some officious neighbour got a clergyman to call and see the child whilst I was out, and I found the little one crying on my return; and I never let another come, you may be certain."

Mr. Walton's words, "I have heard David McCree is not at all a religious man," rang in Philip's ears, and in his heart he prayed that God would enable him to keep the right path amidst all the difficulties which already seemed to be rising around him.

Nothing more was said on the subject at the time, however; and after tea the sweep told Norris to take Philip into the yard, and let him help to sort and sift a large ash heap which had lately been brought in.

"There won't be much worth getting in this lot, I warrant," said Norris, when Philip and he were alone in the yard.

Philip looked as if he did not understand what his companion meant.

"I knew you were green," said Norris, with a sneer; "but listen, youngster. As you're going to work with me, I must put you up to a little. Sometimes we find *treasure* in these heaps; *treasure, treasure!*" and he almost hissed the words in Philip's ears.

The boy shuddered, he knew not why.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Silver spoons, forks, and such things," said Norris, mysteriously.

"And can't you find out to whom they belong?"

"Who ever thinks of trying to do so?" said Norris.

Philip pondered over these words.

"There's more to learn in this business than you'd think," continued his companion; and with these words—as if he thought he had given Philip sufficient food for reflection—he relapsed into silence, and the two boys worked on until it was too dark to do any more.

Philip having washed his hands and face at the pump, went into the house, and found his way to little Janet. The child was moaning fretfully, but looked pleased at the sight of Philip.

"Tell me about your home," said she. "Have you any sisters?"

"Yes, one: little Polly is her name. She is not so old as you, she is only four; but she is very fat and rosy, and can run about anywhere like a little kitten."

Philip was sorry the moment afterwards that he had said this, for Janet's eyes filled with tears.

"But you have a great many things that little Polly has not," said Philip; "and you have plenty to eat and drink, and sometimes mother has very little to give us."

But Janet still cried on.

"Don't cry so, Janet; you know even our little finger can't ache without God's permission; and Mr. Walton says if we would only remember that, we should never fret and grumble so much as we do, because the great God who made us and all the world must know what is best for us far better than we do ourselves."

"But why does he make my back bad?"

"For some good reason, you may be sure, dear Janet. Mr. Walton says it will all come out some day, and then we shall find that our most dreadful troubles have really been our greatest blessings. Do you never pray to God, Janet?"

"No, I don't know anything about him."

"Shall I tell you something about him?"

"If you like."

"Then listen, Janet. It was the great and good God who made this beautiful world, and the sun, and the moon, and all the bright stars which twinkle in the sky. He made you and me also, and all the people in the world. And it was God who, when everybody had grown very, very wicked, and when scarcely any one loved him, or kept his commandments, sent his beloved and only Son to die for us, so that through his death we might be saved."

"What does that mean?"

"We are all wicked by nature, Janet, and we cannot even think a good thought of ourselves; but we have only to ask God to make us good, and he can change our bad hearts in a moment, and make us happy for ever."

"How do you know he will, Philip?"

"Because he tells us so in his own holy book, the Bible. Have you a Bible, Janet?"

"No; and I can't read, so it would be of no use."

"Never mind; I have my little one up-stairs, and I will soon fetch it."

The Bible was brought, and Philip read a great many of his favourite texts. "The Lord will hear me when I call unto him." "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." "And this is the text Mr. Walton always told me to use in my prayers, Janet: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.'"

Janet listened attentively. "Who is Mr. Walton?" she said.

"Our clergyman, who teaches us at the Sunday-school; and he is so kind and so good. Oh, Janet, how I wish——"

"What do you wish?"

"That you were well enough to go to the Sunday-school."

"Are you ever naughty, Philip?"

"Oh, yes, Janet; the Bible tells us that there is none that doeth good, no, not one; and I feel that I

very, very often do wrong. Sometimes I feel inclined to be impertinent to mother, although I promised poor father to be a comfort to her; and instead of being thankful to God for all he has done for me, I murmur against his will, and—"

But here Philip stopped suddenly, for Janet was sobbing bitterly.

"What is the matter, Janet?"

"If you call that being naughty, Philip, how very, very naughty I must be. I do nothing but grumble all day long, and say unkind things to Mrs. Stubbs; and oh, Philip, how can God ever forgive me?"

"A word spoken in due season, how good is it!"

God put it into Philip's heart, weak and sinful as he was, to speak words of holy comfort to little Janet.

"Listen, Janet, to what our Sunday-school teacher told me. God says, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow;' and what does the blessed Saviour himself say?—'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' However sinful, however unworthy we may be, Jesus bids us come. His blood can cleanse us from all sin; his righteousness can clothe the poorest sinner, only let us cast all our care upon him. *Nothing* that we can do of ourselves will justify us; it is the blood of Jesus alone that can obtain pardon for us.

Janet did not quite understand all he said. Philip forgot that she was but a little child. However, she thanked Philip, and he then taught her his favourite text, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

"I must go now, Janet. Dry your tears, because it will make your father unhappy to see you cry."

"Will you come again soon, Philip?"

"Yes; whenever I have half an hour to spare, you shall see me."

"Philip!"

"Well, Janet."

"I will ask God to help me to speak kindly to Mrs. Stubbs."

(To be continued.)

THE OAK IN HISTORY.

THERE are many perhaps among our young readers who have never thought of connecting the oak with the records of history. They have read and wondered at accounts of its magnificence, and the giant shade flung far and wide by its branches, like that noble one in Oxfordshire, which spreads from bough end to bough end, eighty-one feet, and shaded in circumference five hundred and sixty square yards of ground, under which two thousand four hundred and twenty men may commodiously find shelter. Yet every branch of the oak has a tale to tell, and every leaf is inscribed with memories of the past. Under an oak at Mamre Abraham entertained his three heavenly visitants, and entreated for Sodom and Gomorrah; under an oak at Bethel, Rebekah's nurse, Deborah, was buried, and the tree was called the "tree of weeping." When the Israelites said to Joshua, "The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey," Joshua made a covenant with the people, and took a great stone and set it up for a witness in after ages, "under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord." The most ancient oracles in Greece were the sacred oaks of Dodona, which the blind heathen believed to speak; and more than all was this tree venerated by our British forefathers, whose whole religion in the days of the Druids has been

called an "oak theology." The statue of Jupiter among the Celtic tribes was nothing more than an immensely tall oak; and it was in the deep recesses of oak groves that the Druids held their awful meetings and performed their cruel rites. Here, too, they heard causes, and dispensed justice generally. At the ending of each year they went out to seek for the pearl-berried mistletoe, sacred when it grew on the branches of the oak. That which they found on the white thorn, the apple, the ash, or the maple, they passed by unnoticed to seek it on the holy tree. When they found it, the sacrifices were prepared, and the priest ascended the tree, and with a golden hook cut off the mistletoe, which they laid in a pure white robe, and of which the Druids made potions and medicines, which they persuaded the credulous multitude would render the deadliest poisons harmless, and charm away sickness and pain. But if this tree recalls to us days of heathen darkness, it also has its Christian story to tell.

In the year 603 after the birth of Christ, a synod, or church meeting, was held between the bishops of the ancient British church, and the missionaries who had come from Rome with Augustin at their head. The British bishops were willing to acknowledge Gregory and Augustin as their brethren, but refused to allow that they were their earthly head. Seven of them, with the abbot of the great monastery of Bangor, in North Wales, met the Roman clergy under a tree since called "Augustin's Oak," which, some say, was Aust-Clive, on the Severn; some, Bristol; others, in Worcestershire. The conference was called "The Synod of the Oak." Soon after this the Roman influence became very great over the English Church, and each gnarled oak we see may preach to us, if we read it aright, of days when England was independent of the see of Rome. It was under a vast oak which grew in the park of St. Vincent, near Paris, that the good and virtuous king who gained the title of St. Louis used to hear causes, and administer justice to his subjects who came to have their wrongs redressed. Round an oak known as the "Oak of Reformation," Kett, a tanner, held the councils and meetings of the rebels whom he had stirred up against the government of Edward VI., and on the boughs of this self-same tree nine of his wicked companions were afterwards hung. But the oak which has attained most celebrity in English history is that called "Boscobel Oak," where Charles II., when flying from his enemies after his defeat at the battle of Worcester, took refuge from his pursuers. Charles was assisted into the tree by a Captain Careless, whom he pulled up after him.

It was on the trunk of a knotty and sturdy oak that the heroes of old used to hang up the arms and weapons they took from the enemy, as trophies of their valour in fight; and the wind waves the branches of the spreading oak over the green grave where many a warrior lies buried.

We may all of us learn innumerable lessons from the objects that meet us in our daily walks. Every babbling stream speaks eloquently of the treasures of science or history it contains. Every tree that sighs in the evening breeze, or bends beneath the winter's wind, tells us some story of the days of old. We should never accustom ourselves to view natural objects as mere matters of course, or pass them by with careless indifference. He who spake as man never yet spake, made the barren tree, the roaring

billow, the wild tares of the field, and the tiny grain of the garden, the vehicles of conveying instruction and reproof. There is a hidden meaning in the book of Nature, which will reveal itself to the attentive student, and to him alone. While we are young is the special time to cultivate habits of this kind, that they may grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength. To the inquiring mind nothing is without its value; the smallest rose-bud blushing on the bank, and the giant oak of the forest, in which the birds of heaven dwell, are rich in myriad memories, and suggest endless ideas. They speak to us of a dark and heathen world, and of a bright and glorious Christianity, and point our thoughts back to the fatal tree in Paradise by which our first parents fell, and thence on to that nobler tree, on whose branches hung the price of this world's ransom, on the hill of Calvary.

THE COTTON FAMINE.

OUR friends who forward contributions for the Lancashire Fund, unaccompanied by a bill, will oblige us by stating in which of our periodicals they wish the acknowledgments to appear.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the following further sums:—

Amount already acknowledged £682 14 11		£	s.	d.	
L. H. Westley, Bryn Rhedyn, Carnarvon	Rev. E. Williams	0	1	0	
Rev. Canon Jones	Hon. A. H. O.	0	2	0	
Miss Butterworth	Miss Fountaine	0	1	0	
Mrs. Twigg	Miss Haworth	0	4	0	
Mrs. Clark	B. Jones, Esq.	0	5	0	
The Hon. Fanny Wynn	Miss Roberts	0	2	0	
Thelion C. Wynn	Mrs. Jones	0	5	0	
A. Westley, Esq.	Lord N.	0	1	0	
J. Westley, Esq.	Various Friends	1	0	0	
L. H. Westley			4	0	0
Hon. Fred. W.	Mistley Norman School,				
Rev. B. Morgan	per Thos. Sutcliffe	0	4	3	
Mrs. B. Morgan	Joseph Brossey	0	0	4	
	Total	£687	3	6	

Many of our readers will, doubtless, have observed recently in the daily papers acknowledgments from the Bridgewater House Committee and from the Mansion House Committee of the receipt of £300 (one-half to each committee), being a further sum (making up to this date £2,300) subscribed by readers of THE QUIVER, and of other publications issued by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. CHATTAWAY'S "OLD IMPRESSION."

It was surely a scene to excite some interest, if only the interest of curiosity, that was presented at Trevlyn Hold that night. Octave Chattaway in evening dress—for she had not begun to prepare for bed, although some time in her chamber—standing at the hall-door which she had opened; Miss Diana pressing forward from the back of the hall in a hastily thrown-on dressing-gown; Mr. Chattaway in a waistcoat; Cris in greater dishabille; and Mrs. Chattaway dressed as was Octave.

Rupert came in, coughing with the night air, and leaning on the arm of George Ryle. There was no light, save what was afforded by a candle carried by Miss Trevlyn; but she stepped forward and lighted the lamp.

"Now then," said she. "What is all this?"

"It is this," returned the master of Trevlyn Hold: "that I make rules for the proper regulation of my household, and a beardless boy chooses to break them. I should think"—turning shortly upon Miss Diana—"that you are not the one to countenance that."

"No," said she; "when rules are made they must be kept. What is your defence, Rupert?"

Rupert had thrown himself upon a bench against the wall in utter weariness both of mind and body. "I don't care to make any defence," said he in his apathy, as he leaned his cheek upon his hand, and fixed his blue eyes on Miss Trevlyn; "I don't know that there's much defence to make. Mr. Chattaway orders me to be in by half-past ten. I was at George Ryle's last night, and I a little exceeded the time, getting here five minutes or so after it, so I was locked out. Cris let himself in with his latch-key, but he would not let in me."

Miss Diana glanced at Cris, but she said nothing. Mr. Chattaway interrupted. George, erect, fearless, was standing opposite to the group, and it was to him that Mr. Chattaway turned.

"What I want to know is this—by what right you interfere, George Ryle?"

"I am not aware that I have interfered—except by giving Rupert my arm up the hill, and by asking you to admit him. No very unjustifiable interference, surely, Mr. Chattaway."

"But it is, sir. And I ask why you presume to do it?"

"Presume?" returned George, making a pause after the word. But there was no answer to it, and he went on. "I saw Rupert to-night, accidentally, as he was coming from Blackstone. It was about nine o'clock. I was at my garden-gate. He appeared terribly tired, and wished to come in to the house and rest. There he fell asleep. I awoke him in time, but he seemed to be too weary to get here himself, and I came with him to help him along. He walked slowly—painfully I should say; and it made him arrive later than he ought to have arrived. Will you be so good, Mr. Chattaway, as to explain what part of this interference was unjustifiable? I do not see that I could have done less."

"You will see that you do less for the future," growled Mr. Chattaway. "I will have no interference of yours between the Hold and Rupert Trevlyn."

"Oh, Mr. Chattaway, you may make yourself perfectly easy," returned George, some sarcasm in his tone. "Nothing could be farther from my intention than to interfere in any way with you, or with the Hold, or with Rupert in connection with you and the Hold. But until you show me any good and sufficient reason for the contrary, I shall certainly observe common courtesy to Rupert when he comes in my way. Can I do no less than this, Miss Diana?" he asked, suddenly turning to her.

"There is no cause for you to do less," replied Miss Diana.

"I told Mr. Chattaway this morning, when he spoke to me upon the subject, that nothing could be further from my intention than to interfere with Rupert's affairs in any way. I have never done it; my mother

has never done it; and what Mr. Chattaway can have taken into his head that he should fancy I have, or will, I cannot imagine."

"Not interfere!" interrupted Cris. "But you do interfere. Why, you know that only this day you left your horse for him at Blackstone, and walked home."

"As I would have left it for you, Cris, had you been unfit to walk home, as I believe Rupert was. You took care that he should not have the benefit of it, for you seized upon the horse and rode him home without leave or license. That was interfering, if you like, interfering with me; and you will have the goodness not to attempt anything of the sort again. I am friendly with Rupert, courteously civil to him," he continued, turning to Mr. Chattaway; "but I am nothing more. If there is any cause why I should not be, will you be so kind as to tell it me now?"

"Nonsense!" said Miss Diana. "What reason can there be why you should not be friendly with Rupert, George Ryle? Do you say there is any?" she asked, wheeling sharply round on Chattaway.

Chattaway gave a sniff. "No," said he.

"Of course not," repeated Miss Diana. "You should not take up fancies, George Ryle. It was kind of you to leave your horse for him to-day—although it seems Mr. Cris generously appropriated it; it was neighbourly on your part to see him home now."

"There's one thing requires explanation," said Mr. Chattaway, drowning Miss Diana's voice. "How came you—flinging out his arm to Rupert—to stop at Blackstone till this time of night? Where had you been lagging?"

Rupert lifted his head, which had been bent over his hand, and answered the questions mechanically. "I didn't leave until late. Ford wanted to go home, and I had to stop. After that I sat down on the way and dropped asleep."

"Sat down on your way and dropped asleep!" echoed Miss Diana. "What made you do that?"

"I don't know. I had been tired all day. I had no bed, you hear, last night."

"Where did you pass the night?" questioned Miss Diana.

"Not in this house, I assure you," said Rupert.

"I don't believe it," angrily spoke up Chattaway. "I have been asking him all day where he slept, but he braves me."

"I slept in no bed, at any rate," said Rupert, rising from the bench. "I suppose I can go to mine now? I want it badly enough."

"You can go—for this time," assented the master of Trevlyn Hold. "But you will understand that it is the last time I shall suffer my rules to be set at naught. You shall be in to time, or you do not come in at all."

Rupert shook hands with George Ryle, spoke a general "Good night" to the rest collectively, and went towards the stairs. At the back of the hall, lingering there in her timidity, stood Mrs. Chattaway. "Good night, dear Aunt Edith," he whispered.

She gave no answer. She only laid her hand upon his as he passed, and so momentary was the action that it escaped unobserved, save by one pair of eyes—and those were Octave Chattaway's.

George was the next to go. Octave put out her hand to him. "Does Caroline come to the harvest home?" she inquired.

"Yes, I think so. Good night."

"Good night," replied Octave, amiably. "I am glad you took care of Rupert."

"She's as false as her father," thought George, as he commenced his strides down the avenue.

They were all dispersing. There was nothing now to stay up for. Chattaway was turning to the staircase, when Miss Diana stepped inside one of the sitting-rooms, carrying her candle with her, and beckoned to him.

"What do you want, Diana?" he asked, in not a pleasant tone, as he followed her in.

"Why did you shut out Rupert last night?"

"Because I chose to do it!"

"But suppose I choose that he should not be shut out?" returned Miss Diana.

"Then we shall split," angrily rejoined the master of Trevlyn Hold. "I say that half-past ten o'clock is quite late enough for Rupert to enter. He is younger than Cris; you and Edith say he is not strong; is it too early?"

Mr. Chattaway was right in this. It was a sufficiently late hour; and Miss Diana, after a pause, pronounced it to be so. "I shall talk to Rupert," she said. "There's no harm in his going to spend an hour or two with George Ryle, or with any other friend, but he must be home in good time."

"Just so; he must be home in good time," acquiesced Chattaway. "He shall be home by half-past ten. And the only way to ensure that, is to lock him out at first when he transgresses it. Therefore, Diana, I shall follow my own way in this, and I beg you will not interfere."

Miss Diana went up to Rupert's room. He had taken off his coat, and thrown himself on the bed, as if the fatigue of undressing were too much for him.

"What's that for?" asked Miss Diana, as she entered. "Is that the way you get into bed?"

Rupert rose and sat down on a chair. "Only the coming up-stairs seems to tire me," he said, in a tone of apology. "I should not have lain a minute."

Miss Diana threw her head a little back, and looked fully at Rupert. The determined will of the Trevlyns shone out from every line of her face.

"I have come to ask where you slept last night. I mean to know it, Rupert."

"I don't mind your knowing it," replied Rupert; "I have told Aunt Edith. I decline to tell Chattaway, and I hope that nobody else will tell him."

"Why?"

"Because he might lay blame where no blame is due. Chattaway turned me from the door, Aunt Diana, and Cris, who came up just after, turned me from it also. I went down to the lodge, and got Ann Canham to let me in, and I lay part of the night on their hard settle, and part of the night I sat upon it. That's where I was. But if Chattaway knew it, he'd be turning old Canham from the lodge, as he turned me from the door."

"Oh, no, he'd not," said Miss Diana, "if it were my pleasure to keep them in it."

"You'll not tell him, aunt?"

"There's no necessity to tell him," she replied. "Do you feel ill to-night, Rupert?"

"I feel middling. It is that I am tired, I suppose. I shall be all right in the morning."

"Good night," she said.

"Good night, Aunt Diana."

Miss Diana descended to her own room. Inside it, waiting for her, was Mrs. Chattaway. Mrs. Chattaway had a shawl thrown over her shoulders now, and seemed to be shivering. She slipped the bolt of the door—what was she afraid of?—and turned to Miss Trevlyn, her hands clasped.

"Diana, this is killing me!" she wailed. "Why should Rupert be treated as he is? I know I am but a poor creature, that I have been one all my life—a very coward; but sometimes I think that I must speak out and protest against the injustice, though I should die in the effort."

"Why, what's the matter?" uttered Miss Diana, whose intense composure formed a strange contrast to her sister's agitated words and bearing.

"Oh, you know!—you know! I have not dared to speak out much, even to you, Diana; but it's killing me—it's killing me! Is it not enough that we despoiled Rupert of his inheritance, but we must also—"

"Be silent!" sharply interrupted Miss Diana, glancing around and lowering her voice to a whisper. "Will you never have done with that folly, Edith?"

"I shall never have done with its remembrance. I don't often speak of it; once, it may be, in seven years, not more. Better for me that I could speak of it; it would prey upon my heart less!"

"You have benefited by it as much as anybody has."

"Yes: I cannot help myself. Heaven knows that if I could retire to some poor hut, and live upon a crust, and benefit by it no more, I should do so—oh, how willingly! But there's no escape. I am hemmed in by its consequences; we are all hemmed in by them—and there's no escape."

Miss Diana looked at her. Steadfastly, keenly; not angrily, but searchingly and critically, as a doctor looks at a patient supposed to be afflicted with mania.

"If you do not take care, Edith, you will go mad upon this point, as I believe I have warned you before," she said, with composed calmness. "I am not sure but you are slightly touched now!"

"I do not think I am," replied poor Mrs. Chattaway, passing her hand over her brow. "I feel confused enough here sometimes for madness, but there's no fear that it will really come. If thinking could have turned me mad, I should have been mad years ago."

"The very act of your coming here in this state of excitement, when you should be going to your bed, and of saying what you do say, must be nothing less than a degree of madness."

"I would go to bed if I could sleep," wailed Mrs. Chattaway. "I lie awake night after night, thinking of the past; of the present; thinking of Rupert and of what we did for him; thinking of the treatment we deal out to him now. I think of his father, poor Joe; I think of his mother, Emily Dean, whom we once so loved; and I—and I—I cannot sleep, Diana!"

There really did seem something strange in Mrs. Chattaway to-night. For once in her life, Diana Trevlyn's heart beat a shade faster.

"Try and calm yourself, Edith," she said, soothingly.

"I wish I could! I should be more calm if you and my husband would let me be. If you would but allow Rupert to be treated with common kindness—"

"He is not treated with unkindness," interrupted Miss Diana.

"It appears to me that he is treated with nothing but unkindness. He—"

"Is he beaten?—is he starved?"

"The system pursued towards him is altogether unkind," persisted Mrs. Chattaway. "Indulgences dealt out to our own children are denied to him. When I think that he might be the true master of Trevlyn Hold—"

"Edith, I shall not listen to this," interrupted Miss Diana. "What has come to you to-night?"

A shiver passed over the frame of Mrs. Chattaway. She was sitting on a low toilette chair covered with white drapery, her elbow on her knee, her head bent on her hand. By her reply, which she did not look up to give, it appeared that she took the question literally.

"I feel the pain more than usual; nothing else. I do feel it so sometimes."

"What pain?" asked Miss Diana.

"The pain of remorse: the pain of the wrong dealt out to Rupert. It seems to be greater than I can bear. Do you know," she added, raising her bright, feverish eyes to Miss Diana, "that I never closed my eyelids once last night? All the long night through I was thinking of Rupert. I fancied him lying outside on the damp grass; I fancied him—"

"Stop a minute, Edith. Are you seeking to blame your husband to me?"

"No, no; I don't blame him—I don't seek to blame any one. But I wish it could be altered."

"If Rupert knows the hour for coming in—and it is not an unreasonable hour—it is he who is to blame if he exceeds it."

Mrs. Chattaway could not gainsay this. In point of fact, though she found that things were grievously uncomfortable, wrong altogether, she had not the strength of mind to say *where* the system was deficient, or how it should be altered. On this fresh agitation, the coming in at half-past ten at night, she could only judge as a vacillating woman. The hour, as Miss Diana said, was not an unreasonable one, and Mrs. Chattaway would have fallen in with it with all her heart, and approved her husband's judgment in making it, if Rupert had only obeyed its mandate. If Rupert did not obey it—if he somewhat exceeded its bounds—she would have liked that the door should still be open to him, and no scolding given. It was the discomfort that worried her; it was mixing itself up with the old feeling of wrong done to Rupert, rendering things, as she aptly expressed it, more miserable than she could bear.

"I'll talk to Rupert to-morrow morning," said Miss Diana. "I shall add my authority to Chattaway's, and tell him that he *must* be in."

It may be that a shadow of the future was casting itself over the mind of Mrs. Chattaway dimly and

vaguely pointing to the terrible events hereafter to arise—events which would throw their consequences on all Rupert's future life, and which had their origin in this new and ill-omened mandate, touching his entrance into the Hold at night.

"Edith," said Miss Diana, "I would recommend you to get less sensitive on the subject of Rupert. It is growing with you into a morbid feeling."

"I wish I could! It does grow upon me. Do you know," she added, sinking her voice and looking feverishly at her sister, "that old impression has come again. I thought it had worn itself out: I thought it might have gone away for ever."

Miss Diana nearly lost her patience. Her own mind was the very opposite to her sister's; the two were as widely opposite in their organisation as are the north and the south pole. Fanciful, dreamy, vacillating, and weak, the one; the other strong, practical, very matter-of-fact.

"I don't know what you mean by the 'old impression,'" she rejoined, with a contempt she did not seek to disguise. "Is it not some new folly?"

"I have told you of it in the old days, Diana. I used to feel certain—certain—that the wrong which we inflicted on Rupert would avenge itself—that in some way he would come into his inheritance, and we should be despoiled of it. I felt so certain of it that every morning of my life, when I got up, I seemed to look for its fulfilment before the day should close. But the time went on and on, and it never was fulfilled;—it went on so long that the impression wore itself out of my mind, and I ceased to expect it. But now it has come again. It is stronger than ever. For some weeks past it has been growing more palpable to me day by day, and I cannot shake it off."

"The best thing you can do now is to go to bed, and try and sleep off your folly," cried Miss Trevlyn, with the stinging contempt she allowed herself at rare times to show to her sister. "I feel more provoked with you, Edith, than I can express. A child might be pardoned for entertaining such absurdities: a woman, never!"

Mrs. Chattaway rose. "I'll go to bed," she meekly answered, "and get what sleep I may. I remember that you cast ridicule on this feeling of mine in the old days."

"Pray did anything come of it then?" interrupted Miss Diana, sarcastically.

"I have said it did not. And the impression left me. But it has come again now. Good night, Diana."

"Good night, and a more sensible frame of mind to you!" was the retort of Miss Diana Trevlyn.

Mrs. Chattaway crept softly along the corridor to her own dressing-room. She was in hopes that her husband by that time was in bed and asleep. What was her surprise, then, to see him sitting at the table when she entered, not undressed, and as wide awake as she was.

"You have business with Diana late," he remarked.

Mrs. Chattaway felt wholly and entirely subdued: she had felt so since the previous night, when Rupert was denied admittance. The painful timidity, clinging to her always, seemed partially to have left her for a time—not to be putting itself so palpably foremost. It was as though she had not the strength left to be shy; almost, as Rupert felt in his weariness of body, she was

past caring for anything in her utter weariness of mind. Otherwise, she might not have spoken to Miss Diana as she had just done: most certainly she could never have spoken as she was about to speak to Mr. Chattaway.

"What may your business with her have been?" he resumed.

"It was not much, James," she answered. "I was saying how ill I felt."

"Ill! With what?"

"Ill in mind, I think," said Mrs. Chattaway, putting her hand to her brow. "I was telling her that the old fear had come upon me; the impression that used to cling to me always that some change was at hand, regarding Rupert. I lost it for a great many years, but it has come again."

"Try and speak lucidly, if you can," was Mr. Chattaway's answer. "What has come again?"

"It seems to have come upon me in the light of a warning," she resumed, so lucidly that Mr. Chattaway, had he been some steps lower in the social grade, might have felt inclined to beat her. "I have ever felt that Rupert would in some manner regain his rights—I mean what he was deprived of," she hastily added, in deprecation of the word "rights," which had slipped from her. "That he will regain Trevlyn Hold, and we shall lose it."

Mr. Chattaway listened in consternation, his mouth gradually opening in his bewilderment. "What makes you think that?" he asked, when he had found his tongue.

"I don't exactly *think* it, James. Think is not the right word. The feeling has come upon me again within the last few weeks, and I cannot shake it off. I believe it to be a presentiment; a warning."

Paler and paler grew Mr. Chattaway. He did not understand. Like Miss Diana Trevlyn, he was very matter-of-fact, comprehending nothing but what could be seen and felt; and his wife might as well have spoken to him in an unknown language as of "presentiments." He drew a rapid conclusion that some unpleasant fact, bearing upon the dread which he had long felt, must have come to his wife's knowledge.

"What have you heard?" he gasped.

"I have heard nothing; nothing whatever. I—"

"Then what on earth are you talking of?"

"Did you not understand me, James? I say that the impression was once firmly seated in my mind that Rupert would somehow be restored to what—to what"—she scarcely knew how to frame her words with the delicacy she deemed due to her husband's feelings—"to what would have been his but for his father's death. And that impression has now returned to me."

"But you have not heard anything? Any plot?—any conspiracy that's being hatched against us?" he reiterated.

"No, no."

Mr. Chattaway stared searchingly at his wife. Did he fancy, as Miss Diana had done, that her intellects were becoming disordered?

"Why, then, what do you mean?" he asked, after a pause. "Why should such an idea arise?"

Mrs. Chattaway was silent. She could not say to him the truth: could not say to him that she believed

it was the constant dwelling upon the wrong, and the injustice, which had first suggested the notion that the wrong would inevitably recoil on them, the workers of it. They had broken alike the laws of God and man; and those who do so cannot be sure, in this world, of immunity from punishment. That they had so long enjoyed unmolested the inheritance gained by fraud, gave no certainty that they would enjoy it to the end. She felt it, if her husband and Diana Trevlyn did not. Too often there were certain verses of Holy Writ spelling out their syllables upon her brain. "Remove not the old landmark; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless: for their redeemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with thee."

All this she could not say to Mr. Chattaway. She could give him no good reason for what she had said; he did not understand imaginative fancies, and he went to rest after bestowing upon her a sharp lecture for indulging in such.

Nevertheless, in spite of her denial, the master of Trevlyn Hold could not divest himself of the impression that she must have picked up some scrap of news, or heard a word dropped in some quarter, which had led her to say what she did; and it gave him terrible discomfort.

Was the haunting shadow, the dread lying latent in his heart, about to be changed into substance? He lay on his bed, turning uneasily from side to side until morning light, and wondering from what quarter the first glimmer of the mischief would come.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FIT OF AMIABILITY IN CRIS.

RUPERT came down to breakfast the next morning. He was cold, sick, shivery; little better than he had felt the previous night; his chest was sore, his breathing painful. A good fire burnt in the grate of the breakfast-room—Miss Diana was a friend to fires, and caused them to be lighted as soon as the heat of summer had passed—and Rupert bent over it. He cared for it more than for food; and yet it was no doubt the having gone without food the previous day which was causing the sensation of sickness within him now.

Miss Diana glided in, erect and majestic. "How are you this morning?" she asked of Rupert.

"Pretty well," he answered, as he warmed his thin hands over the blaze. "I have got the old pain here a bit"—touching his chest. "It will go off by-and-by, I dare say."

Miss Diana had her eyes riveted on him. The extreme delicacy of his countenance—its lines of fading health—struck upon her greatly. Was he looking worse? or was it that her absence from home for three weeks had caused her to notice it more than she had done when seeing him daily? She asked herself the question, and she could not decide.

"You don't look very well, Rupert."

"Don't I? I have not felt well for this week or two. I think the walking to Blackstone and back is too much for me."

"You must have a pony," she continued, after a pause.

"Ah! that would be a help to me," he said, his

countenance brightening. "I might get on better with what I have to do when there. Mr. Chattaway grumbles, and grumbles; but I declare to you, Aunt Diana, that I do my best. The walk there seems to take away all my energy, and, by the time I sit down, I am unfit for work."

Miss Diana went nearer to him, and spoke in a lower tone. "What was the reason that you disobeyed Mr. Chattaway with regard to coming in?"

"I did not do it intentionally," he replied. "The time slipped on, and it got late without my noticing it. I think I told you so last night, Aunt Diana."

"Very well. It must not occur again," she said, peremptorily and significantly. "If you are locked out in future, I shall not interfere."

Mr. Chattaway came in, settling himself into his coat, with a discontented gesture and blue face. He was none the better for his night of sleeplessness, and the torment which had caused it. Rupert drew away from the fire, leaving the field clear for him; as a schoolboy does at the entrance of his master.

"Don't let us have this trouble with you repeated," he roughly said to Rupert. "As soon as you have breakfasted, you make the best of your way to Blackstone: and don't lag on the road."

"Rupert's not going to Blackstone to-day," said Miss Diana.

Mr. Chattaway turned upon her: no very pleasant expression on his countenance. "What's that for?"

"I shall keep him at home for a week," she said, "and let him be nursed. After that, I dare say he'll be stronger, and can attend better to his duty in all ways."

Mr. Chattaway could willingly have braved Miss Diana, if he had only dared. But he did not dare. He strode to the breakfast table and took his seat, leaving those who liked to follow him.

It has been remarked that there was a latent antagonism ever at work in the hearts of George Ryle and Octave Chattaway; and there was certainly ever perpetual, open, and visible antagonism between the actions of Mr. Chattaway and Miss Diana Trevlyn, in so far as they related to the ruling economy at Trevlyn Hold. She had the open-heartedness of the Trevlyns—he the miserly selfishness of the Chattaways—she was liberal on the estate and in the household, he would have been niggardly to a degree. Miss Diana, however, was the one to reign paramount, and he was angered every hour of his life by seeing some extravagance—as he deemed it—which might have been avoided. He could indemnify himself at the mines; and there he did as he pleased.

Breakfast over, Mr. Chattaway went out. Cris went out. Rupert, as the day grew warm and bright, strolled into the garden, and basked on the bench there in the sun. He very much enjoyed these days of idleness. To sit as he was doing now, feeling that no exertion whatever was required of him; that he might stay where he was for the whole day, and gaze up at the blue sky as he fell into thought; or watch the light fleecy clouds that rose above the horizon, and form them in his fancy into groups of animals—of mountains, of many fantastic things—constituted one of the pleasures of Rupert Trevlyn's life. Not for the bright blue of the sky, not

for the wreathing and ever-changing clouds, not even for the warm sunshine and the balmy air—it was not for all these he cared, but for the *rest*. The delightful consciousness that he might be as still as he pleased; that no Blackstone or any other far-to-be-reached place would demand him; that for a whole day he might be at rest—there lay the charm. Nothing could possibly have been more suggestive of his want of strength—as anybody might have guessed who possessed sufficient penetration.

No. Mr. Chattaway need not have feared that Rupert was engaged hatching plots against him, whenever he was out of his sight. Had poor Rupert possessed the desire to hatch such, he would have lacked the energy.

The dinner hour at Trevlyn Hold, nominally early, was frequently regulated by the will or the movements of the master. When he said he could only be home by a given hour—three, four, five, six, as the case might be—then the cook had her orders accordingly. It was fixed on this day for four o'clock. At two (the more ordinary hour for it) Cris came in.

Strictly speaking, however, it was ten minutes past two, and Cris burst into the dining-room with a heated face, afraid lest he should come in for the tail of the meal. Whatever might be the hour fixed, the dinner was required to be on the table to the minute; and it generally was so. Miss Diana was an exacting mistress. Cris burst in, hair untidy, hands unwashed, desperately afraid of losing his share.

A long face drew her. Not a soul was in the room, and the dining-table showed its bright mahogany, nothing upon it. Cris pulled the bell.

"What time do we dine to-day?" he asked, in a sharp tone, of the servant who answered it.

"At four, sir."

"What a nuisance! And I am as hungry as a hunter. Get me something to eat. Here—stop, you!—where are they all?"

"Madam's at home, sir; and I think Miss Octave's at home. The rest are out."

Cris muttered something which was not heard, which perhaps he did not intend should be heard; and when his luncheon was brought in, he sat down to it with great satisfaction. After he had finished, he went to the stables, and by-and-by came in to find his sister.

"I say, Octave, I want to take you for a drive. Will you go?"

The unwanted attention on her brother's part quite astonished Octave. Before now she had asked him to drive her out, and been met with rough refusal. Cris was of that class of young gentlemen who see no good in overpowering their sisters with politeness.

"Get your things on at once," said Cris.

Octave felt dubious. She was engaged writing letters to some particular friends with whom she kept up a correspondence, and did not much care to be interrupted.

"Where is it to go, Cris?"

"Anywhere. We can drive through Barmester, and so home by the cross roads. Or we'll go down the lower road to Barbrook, and go on to Barmester that way."

The suggestions did not offer sufficient attraction to Octave. "No," said she; "I am busy, Cris, and shall not go out this afternoon. I don't care to drive out when there's nothing to go for."

"You may as well come. It isn't often I ask you."

"No, that it is not," returned Octave with emphasis. "You have some particular motive in asking me to go now, I know. What is it, Cris?"

"I want to try my new horse. They say he'll go beautifully in harness."

"What! that handsome horse you took a fancy to the other day?—that papa said you should not buy?"

Cris nodded. "They let me have him for forty-five pounds."

"Where did you get the money?" wondered Octave.

"Never you mind. I have paid ten pounds down, and they'll wait for the rest. Will you come?"

"No," said Octave. "I shan't go out to-day."

The refusal perhaps was somewhat softened by the dashing up to the door of the dog-cart with the new purchase in it; and Cris ran out. A handsome animal certainly, but apparently a remarkably sprightly one, for it was executing a dance on its hind legs. Mrs. Chattaway came through the hall, dressed for walking. Cris seized upon her.

"Mother, dear, you'll go for a drive with me," cried he, caressingly. "Octave won't—an ill-natured thing!"

It was so unusual a circumstance to find herself made much of by her son, spoken to affectionately, that Mrs. Chattaway, in very surprise and gratitude, ascended the dog-cart forthwith. "I am glad to accompany you, dear," she softly said. "I was only going to walk in the garden."

But before Cris had gathered the reins in his hand and taken his place beside her, George Ryle came up, and somewhat hindered the departure.

"I have been to Barmester to see Caroline this morning, Mrs. Chattaway, and have brought you a message from Amelia," he said, keeping his hold on the side of the dog-cart as he spoke—as much of a hold as he could keep on it, for the dancing horse.

"That she wants to come home, I suppose?" said Mrs. Chattaway, smiling.

"The message I was charged with was, that she *would* come home," he said, smiling in answer. "The fact is, Caroline is coming home for a few days: and Amelia thinks she will be cruelly dealt by, unless she is allowed the holiday also."

"Caroline is coming to the harvest home?"

"Yes. I told Amelia—"

The holding on became impossible; and George drew back, and took a critical survey of the new horse. "Why, it is the horse Atkins has had for sale!" he exclaimed. "What brings him here, Cris?"

"I have bought him," shortly answered Cris.

"Have you? Mrs. Chattaway, I would not advise you to venture out behind that horse. I do not think he has been broken in for harness."

"He has," returned Cris. "You mind your own business. Do you think I should drive him if he were not safe? He's only skittish. I understand horses, I hope, as well as you."

George turned to Mrs. Chattaway. "Do not go with him," he urged. "Let Cris try him first alone."

"I am not afraid, George," she said, in a loving accent. "It is not often Cris finds time to drive me. Thank you all the same."

Cris gave the horse his head, and the animal dashed off. George stood watching until the angle in the avenue hid them from view, and then gave utterance to an involuntary exclamation:—

"Cris has no right to risk the life of his mother."

Not very long afterwards, this skittish horse was flying along the road, with nothing of the dog-cart left behind him, except its shafts.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

Every-day Religion; or, Christian Principle in Daily Practice. By WILLIAM LANDELS [London: Nisbet and Co.]. Mr. Landels is an earnest, thoughtful man, a good writer, and eminently evangelical in his tone and sentiments. By the present publication he has laid us under fresh obligations, and devised another means for conferring practical benefit upon his generation. The volume is divided into two parts, the first of which is headed "Principles," and the second "Practice." Under the head of principles we have seven chapters. Commencing with one that is introductory, the author proceeds to describe the proper sphere of religion and of conscience, the influence of religion upon the affections, temper, and dispositions, the religious culture of the intellect, and the religious use of the body. The second part, or "Practice," is devoted to the consideration of the connection of religion with personal habits, secular occupation, the treatment of others, and family life. A brief conclusion makes the general application of the previous lessons. There are few topics allied to personal and practical godliness which are not touched upon; and perhaps there are very few who can consult this excellent volume without learning some needful lesson, or receiving some useful admonition.

Wanderers Reclaimed; or, Truth stranger than Fiction [London: S. W. Partridge]. Stories of common life, told in a graphic and striking manner. Very well adapted to do good in the region of ragged churches and schools.

Salvation, and the Way to secure it. By the Rev. Dr. BROWN [London: Snow]. Dr. Brown's attractive and earnest little book appears in its eleventh edition—a sufficient attestation to its worth and popularity.

The Mourning Mother Comforted. By THOMAS JACKSON, M.A. [London: Wertheim and Co.]. This book is a collection of passages in prose and verse, original and selected, and all upon the death of children. A book on almost the same plan by Mr. Logan has been received with much favour, and it is very likely this will be widely welcomed, as it is short, simple, and practical.

The Jews. By LEONORA C. PRINCE. *Ishmael.* By the same author [Newark: Weaver]. Two little tracts of no special interest or merit.

The Soul that Sinneth, it shall Die. By the Rev. J. W. LESTER, D.D. [London: Wertheim and Co.]. A faithful,

earnest, and solemn tract of the Norwood "leaflet" series. Deserves to be extensively circulated.

A Gathered Blossom; or, a brief Memoir of Clara Adams, a Sunday Scholar [London: Wertheim and Co.]. A suitable little book for a Sunday-school girl or boy, or for general distribution.

Sermons and Poetry of P. M. R. Beswetherick, with a Memoir of the Author. By J. KEIMER [London: G. J. Stevenson]. A memorial volume, for which we are indebted to the wish of the author's friends. Its contents are simple and evangelical, and breathe an eminently devout spirit.

Grandmamma's Conversations on the Bible. I.—X. By a CLERGYMAN'S WIFE [London: Wertheim and Co.]. A series of small tracts for the young on Scriptural subjects, written intelligibly, and in the right spirit.

Things which Accompany Salvation, I., II. By the Rev. A. OXENDEN, Rector of Pluckley [London: Wertheim and Co.]. Two more tracts on the divinity and sacrifice of Christ. They are simple, but forcible and fitted to do good. Publications of this stamp are especially welcome at a time like the present, when the great fundamental truths they enforce are in some quarters neglected, if not systematically suppressed.

The Hydropathic Note Book. [Malvern: Cross and Lamb. London: Hamilton.] This little manual is the production of Dr. T. Rayner, and is designed to make known, or rather to give additional publicity, to the efficacy of the hydropathic treatment in chronic and acute diseases. Dr. Rayner adduces fifteen cases from his list of patients to show the mode of treatment which he deemed applicable to their respective maladies, and the beneficial results that followed his course of discipline. Nature's remedies are always suitable to man's infirmities; and therefore we are not astonished to find that good air, early rising, judicious exercise, discretion in articles of diet, strict temperance, aided by the powerful action of water upon the system, and the whole blended with judicious treatment, have effected cures when other efforts to obtain relief have completely failed. Should any of our readers be suffering from "those ills to which flesh is heir," we think that one shilling would be wisely spent in the purchase of Dr. Rayner's "Hydropathic Note Book," to enable them to judge for themselves how far the cases adduced correspond with their own, and the probability that a similar course of treatment would be productive of similar results. They will also be enabled to form some notion of the time, the self-denial, the perseverance, and the cost, which are necessary parts of this oft successful mode of cure.

PUBLIC-HOUSES AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

WITH a view of strengthening the hands of those gentlemen in the House of Commons who are in favour of the Bill, which has been read a first time, for closing public-houses the whole of Sunday, it is requested that Sunday-school teachers should communicate any facts they may possess showing the practical hindrances to their work which the existing means of Sunday drinking have placed in their path. Communications may be addressed to Mr. E. F. Storr, 16, Levertown Street, Kentish Town, N.W. What is done, should be done at once. Facts, and not theories, are required.

JOHN SULLIVAN;

OR,

A SEARCH FOR "THE OLD RELIGION."



VI.—THE DISCUSSION CONTINUED.

"You will admit, I think," said Rogers, "that, taken altogether, the documents I have cited are tolerably full and explicit. It cannot be supposed that, in statements occupying together more than one hundred sentences, any important article of belief can have been omitted. Hence I have a right to conclude that, in the Apostles' Creed, the Creeds of Nice and Constantinople, the Athanasian Creed, and the Te Deum, we have a full and complete declaration of the Faith of the Church in the first five centuries."

"Do not press me too closely," said Sullivan; "yet I admit that it seems probable. But still, after all, as Father Jerome reminded me, you are only arguing on Church of England ground. These creeds, on which you lay so much stress, may be used in your churches; but you never hear them, I believe, in any of the Methodist or Dissenting chapels; so that, after all, it is rather for the Church of England than for Protestantism you are arguing."

"Father Jerome," said Rogers, "misleads you in this as in some other matters. The Methodists use the Creeds and the Te Deum. Among the Dissenters, the Te Deum, though not statedly used, is often cited with great admiration. They avoid the use of creeds, from a love to Chillingworth's maxim, that 'the Bible only is the religion of Protestants.' But in the argument I have been using, both Methodists and Dissenters would cordially go with me."

Sullivan.—"How can that be?"

Rogers.—"Why, remember, our argument has not turned upon the fitness or desirableness of creeds or liturgies. I have not tried to prove that the Nicene Council did right or wrong in framing a creed; nor have I argued in favour of the use of these creeds now. As far as our argument has gone, Dissenters or Methodists may use, or may refuse, creeds and liturgies just as they think fit. All I have attempted to urge, is a plain matter of historical fact, and I know that neither the Dissenters nor the Methodists will dream of quarrelling with this. I say, that we may safely gather the faith of the early Church from the four Creeds and the Te Deum. I quote them, not for any authority they may be supposed to possess, but simply as ancient

documents. I say that these documents set forth the real faith of the early Church. I say that in them we find 'the Old Religion.' I say also that the faith set forth in these Creeds and in the Te Deum is substantially the faith held by all Protestants. It is the faith held by English Churchmen, Methodists, and Dissenters (excepting the small sect called Unitarians). There is no fundamental difference among them: in the belief stated in these Creeds they all, in the main, concur. And similarly, too, do they agree in renouncing, totally, and with one consent, the modern creed, the Creed of Pope Pius IV., which dates from 1564. Father Jerome, therefore, has no right to say that I am merely arguing on Church of England grounds. Non-conformists and Methodists do not disregard the testimony of former ages. Regarding the Creeds merely as ancient documents, they would say as I do, that these documents do exhibit the faith of the early Church."

"Well, then," said Sullivan, "what, after all, is the practical bearing of the whole question?"

"We will come to that," said Rogers, "at once. Take these five documents in your hand, and tell me, is the Faith which they declare more like yours,—the faith which Father Jerome teaches you,—or like mine, the general outline of which you probably know?"

"I don't know," said Sullivan. "You surely don't expect me to answer such a question as that off-hand!"

"Well," said Rogers, "I'll help you to find an answer. You know, for instance, that one principal point of difference between my faith and yours is, that you give, we think, undue honour to the mother of our Lord. You kneel to her image; you pray to her; you believe that she has power to gain for you many blessings. Now, look at these ancient documents, and see what the early Church says on these points."

Sullivan paused for a moment, and then said: "The Apostles' Creed says, that our Lord 'was born of the Virgin Mary.' The Nicene Creed says, that 'He was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary.' The Athanasian says, that He was 'Man, of the substance of his mother, born in the world.' And the Te Deum says, 'When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.'"

"Now," said Rogers, "think a little. Do you not know that all these expressions are fully received and adopted by Protestants? We believe,

as firmly as you do, that our Lord was born of the Virgin Mary; that he was incarnate by the power of the Holy Ghost; that he became man by taking of the substance of his mother. But where do you find any countenance for the veneration, and even worship, which your Church pays to the Virgin Mother? Do you believe that Father Jerome, and any divines of your Church, would be content to speak of her in the plain and simple terms of these ancient Creeds? Or, do you think that one of your writers could compose a hymn like the *Te Deum*, and say no more of the mother of our Lord than that he did not disdain to take flesh of her?"

Sullivan looked disturbed, and said, after a pause, "I must admit that the language of these Creeds, and of the *Te Deum*, is rather cold, when compared with that which we are in the habit of using."

"Let us pass on, then, to the veneration of the saints," said Rogers. "What do you find in these documents on that point?"

Sullivan looked in a disturbed way over the Creeds, and replied, after awhile, "I do not see any allusion to the subject."

"Or to the primacy of St. Peter?" asked Rogers; "or to the authority vested in his successors in the see of Rome?"

"No," said Sullivan; "it is not mentioned."

"What do you find about purgatory, or prayers for the dead, or as to the power of the Church to grant indulgences?" asked Rogers.

"I don't see any reference to either of these subjects," said Sullivan.

"Well, lastly, on the great question of transubstantiation, or the sacrifice of the mass, what do these documents say?"

Sullivan turned them over again and again, but was obliged to confess that he could find no allusion to this sacrament.

"But look at the Creed of Constantinople," said Rogers; "I mean that which we call the Nicene Creed, and read over the last three lines."

Sullivan read,—*"I believe in one Catholic and Apostolic Church: I acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins; and I look for the resurrection of the dead; and the life of the world to come."*

"Now, I ask you," said Rogers, "whether Father Jerome, or any other priest of your Church, could have composed that creed, in

modern times, without saying one word about 'the Sacrifice of the Altar?'"

Sullivan sat with his eyes fixed on the Creed for some moments, and at last said: "It is strange,—I do not quite understand how they came to name baptism, and yet to forget to say anything about the Mass. How do you account for it?"

"I account for it," said Rogers, "in a very simple way. I believe that at that time, although the Lord's Supper was already beginning to be regarded with superstitious veneration by many persons, the idea of its being 'a sacrifice for the sins of the quick and dead' had not found general acceptance in the Church. And hence the bishops at Nice and Constantinople did not insert any such article in the Creed, simply because they had not themselves adopted the belief of it. If they had regarded it in the same light in which it was regarded by the Council of Trent, twelve hundred years later, they would undoubtedly have inserted it in their Creed. But on this particular point, we have one very valuable piece of evidence. Justin Martyr died for the faith, at Rome, about the year 165. Some time before his death, he had published an Apology, or an account of the faith and practice of the Christians, in order to refute the absurd and calumnious charges which were brought against them. That book has been preserved to the present day, and in it he gives a full description of their usual form of worship. He says:—

On the day which is called Sunday, there is an assembly in one place of all who dwell either in towns or in the country. And the memoirs of the apostles and the writings of the prophets are read, as long as the time permits. Then, when the reader has ceased, the president delivers a discourse, in which he exhorts to the imitation of all these good things. We then all stand up together, and put forth prayers. Then, when we cease from prayer, bread is brought, and wine, and water; and the president offers up prayers and praises, and the people say, Amen. The consecrated elements are then distributed, and received by every one, and a portion is sent by the deacons to those who are absent.

And in another place, Justin adds:—

This food is called by us 'the Eucharist' (or thanksgiving), of which no one may partake unless he believes that what we teach is true, and has been washed in the laver of baptism. For we receive not these elements as common bread or common drink.

Now, ask yourself," continued Rogers, "whether this description of Justin Martyr bears most resemblance to our Lord's Supper, or to your

'Sacrifice of the Mass?' Can you read it without seeing that the idea which afterwards crept in, of a 'sacrifice for the quick and dead,' was altogether unknown in the year 165? And does not this evidence of Justin powerfully confirm the deduction which I have drawn from the Creeds, that in the early ages of the Church no one of any standing ever dreamed of saying, with the Council of Trent, that he 'believed in the perpetual sacrifice of the Mass daily offered up for the forgiveness of sins!'"

"Stay!" exclaimed Sullivan; "you are pressing me too hard. You must give me time to think over these things. Indeed, I doubt if I shall get much sleep to-night, after all the thoughts which you have poured into my mind."

"Well," replied Rogers, "you may pray for a quiet night as well as for any other mercy. But, above all, forget not to offer Solomon's petition. Ask that, whatever else you may gain or lose, you may not be left without the first of all blessings, heavenly wisdom; and remember, the promise is most explicit: 'If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.' However, I will leave you now, and tomorrow afternoon we will endeavour to finish the subject."

(To be continued in our next.)

SELF-EXAMINATION.

WHEN thou hast spent the ling'ring day

In pleasure and delight;

Or, after toil and weary way,

Dost seek to rest at night;

Unto thy pains and pleasures past

Add this one labour yet,

Ere sleep close up thine eyes too fast,

Do not thy God forget;

But search within thy secret thought

What deeds did thee befall;

And if thou find amiss in aught,

To God for mercy call.

Yea, though thou find there's nought amiss

Which thou canst call to mind,

Yet evermore remember this,

There is the more behind:

And think, how well so'er it be

That thou hast spent the day,

It came of God, and not of thee,

So to direct thy way.

Thus if thou try thy daily deeds,

And pleasure in this pain,

Thy life shall cleanse thy corn from weeds,

And thine shall be the gain.

DWELLING IN GOD.

"Dwelleth in God, and God in him."

COMMENTATORS fall far short of the richness of this passage. The utmost length they usually go is to say, the Christian dwelleth in God by faith, and God dwelleth in him by his Holy Spirit. But there is far more than this in it. God dwelt among his people of old by his Shekinah, or glory in the tabernacle. He was always there to hear their prayers, and answer them; to teach, to comfort, to strengthen, to protect, to guide, to govern, to save them, and supply all their wants. He was always accessible in the appointed way. Just so does God dwell in our hearts; maketh them his temple, and is always present in them by his Holy Spirit. The other clause of the passage, the dwelling in God, is not the same; yet we must look for illustration of it to the same idea. I dwell in my house, have the key, and can always gain admission when I wish. In it I find things for my comfort; in it I find necessities, joys; in it I can be retired and alone; in it I have shelter and protection, whether cold, or storms, or riots be without. There, too, I can receive and entertain my friends, and impart to them the comforts which I myself have. So must we dwell in God.

THE FAMILY AT THE OLD HALL.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

A PLEASANT breeze was entering the low casement windows of the west room in the "Old Hall." The sun had nearly set, and there was a lovely light upon the opposite hills. The birds in the trees and shrubs which surrounded the house were singing in loud chorus. By the open window sat a young girl drinking in the soft, fresh air. It was an evening of one of the latest days of spring, and the scent of lilacs and syringas entered the room, and filled it with perfume.

Mary Maraden has been for six years confined to that sofa on which we see her half reclining. When she was sixteen years of age, disease attacked her, from which it is probable that only death will release her. She is now twenty-two. Six years of suffering in so young a life! It has been hard to bear. Sometimes hard for her to understand why it should be so. But it has not quenched the light in her eye, nor banished the smile from her face. She still retains the name of "Sunny," which her father's love long ago gave to his favourite child. She is, indeed, very much changed, but the light is only mellowed, not dimmed, and she is still the joy and sunshine of the house.

We often wonder how she bears her great sufferings, and how she continues to keep joy alive in her heart. It would be inexplicable, did we not know the secret of her life. A little well-worn book, which lies on a table near her, supplies the key. She drinks deeply of the written "Word." She holds very close communion with the living "Word."

The room in which we see her is plainly furnished, but there are about it many marks of refinement: especially flowers are everywhere. Flowers in simple baskets, and earthen vases, but all disposed by the same tasteful hand which was evident in everything. There are books on the little table by Mary's couch; only a few, but those well chosen, and apparently well read. Mary's dress was plain, but beautifully neat. Her small hand was white from sickness. She wears no ornaments, but a half-blown monthly rose is fastened to her dress. Her face is winning and sweet, but not pretty. The golden hair which is her chief attraction, is plainly braided back. The room is long and low; carved beams cross it in each direction. The mantelpiece is high, and elaborately carved. In the wide old-fashioned fireplace large logs of wood are laid across the andirons. Each window is, so to speak, set in a framework of climbing plants. The little yellow Banksia rose throws its beautiful clusters right across the western window, as though insisting on being seen. Other later roses will take its place; and on the southern front the broad rich leaves of the magnolia cover the wall, and fringe the massive brick mullions. Below each window is a broad reach of greensward, dotted with pleasant trees; and bounding this, a low grey wall, broken at intervals by buttresses and pillars. Through this an iron gate leads to the terraces, and below these is the ancient moat, crossed by a bridge, the walls of which are entirely concealed by ivy. It was a place for delights. Here Mary, with her brothers and sisters, had played in the old childish days which now seemed so long past. Here, with Patience, her favourite sister, she had walked on long summer evenings, when childhood began to give way to youth. Here she still delighted to be carried down the broad steps which led to the lower terrace, to sit by the side of the moat, covered as it was with water-lilies, and to listen to the songs of the birds. Knowing it well, I say again, "a place for delights."

The house had been formerly a manor house, but the days of its grandeur had passed away. It was now occupied by Farmer Marsden and his family. The father was the son of a yeoman, and had received a fair education. The mother had been a governess, and was of gentle birth. She was friendless when John Marsden met with her, and his honest, warm affection won her heart. His friends said that she was not fit to be a farmer's wife; but they were wrong. She soon became acquainted with her new duties, and discharged them admirably. They were a busy household at the farm. Days went ill with farmers, and it needed all the husband's care abroad, and the wife's skill at home, to make both ends meet. But they had succeeded hitherto by God's blessing; and now that seven of their children were put out into the world, their task was easier. She had borne ten children to John Marsden, and of these only three now remained at home—Mary and Patience of the girls, and Harry,

who was his father's right hand on the farm. Mrs. Marsden was a picture of a farmer's wife. The fresh sweet butter was always made up by her own hands. Her eye was over everything, her spirit pervaded and animated the whole household. She governed by kind words and by a spirit of loving thoughtfulness, rather than by severity. There was not one in the household, or among the farm-labourers, who did not love her. Every one in trouble was sure of sympathy from "the mistress." If any of the labourers or of their families was sick, Mrs. Marsden's gentle knock would soon be heard at the door, and the little basket which she carried on her arm was well known, and never failed to contain some little delicacy for the invalid. How they loved her! The quiet rustle of her black silk dress was a sound of delight. "Mistress is coming," was no sound of terror amongst her servants and dependents; and she repaid their love.

She brought up her family in her own good and gentle ways. Of all the ten, not one had shamed or grieved them. Blessed parents—happy children! They trod in the steps of their honest, upright father and of their loving and beloved mother. No wrong language was ever heard from master or his sons; nor was it ever allowed on the farm. The men knew this, and were proud of it. The farm stood high. To work under Mr. Marsden was a coveted distinction. The law of kindness was in the heart of all the family.

In speaking of Mrs. Marsden, I must be careful not to give the impression of a bustling woman. Notwithstanding the press of work upon her, and the efficient manner in which it was done, she was never in a hurry. She had always leisure for any friend who came in, or for any visit of kindness. How it was done, I do not pretend to say. The old-fashioned early rising in the fresh, pleasant morning had, no doubt, something to do with it; but method and economy of time had still more to answer for. And when I have said that, there was some nameless skill besides. Her servants worked as well when her eye was removed as when she was present. How did she effect this? How was it that she kept servants so long? That they were all so efficient, and that those who had married from her service were noticeably the nicest characters in the village? I do not know. Some nameless skill she had—the art of governing well. She was, too, the perfection of neatness. You might go to her house at any hour, expected or not expected. She would not keep you waiting, but would presently be with you, and was always, whatever her occupation a moment before had been, neatly attired, and pleasant to look upon.

The effect of Mrs. Marsden's training was forcibly seen in the two daughters who remained at home.

Patience was a beautiful character. She was well educated, and, for her sphere, accomplished. Her thoughts were original, often striking, and always well expressed. She was well-read, and had thought over what she read. We often found it pleasant to talk

on various subjects with the farmer's family. Sometimes they saw things from a different point of view. It was like piercing a new stratum. But original or not, the thoughts were always kindly and charitable, pure and good. One trait I must notice in my friends. They were very careful of their words. They never spoke at random. What they said was well considered. Especially if they spoke of persons, this caution was apparent. You seldom heard a word to any one's disadvantage from their lips. They seemed to have at heart that good rule—"In speaking of others, ask yourself these three questions. Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary?" No tale of scandal was traced to their doors. They shrank from "evil surmisings." They gladly spoke what was kind, and left to others the task of evil speaking.

But to return to Patience. She was the elder sister. Time was, before Mary's illness came on, when it was not expected that she would be long at the farm.

A young neighbour, manly, well-looking, and well educated, was a frequent visitor there. He had succeeded his father in his farm; his mother had long been dead, and he wished to place a mistress over his servants. He had gained the heart of Patience, and the consent of her parents. On many a summer's evening had they paced the short sward of the lower terrace, speaking of their young affection, their hopes, and their future. Many spots on that terrace were sacred to Patience. They recalled words spoken there, and bright thoughts and hopes now passed away.

At times it was a painful place to her, but it was a favourite spot with Mary, and so she conquered her own feelings. Still the thoughts would rise, "Here he first declared his affection;" "there such a conversation was held;" "here we parted." Yes, parted.

For when Mary's illness came on, and grew worse, and at last was hopeless, the good Patience refused to leave her. No one knew her sister's ways as she did. No one could comfort her under her troubles as she could. "If her suffering life was to be made tolerable to Mary"—so Patience said to herself—"she must remain with her." It was a bitter day when she first told her resolution to John Earnshaw. He jested at it at first, then refused his consent, then grew passionate and angry, then reproached her with change of mind. A bitter day, indeed. "He would give her," he said, "a month to consider." Her family, while they loved her for her self-devotion, opposed her resolution. Mary besought her with tears not to sacrifice herself for her. "I shall not live long," she said. But Patience was firm. "While you live," she said, "I will not leave you," and nothing moved her. At the end of a month John Earnshaw found her unchanged. He used all his skill to shake her resolution, but without effect. Then bitterly reproaching her, he left her. I called

him manly; he was so in form, in strength, and in his pursuits, but truly manly he was not.

Six months after, he married a light and foolish girl. He lives to regret it. Patience Marsden was worth waiting twenty years for. This was the cloud which had fallen on that young life. This helped her to be so thoughtful, so full of sympathy. This bound the sisters together with a more than sisterly affection. Each had suffered, and the tie of suffering is a strong one. Lovely and pleasant they are in their lives.

It is Patience who now enters the room. She has a slight, graceful figure, and an expressive countenance. Bending over her sister with a kindly word, she turns to close the window by which Mary is sitting, and to re-arrange the pillows for her back and head. The servant follows to prepare the evening meal. It is usually the pleasantest meal of the day at the farm-house. The work of the day is nearly done. The father and mother are sure to be at home. There is a feeling of leisure, an air of rest and quiet. And when the table is spread, and Mrs. Marsden, seated before the urn and the old-fashioned tea-service, has her family around her, it is a pleasant sight. Fresh rolls and various cakes for which the old hall is famous, radishes with their bright green leaves and red stems; butter sweet and cool, cold meat for those who desire it, the farmer's table is a picture of comfort and plenty.

They keep early hours at the hall. At half-past eight, all the servants will come in to prayers. The sweet contralto voice of Patience will lead in some good old hymn, in which all the family join. A rich, full melody arises. It is likely that it is a sweet savour unto God; for I believe it comes from the heart. Then the father reads from the family Bible a portion of the sacred Scriptures.

Then kneeling down, he leads in a short, simple, earnest prayer, the devotions of the family, and so, commending themselves to God's care for the night, their sleep is sweet.

Suffering has entered that house, but has not been able to darken it. We question if it would have been so bright now if suffering had not entered. The history of the two sisters has had its effect on all the family. The brothers and sisters look up to them with reverence. They have learned a thoughtfulness and kindness to which otherwise they might have been strangers. Life on its suffering side has early been presented to them, and they have learned the lesson. They are all professing Christians—there is every sign that they are real Christians. In their father and mother, in Mary and Patience, they saw religion lived out before them. They saw it ever cheerful, ever graceful, ever lovely. No one can tell what the sisters have been in that house. Mary occasionally is tempted to fear that she is a Cumberland, doing nothing for the Master. She need not fear. She is doing much. Little as she can do,

powerless as she is, she perhaps little knows how large a place she fills in that little circle, how wide a gap her loss would make. It will be a sorrowful house, indeed, when Mary's little sofa and table are moved from the place they have so long occupied; when that fair head is no longer seen on its pillow of suffering; when that bright face no longer can welcome them—a bitter time when her helplessness no longer makes demands upon the kindness, and attention, and reverence of those around her.

This slight sketch may give to some a hint of the blessings which a family may prove in a neighbourhood, if they are kindly, intelligent, and, above all, God-fearing.

It may also serve to cheer and encourage those who are suffering in some such manner as poor Mary Marsden: and to assure them that though they may seem cut off from opportunities of usefulness, they have really a wider sphere than they suppose; and that, by filling their narrow sphere well, they may be doing untold good, and so abundantly glorifying their Master that they shall receive from him an abundant reward.

ALMOST A CHRISTIAN.

How varied and conflicting are the sensations of him who is almost a Christian! He loves the riches, pleasures, and honours of this world; yet, feeling that they cannot satisfy his immortal spirit, he strives, even while pressing them to his breast, to grasp those treasures which are in heaven.

He admires the character of Him who was "despised and rejected of men," and reveres the words of more than human wisdom which fell from His lips; he loves to dwell upon His spotless purity, and, in imagination, to accompany Him in His journeys of mercy upon this sin-stained earth; he listens with wondering awe to that thrilling voice which bids the dead arise, yet, when it speaks to himself, and says, in gentle accents, "Follow me," he turns away. True, he had "almost" resolved to be a Christian; but, when called upon to follow the meek and lowly Jesus, his courage fails him; for the path is narrow and lonely, unlighted by the dazzling beams of worldly prosperity, and uncheered by the tempting, yet poisoned, flowers of earth. He knows not that there is no darkness to those who are the "children of light," and, not discerning this, he sees only the terrors of the way; the shadows of that gloom fall upon his heart, and he turns away "very sorrowful," for he is only "almost" a Christian.

He has climbed to behold the land of promise, and with longing eye has gazed on its beauties; yet he reaches not that land, but dies afar off, for he was only "almost" a Christian.

Yes, he dies; for the struggle must end at last. He may no longer "halt between two opinions;" he may hesitate no longer, and the conflict which embittered his whole existence must now be decided: not

by himself, but by Him to whom judgment has been committed by the Father, and who said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

It is over now; and what does it avail him that he was once "almost" a Christian? *Almost!*—this is the rock on which the wavering soul is wrecked; the fatal word which closes the gate of mercy, and whose mournful echo haunts the lost soul through an eternity of woe.

What would he not now give to be "arrayed in white robes," through however "great tribulation" he must pass before entitled to wear them? He who had once "almost" resolved to obey that gracious call, "Follow me," what would he not now give to be among those who "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth?"

Too late! The crown was "almost" won; but now it can never be his. The marriage garment was offered to him, and was "almost" accepted; but now he shall be cast into outer darkness, there to bewail his lost opportunities, his wasted years; and to be afflicted, through the countless ages of eternity, with the bitter remembrance that he was once "almost" a Christian.

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA.—"And Aaron cast down his rod before Pharaoh . . . and it became a serpent . . . now the magicians of Egypt, they also did in like manner with their enchantments. For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents: but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods."—Exod. vii. 10—12.

It must be concluded that, through the agency of Satan, the magicians of Egypt caused wonders to come to pass; but to prove that these magicians were not commissioned by God, the serpents which they produced were immediately destroyed, the magicians themselves were afterwards afflicted, and the proud king who encouraged the opposition made by the magicians was ultimately destroyed. All that the magicians did was to increase the danger, not to diminish it.

M. M.—"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee: the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain."—Ps. lxxvi. 10.

Prayer-Book Version:—"The fierceness of man shall turn to thy praise: and the fierceness of them shalt thou restrain."

There are two lessons here:—1. The wrath of the wicked is overruled for God's glory. 2. He allows or checks it, according to his will. A certain amount he permits, but the "remainder" he restrains, and suffers not their sins beyond a certain point.

G. J.—"What thinkest thou, Simon? of whom do the kings of the earth take custom or tribute? of their own children, or of strangers? Peter saith unto him, Of strangers. Jesus saith unto him, They are the children free."—Matt. xvii. 25, 26.

The half-shekel tax was levied upon every Jew in obedience to the law of Moses. The piece of money our Lord supplied was a *stater*, or half an ounce of silver, in value 2s. 6d. (and therefore just double the *didrachma*), which would pay the tax for two persons—"for me, and for thee." The tribute was applied to the exclusive use of the religious worship of the Temple as the established worship. All persons were required to contribute. Our Lord being a Jew, born under the law, and admitted by circumcision into the Jewish Church, did not claim exemption.

There were reasons why the tax should not be levied upon Christ. As a Divine being, he was not required to contribute towards the expenses of that worship which was virtually paid to himself. When speaking to Peter, he claims the relative position of a son to a father, and asks, "Of whom do the kings of the earth take custom or tribute? of their own children, or of strangers?" He was the King's Son, and not a stranger or foreigner, and as such he was free; but to avoid offence he pleaded not his exemption.

J. R. L.—"Ye cannot serve God and mammon."—Matt. vi. 24.

Mammon is a Syriac word for riches, which our Lord beautifully represents as a person whom the folly of men had deified. The Greeks had a fictitious god of wealth; he may, or he may not, have been worshipped in Syria under the name of Mammon. The word itself may be taken to signify whatever one is apt to confide in; and because men generally trust in external things, such as riches, honour, authority, and the like, it is impossible for them, while so trusting, to pay that allegiance to God which his sovereignty demands.

J. H. S.—"Grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."—Eph. iv. 30.

The sealing of believers unto the day of redemption is the setting them apart for God, so that they themselves, and those around them, may have evidence of their belonging to the heavenly family. The Holy Spirit is that Divine agent which acts on the human mind, and whose part it is, in the economy of our redemption, to procure admission for the influence of sacred truths into the heart.

The sealing of the Spirit, therefore, is that Divine process through which we derive irresistible proof that we belong to an inheritance which fadeth not away. The secret consciousness of God's presence, the whisper of the soul—thrillingly sweet, the renewed life—these satisfy a person inwardly. The outward manifestation in the daily life proves this renewal; but the seal of the Spirit may be obliterated by repeated acts of sin, and is, therefore, no evidence of final acceptance. "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his"—those whom he will finally accept. And therefore those who would retain this seal, or the impress of the Divine image "must depart from iniquity." The "sealing of the Spirit" is therefore identified with keeping God's commandments.

W. H. B.—"Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him. Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit."—Prov. xxvi. 4, 5.

The folly of fools was of various kinds, in some of which to answer might offend the dignity, and in others not to answer might offend the interests of truth. To answer, and not to answer, is a very wise and consistent direction. Had the advice been given simply, without any circumstance attached, it might be referred to doing a thing in and out of season. In each direction reasons are assigned why a fool should, and why he should not, be answered.

The reason given why a fool should not be answered according to his folly is, lest he (the answerer) should be like him.

The reason given why a fool should be answered according to his folly is, lest he (the fool) be wise in his own conceit.

The cause assigned, therefore, for forbidding to answer clearly indicates that he who would defend religion must not imitate the insulter of it in his manner of dealing with religious questions, either by sophistry, sarcasm, or ridicule.

The cause assigned for directing to answer intimates that we should confute the foolish person upon his own false principles, by showing that they lead to conclusions the very opposite to those he would deduce from them, and thus cure him of his vain conceit of his own wisdom.

L. C. C.—"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts."—Prov. xxxi. 6.

Taken in connection with the preceding verses, it is evident that Lemmel is urging the necessity of abstinence; reminding his hearers that strong drink is taken by the unfortunate who seek to forget their sorrows but there is an allusion, in the phrase "ready to perish," to the Eastern practice of administering a strong, benumbing opiate to the criminal about to be executed. Thus, Jesus was offered "wine mingled with myrrh; but he received it not."—Mark xv. 23.

NOTHING BETWEEN.

Nothing between, Lord, let there be
To hinder my approach to Thee.

May I no wretched idol own,
Lord, in my heart erect thy throne,
And reign thou there supreme, alone;

Nothing between.

Nothing between, Lord, let there be
To hinder my fall view of Thee;

No cloud of doubt, or love of sin,
But by thy Spirit's help, within
My heart and life kept pure and clean;

Nothing between.

Nothing between, Lord, let there be
To hinder my embracing Thee.

Help me to cast with joy aside
All sinful care, and worldly pride,
And simply know that thou hast died

Nothing between.

Nothing between, Lord, let there be
To hinder my enjoying Thee.

By thy rich grace let me go on
From strength to strength till, journeying
done,

I may at last be welcomed home;

Nothing between.

The Student's Page.

KINGS AND PROPHETS OF ISRAEL AFTER THE REVOLT.

TABLE II.

Prophets of Israel.	Kings of Israel.	Reigned Years.	Began to Reign.
Man of God from Judah	Jeroboam	22	975
Abijah	Nadab	2	954
	Baasha	24	953
	Elah	2	930
	Zimri	7 days	929
Elijah	Omri	12	929
Micaiah	Ahab	22	918
Elisha	Ahaziah	2	898
	Joram, or Jehoram	12	896
	Jehu	28	884
Jonah	Jehoahaz	17	856
	Joash, or Jehoash	16	841
Hosea	Jeroboam II.	41	825
Amos	Interregnum 22 years, according to Hales		
	Zechariah	6 mos.	773
	Shallum	1 mo.	772
	Menahem	10	772
	Pekahiah	2	761
	Pekah	20	759
Obed	Anarchy	9	739
	Hoshea	9	730
	The kingdom of Israel overthrown by the Assyrians		721

The above is according to Usher's Chronology

CRUCIFIXION.

THE cruel mode of putting condemned persons to death by nailing them to a cross prevailed amongst various nations of the ancient world, both civilised and barbarous, from the earliest times till the reign of the Emperor Constantine, by whom—partly from motives of humanity, but chiefly from reverence to Christ—it was finally abrogated throughout the Roman Empire. "His respect for the cross of our Saviour," says Crevier, "made him abolish crucifixion—a death which the Greeks and Romans had at all times inflicted upon criminals, particularly slaves. He would not suffer the instrument of our salvation to be dishonoured by any use not only profane, but capable of making men look upon it with horror. He thought it indecent and irreligious that the cross should be used for the punishment of the vilest offenders; whilst he himself erected it as a trophy, and esteemed it the noblest ornament of his diadem and military standards. The text of this law, so worthy of the piety of the first Christian emperor, has not been preserved; but the fact is asserted by a pagan writer, and the practice of all the princes and nations who profess Christianity is agreeable to it. The same religious sentiment induced Constantine likewise to forbid breaking the legs of criminals—a punishment often annexed to that of the cross, as appears from the example of the two thieves crucified with Christ." Crucifixion has, in consequence, scarcely been witnessed in Europe during the last fifteen hundred years.

THE GREAT TRUMPET (ISAIAH XXVII, 13).

TRUMPETS were much used by the Jews; they directed their journeys, roused them to arms, sounded the onset to battle, proclaimed victory, and summoned the people to divide the spoil.

They were used also on *sacred* occasions, to summon the people to the services of religion. One of these services was called *the feast of trumpets*, when from morning to evening the trumpets sounded over the sacrifices. The feast of jubilee was called the "acceptable day of the Lord," &c.

From the common use of the trumpet among the Jews, its sound became typical of the proclamation of good. This prophecy refers to the proclamation of Cyrus, "Who is among you of all his people? his God be with him, and let him go up," &c.

In consequence of this edict, many thousands returned under Zerubbabel, appeared before God in Zion, and came to worship at Jerusalem.

From these words notice—

I. The grandeur of the Gospel—

The great trumpet, a great light, a great salvation.

1. It regards the soul and eternity.

2. It abounds with exceeding great and precious promises.

3. Everything compared with it is trifling and mean.

II. The dispensation of the Gospel—

The great trumpet is to be blown.

1. *Who* is to blow this trumpet? *Men* and not angels.

2. *How* is it to be blown?

(1.) Clearly. (2.) Courageously.

III. The condition of those to whom the Gospel is addressed—

"Outcasts and ready to perish," Eph. ii. 11, 12.

IV. Its attraction—"They shall come."

1. *How* do they come? With weeping and supplication.

2. From whence do they come? From the abodes of ignorance, false refuges of Pharisaism, service of sin, bondage of Satan.

3. To whom do they come? To Christ, Matt. xi. 28; 1 Pet. ii. 4.

V. The effect of its influence—

"They shall come and worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem," Ps. xxii. 27; Mal. i. 11.

1. Their dedication to God.

2. The habitual worship they render to him: private, in their closets; social, in their families; public, in his sanctuary.

REFLECTIONS.

1. This Scripture has been fulfilled. Myriads in heaven exemplify its truth; the numbers that now rejoice in it are wonderful, but soon the accessions shall be infinitely greater: "a nation shall be born in a day."

2. The words suggest an inquiry, Have we heard, to any beneficial effect, the sound of this trumpet?

3. If the sound of *this* peaceful trumpet is despised, another great trumpet will be blown—the clangor of the trump of God, announcing that God himself is come.

Arise, therefore. Christ has long been waiting at the door: refuse him not, delay not; *now* is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

Youths' Department.

PHILIP MARSH; OR, THE HISTORY OF A POOR BOY.—PART III.

PHILIP got on very well during his first week at his new occupation. Naturally a quick boy, he easily acquired a knowledge of his duties, and he found his master kind and considerate. The only drawback was Norris. Philip could not like Norris, and felt sure that Norris disliked him. He had sneered at Philip the very first night, when they were retiring to rest, because the latter read a chapter in the Bible before getting into bed.

"If we forsake God, we cannot be safe," said Mr. Walton when urging Philip never to neglect that duty. It needed some little resolution to persevere in the face of Norris's unfeeling taunts, but the effort required was less the second evening, and by the end of the week it had become comparatively easy; for Norris, when he found his remarks produced no effect, desisted from making them, and merely expressed his opinion by a smile.

As for Mrs. Stubbs, she gave it as her opinion that certainly Philip was a handy lad, but that "new brooms swept clean," and she only hoped he would keep so. One thing she must say, he had managed to pacify Janet; the child wasn't the same thing she was before he came.

Thus Saturday night arrived, and Philip went home to carry his week's wages to his mother. He found her in great trouble; little Polly was seriously ill. All that there seemed of sweetness in Alice Marsh's disposition was centred in this little child. Was God, in his all-seeing mercy, about to soften her heart still more by removing her too cherished idol? Poor Alice had yet to shed many bitter tears before she could say in humble faith and resignation—

"The dearest idol I have known,

Whatever that idol be,

Help me to tear it from its throne,

And worship only Thee."

Philip gave his mother the whole of his week's money.

"I want no clothes just now, mother, and so you'll be able to get something nice for poor little Polly."

"You're a good lad, Phil," said his mother, with more feeling than she generally evinced; "and as you're going back, will you just step up to the doctor's and ask him to come round again this evening if he possibly can, for the child's much worse?" and the mother's eyes were blinded with tears as she spoke.

Philip had not, until then, realised the fact that his little sister was in any danger; but his mother's manner alarmed him, and, bidding her take courage, he hurried off as quickly as possible.

He found the doctor just going out.

"I'll go, my little man, never fear. I shall be passing that way in less than half-an-hour."

"Thank you very much, sir. Do you think my little sister will get better, sir?" said the boy, earnestly.

"That will be as God pleases," said the doctor, gravely. "We can only do our best; but she is very ill, and your mother ought to prepare for the worst."

Philip hastened on, but not towards his master's house. He bent his steps towards Mr. Walton's.

"Well, Philip," said that gentleman, kindly, "how are you? Can I do anything for you?"

"Will you go and see poor mother, sir?"

"What is the matter with her, Philip? Is she ill?"

"No, sir, but my little sister is very bad, and mother takes it so to heart, and I thought, sir, if you would only——"

"I will make a point of seeing her to-night," said Mr. Walton, who understood at once all that Philip would have said.

"Thank you, very, very much, sir."

It was rather late when Philip reached his master's house, and Mr. McCree was a little out of temper about it. There had been a chimney on fire somewhere in the town, and he had been sent for to assist in extinguishing it, and had wanted Philip to help him.

"I am very sorry I was late, sir," said Philip, at the same time relating the cause of his delay, adding that he would take care not to be behind-hand in future.

Mrs. Stubbs muttered something about "new brooms," and she "always thought so," &c. &c.

Before going to bed, Philip found time for a few minutes with Janet, and he told her about his little sister's illness.

"Do you think Polly will die, Philip?"

"I don't know, Janet; sometimes I fear she will."

"If she does die, will God take her to heaven?"

"I hope and believe so, Janet, for the sake and through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour."

"Then she will be happier than she is here?"

"Far, far happier," said Philip. "It is for poor mother I grieve, not for dear little Polly; though I should be very, very sorry to lose my dear little play-fellow."

"If I were to die, should I go to heaven, Philip?"

"If you love Christ, and feel really and truly sorry for all you have done wrong."

"Oh, I am so sorry, Philip, so very, very sorry."

"Thank God with all your heart for that feeling, Janet; it is God that has made you feel thus. I wish I could explain things to you like Mr. Walton does, Janet, but I will try to tell you what has been told me. You see, if we were to try and get to God by ourselves, we might try and try for ever, and never succeed; for God is so holy, just, and good, and we are so wicked, that he could never look upon us, so we should be lost for ever and ever; but since our Lord Jesus Christ died for us, 'the just for the unjust,' to bring us nearer to God, we need have no fear, but firmly believe that he has power to save the greatest sinner who humbly approaches God in his name. 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved,' that's what we have to do, Janet; and he never yet turned any one away."

"I wish I knew Mr. Walton," said little Janet.

Poor little Polly was dying! She had been seized with convulsions shortly after Philip left, and when the doctor arrived, she was quite insensible. He did what he could to restore her, and promised to send her some medicine, but he told Mrs. Marsh that it was most unlikely the child would survive the night, and that all human skill could do had been done. "She is in God's hands," said he, kindly, "and it is our duty to resign ourselves to his will."

In speechless, tearless, prayerless anguish Alice Marsh sat beside her child's bed, and thus Mr. Walton found her.

"Peace be to this house," said he, as he entered

the cottage. He saw at once how matters stood, and took a chair and sat down beside the wretched mother.

There was a stony look of despair on her face. "I am very sorry to find your child so ill," said Mr. Walton, in a soothing voice. "This is a hard trial for you, Mrs. Marsh, and all the harder because you do not feel that there is love behind the sending it." Alice had half risen from her chair as Mr. Walton entered, but she now sat down again with the same stony look.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son that he receiveth." It is often, very often, through hours of bitterest sorrow that he brings his wandering sheep nearer to him. 'Our Father which art in heaven:' if you can once feel the full force of those words, once realise that God is indeed your father, then you will be able to trace his fatherly love and power through all times of trial, and to discern the mercy and pity which sent the mortal pain to save an immortal soul."

"I dare say you feel it all, sir; but I cannot—I cannot!"

"Pray for grace to do so—for faith to trust implicitly to God's love and faithfulness. The kindest and best of earthly parents may err; they may be betrayed into unnecessary harshness and severity; but our Father in heaven will never inflict one unnecessary blow. Not one unneeded sorrow will he send. Has he not given his only Son for us? After such a pledge of his love, far be it from us ever to breathe one murmuring word. Oh, trust him for the future; pray to him to increase your faith; let all your trials draw you closer to his footstool; let them quicken your longings after that rest where sin and sorrow shall be no more; no more death, no more partings; and where God himself shall wipe away the tears from all faces."

Alice's lip quivered, and she sobbed aloud. "I am not fit, sir, I am not fit," she uttered, in a choking voice.

"Come to that blood which cleanseth from all sin. Let us pray," continued Mr. Walton, as, kneeling down beside the little child's bed, he motioned to Alice to do the same. She obeyed mechanically, still sobbing bitterly. In a few simple, heartfelt words he prayed that God would sanctify poor Alice's present trial to her, and give her grace to bow in humble resignation to his Almighty will. He then took his leave, promising to call and see her the next day. Ere the morning came, little Polly's spirit had taken its flight.

"Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day.
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took a flower away."

The trial was sanctified to Mrs. Marsh, and she came forth from it a sadder but a wiser woman. All the neighbours remarked the change in her; and her sons, who, from the least to the eldest, endeavoured to make up to their mother for her loss by their unremitting attention to her, had never known her so affectionate to them before. It was a happier, if a sadder household.

Philip continued to please his master. In spite of all his bitter prejudices, the sweep could not but admit to himself that Philip's religion was not mere profession or "nonsense," as he called it. The boy was steadier and more industrious than any he had

ever had in his employ; and his honesty was proved beyond a doubt, by his restoring a valuable ring, which he had found amongst the soot, to its rightful owner. This he had done, notwithstanding Norris's ridicule and threats. The ring belonged to an eccentric old gentleman, who was a great invalid. It was very antique and valuable, and was much prized by its owner, in whose family it had been for several generations. The old gentleman himself called at Mr. McCree's, to express his sense of Philip's honest behaviour.

"I should like to show my sense of the lad's honest behaviour by deeds, as well as words," he added. "What are his prospects in life; and how can I best further his views?"

McCree told the old gentleman that Philip was a very poor boy, and that all his little earnings went to help his mother and brothers. The sweep added that, as the boy had proved himself so honest and trustworthy, he had often thought of giving him a share in the business, in the course of a few years, particularly as he had no son of his own to succeed him.

"I should not mind," said the old gentleman, "investing some money for the lad's benefit, and he could then purchase a share in your business, if he felt so inclined."

Philip was summoned, and asked what he thought of the plan.

The boy could scarcely believe his good fortune; and, amid tears of gratitude, said he should like to consult Mr. Walton before giving a decided answer.

"And who may Mr. Walton be, my boy?" said Mr. Creswick, his new friend.

"Our clergyman, sir; he has always been my best friend; and it was his counsel and advice that made me an honest boy."

"Consult your good friend, then, by all means," said Mr. Creswick, "and call upon me after you have seen him."

"I shall see him to-morrow at the Sunday-school, sir, and I will call on you in the afternoon, if you have no objection."

It was now the height of summer, and little Janet seemed to languish and pine away under the oppressive heat of the weather. The child was very happy, never dull now; for Philip had taught her to read, and Mr. Walton had given him several nice books for his young pupil.

Let no one say or think that great riches or a high position is necessary to enable one to do good in the world. Here was a very poor boy, without a shilling in the world, enabled, through God's grace, to confer the greatest possible blessings on his master's little daughter, and to secure for himself esteem and respect.

On the afternoon of the day when Mr. Creswick had called, Philip went as usual to give Janet her lesson. He remarked that the child's eyes were brighter than ever, and that her little hand was hot and feverish. After the lesson was over, she said—

"Oh, Philip, how I wish I could see Mr. Walton! and yet I fear father would be so angry if I were to speak about it. But I seem to long more and more every day to see him; and sometimes when I feel so hot and weak, I think I shall not live very long, and I do so wish to see him and thank him; for next to you, Philip, I owe all to him."

"Janet," said Philip, "I will ask your father to let you see Mr. Walton."

"Oh, no!" cried the child; "it will only make him angry with you, and I wouldn't have that happen on my account for all the world."

"But we must not keep from doing right for fear of people being angry, Janet."

"But you know what he once said about religion, Philip."

"Something tells me, Janet, that he has changed his mind a little since then; at all events, I mean to try, and I just see him coming in from the yard. So keep up your spirits, Janet, and pray to God to make your father listen kindly to me. I shall bring you good news, I feel I shall."

"Well, Philip," said McCree, "you are a lucky boy; but I wonder you didn't offend your new friend by your delay in answering his kind proposal. What can Mr. Walton tell you about it more than you know already?"

This was not a very favourable beginning for Philip, and his courage almost failed him. At last, he said—

"Mr. Walton knows so much better what will be good for me than I do myself, sir; you cannot tell what he has been to me. Whenever you praise me for being industrious, or steady, or obliging, I feel it is Mr. Walton to whose advice I owe it all."

"Well, you certainly are a good, steady boy, Phil, there's no denying that; and there's not much cant or profession about you, and I must say I like deeds before words."

McCree was evidently softening. Now was Philip's time.

"If God had not given me Mr. Walton as a friend, sir, I should have been just as bad as any of the boys in the street. I do love and respect him very much, and so does Janet, though she has never seen him; for I have told her all about him, and he has sent her such nice story books. Oh, sir," continued Philip, gaining courage, "if you would not mind his coming to see Janet, just for once, I know it would make her so happy; for he is so fond of little children, and has several of his own. And I do not think Janet is so well lately, and I have often thought he might do her good; for I have heard he has a little girl who has the same sort of complaint, but who is now getting quite well."

Philip stopped to take breath, and his master looked at him with surprise, but not with anger.

"Does Janet know you are asking me?"

"Yes, sir; she was afraid to ask you herself."

"Come, and let us hear what she says about it."

"So you want to see Mr. Walton, do you, little one?"

Janet caught her father's eyes fixed, not angrily, but lovingly upon her, and her only answer was a kiss.

"You are a little coxer, Janet. I little thought I should ever be giving permission for a clergyman to enter my house again."

"Oh, father, but Mr. Walton is —"

"There, there, hold your tongue; Philip may ask him to come and see you if he likes."

The next morning Philip was early at the school, in order to say a few words to Mr. Walton before school commenced. The good clergyman had taken a great interest in little Janet from Philip's account, and promised to call and see her next day. As regarded Mr. Creswick's kind offer, he saw no objec-

tion to Philip's accepting it. "God often makes use of very humble means to work out his own mighty plans," added Mr. Walton; "and to all appearance, he has been graciously pleased to make you the instrument of doing good to little Janet. You have been mercifully kept from being led away by any bad example that may have been set you in Mr. McCree's household, and your path of duty is evidently to continue there, and trust in God still to preserve you and keep you from evil. I should advise your kind friend Mr. Creswick investing the money for you as he at first proposed; the purchasing a share in your master's business can be left for future consideration. You are too young at present for such a step. Wait patiently another two or three years; endeavour during that time to do your duty, and God will bless and prosper you as he has hitherto done."

Mr. Creswick was pleased with Mr. Walton's advice; he placed the money he intended to give in the bank in Philip's name, the interest to be payable to him, or suffered to accumulate, as he thought best. Mr. Walton went to see Janet the next day.

Philip took care to be at home, and it was with the greatest pleasure he introduced his kind friend to the little girl. Mr. Walton had a kind and winning way with children, and Janet was at home with him at once.

He asked her many questions about her back, and made her try to stand, and then questioned Mrs. Stubbs about the child's illness. When he had gained all the information he could, he said, "My dear little girl, I think I shall be able, with God's blessing, to do you a great deal of good. I have a little daughter who was worse than you are, and who can now run about, and I will speak to your father about you. Should you not be glad, if it be God's will, to run about like other little ones?"

"Oh, sir," and little Janet, overcome by mingled feelings of surprise and joy, burst into tears.

McCree was at home, and Philip was sent to ask him to see Mr. Walton. "Good-day, sir," said the sweep, as he entered his child's room. There was a slight awkwardness in his manner which, however, soon wore off.

"Your child is pining for want of fresh air," said Mr. Walton. "She also requires sea-bathing, which will help to strengthen her spine. I am a subscriber to an excellent institution at the sea-side, where children with spinal affections are received and have the first medical advice. Would you be willing for your child to go there if I can obtain an admission for her? It is our duty to use all proper means in our power, and to leave the rest to God."

"I would do anything, sir, to restore my child. She is my only one, and I shall be wonderfully indebted to you if you can do her good."

"I can only be an instrument, and a very humble one, in the hands of a far Higher Power than any earthly one, but I will do my very best," said Mr. Walton.

He did his best, and God blessed the work. Little Janet spent some months at the sea-side, and was a different being on her return; able to sit up without pain, and to go out in a little reclining carriage, which Philip was delighted to draw. In little more than a twelvemonth you might have seen Philip and Janet going together to the Sunday-school, and Mr. McCree calling for them both on his way to church.

God had spoken to the sweep's heart through his child.

Philip continued to deserve his master's good opinion, and when he was eighteen years of age, became a sharer in the business.

"You will have it all, one day, Phil," McCree would say.

A year or two previous to this event, Norris had been convicted of stealing some silver spoons at a house where he was employed, and was sentenced to several years' imprisonment.

"Some fellows are always unlucky," he said, when Philip kindly visited him in prison. He would have spoken truly, had he said that dishonesty and falsehood never prosper, and that the wicked will not go unpunished.

Philip did not forget his mother. Out of his savings he purchased a mangle for her, and she was now in a prosperous way of business. All her boys, too, were industrious and thriving. So much for the good example of an elder brother.

THE BASHIKOUAY ANT.

ACCORDING to M. du Chaillu, one of the most formidable animals in the world is an ant which he found in Central Africa. He thus describes it:—

It is the dread of all living animals, from the leopard to the smallest insect. They do not build a nest or home of any kind. They carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line—a line about two inches broad, and often several miles in length. All along this line the larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day, or during a storm.

When they grow hungry, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack: the black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces on the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed, killed, and eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

They seem to travel night and day. Many a time, says the narrator, have I been awakened out of a sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life; and after all, suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance guard, who had got into my clothes.

When they enter a house, they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles; and in less than another minute its bones are stripped.

Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are, in reality, very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleared of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

When on the march, the insect world flies before them; and I have often had the approach of a bush-kouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times, this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury, which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is painful.

The negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the bashikouay ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death.

Two very remarkable practices of theirs are worthy of notice. When, on their line of march, they require to cross a narrow stream, they throw themselves across and form a tunnel—a living tunnel—connecting two trees or high bushes on opposite sides of the little stream, whenever they can find such, to facilitate the operation. This is done with great speed, and is effected by a great number of ants, each of which clings with its fore claws to its next neighbour's body or hind claws. Thus they form a high, safe, tubular bridge, through which the whole vast regiment marches in regular order. If disturbed, or if the arch is broken by the violence of some animal, they instantly attack the offender with the greatest animosity. Their numbers are so great, that one does not like to enter into calculations; but I have seen one continuous line passing, at good speed, a particular place for twelve hours.

TIME.

LIFE, observes Seneca, is divided into *three times*; that which is, that which *was*, and that which *will be*.

Of these, the shortest is *present time*. It is indeed so short, that it has appeared to some persons to have no existence at all, for it is in continual passage. It almost ceases to be before we are well aware that it is; so that we at all times rather perceive it *to be gone*, than we at any time discern it *to go*.

Hence we may reasonably affirm that *present time* is no other than the *perpetual passage of future time into past*.

THE COTTON FAMINE.

OUR friends who forward contributions for the Lancashire Fund, unaccompanied by a bill, will oblige us by stating in which of our periodicals they wish the acknowledgments to appear.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the following further sums:—

Amount already acknowledged		2687	3	6
		\pounds	s	d
The H. Family, Everton	0	1	4	
C. & W., Woolwich	0	4	0	
Ralph Woodward,				
Stroud	0	6	0	
Jno. Richard, near An-				
dever, Hants	0	5	2	
Total		688	0	6

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANINGA," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN INVASION AT THE PARSONAGE.

On the lower road, leading from Trevlyn Farm to Barbrook, was situated Barbrook rectory. A pretty house it was, covered with ivy, standing in the midst of a productive garden, and surrounded by green fields. An exceedingly pretty place for its size, that parsonage—it was never styled anything else—but very small. A good thing that the parsons inhabiting it had none of their own large families, or they would have been at a fault for room.

The present incumbent was the Rev. John Freeman. Incumbent of the parsonage house, you understand: not of the living. The living was in the gift of a neighbouring cathedral; it was held by one of the chapter; and he delegated his charge (beyond an occasional sermon) to a curate. It had been so in the old time when Squire Trevlyn flourished, and it was so still. Whispers were abroad that when the death of this canon should take place—a very old man, both as to his years and to his occupancy of his prebendal stall—changes would be made, and the next incumbent of the living would have to live on the living. But this has nothing to do with us, and I don't know why I mentioned it.

Mr. Freeman had been curate of the place for more than twenty years. He succeeded the Rev. Shafto Dean, of whom you have heard. Mr. Dean had remained at Barbrook but a very short time after his sister's marriage to Joe Trevlyn. That event had not tended to allay the irritation existing between Trevlyn Hold and the parsonage, and on some promotion being offered to Mr. Dean, he embraced it. The promotion given him was in the West Indies: he would not have chosen to undertake a residence there under happier auspices; but he felt sick of the continual contention with Squire Trevlyn. Mr. Dean went out to the West Indies, and died: carried off by fever within six months of his arrival. Mr. Freeman had succeeded him at Barbrook, and Mr. Freeman was there still: a married man, without children.

The parsonage household was very modest. One servant only was kept; and if you have the pleasure of forcing both ends to meet yearly upon the moderate sum of one hundred pounds sterling, you will wonder how even that servant could be retained. But a clergyman has advantages in some points over the rest of the world: at least, this one had; his house being held rent free, and his garden supplying more vegetables and fruit than his household could consume. Some of the choicer fruit, indeed, he sold: I hope you won't think any the worse of him for doing so. His superfluous vegetables he gave away; and many and many a cabbage leaf full of gooseberries and currants did the little parish children look out for, and get. He was a quiet, pleasant little man of fifty, with a fair face and fat double chin: never an ill word had he had with anybody in the parish since he came into it. His wife was pleasant, too, and talkative; and would as soon be caught by visitors

making puddings in the kitchen, or shelling the peas for dinner, as sitting up in state, looking out for company.

At the back of the parsonage house, detached from it, was a flagged room called the brewhouse, where sundry abnormal duties out of the regular routine of things, were performed. A furnace was in one corner, a large board which would put up or let down at will was underneath the casement, and the floor was flagged. On the morning of the day when Mr. Cris Chattaway contrived to separate his dog-cart from its shafts, or to let his new horse do it for him, of which you will hear further presently, this brewhouse was so filled with steam, that it could not be seen across. A tall, strong, rosy-faced woman, looking about thirty years of age, was standing over a washing tub, rubbing away; and in the furnace, bubbling and boiling, the white linen heaved up and down like the waves of the sea in a ground swell. Altogether, an immense mass of steam congregated, and made itself at home.

You have seen the woman before, though the chances are that you have forgotten all about her. It is Molly, who once lived at Trevlyn Farm. Some five years ago she came to an issue with the ruling potentates at the farm, Mrs. Ryle and Nora, and the result was a parting. Since then Molly had been living at the parsonage, and had grown to be valued by her master and mistress. She looks taller than ever, but you see she has pattens on, to keep her feet off the wet stones of the brewhouse. Indeed, it was much the fashion in that neighbourhood for the servant maids to go about in pattens, let the flags be wet or dry.

Molly was rubbing vigorously at her master's surplice—which shared the benefits of the wash with more ignoble things, when the striking out of the church clock caused her to pause, and glance up through the open casement window. She was waiting to count the strokes.

"Twelve o'clock, as I'm alive! I knew it must have gone eleven, though I hadn't heard it strike; but I never thought it was twelve yet! And nothing out but them handful o' coloured things and the flannels! If missis was at home, she'd say I'd been wasting all my morning, gossiping."

An accusation which Mrs. Freeman might have made with great truth. There was not a more inveterate gossip than Molly in the parish: and the waste of time her propensity caused, had lost her her last place.

She turned to the furnace, seized hold of the rolling pin which lay on its edge, and poked down the rising clothes with a fierceness which seemed as if it wished to make up for the lost hours. Then she dashed open the little iron door underneath, threw on a shovel of coal to the fire, and shut it again.

"This surplice is wearing as thin as anything in front," soliloquised she, recommencing her work vehemently over the tub. "I'd better not rub it too much. But it's just in the very place where master gets 'em most dirty. If I were missis, I should line 'em in front. His other one's going worse than this. They must cost a smart penny, these surplices: the linen is—New, who's that?"

Molly's interjection was caused by a flourishing knock

at the front door. It did not please her. She was too busy to answer useless visitors: useless because her master and mistress were out.

"I won't go to the door," decided she, in her vexation. "Let 'em knock again, or go away."

The applicant preferred the former course, for a second knock, louder than the first, sent its echoes through the house. Molly jerked her wet arms out of the water, gave them a dab upon a towel lying handy, just to keep the soap-suds from dropping on the floor, and then went on her way, grumbling.

"It's that bothering Mother Hurnall, I know! And ten to one but she'll walk in, under pretence of resting, and poke her nose into my brewhouse, and see how my work's getting on. She's a interfering, mischief-making old toad, and if she *does* come in, I'll—"

Molly had drawn the door open, and her words came to an abrupt conclusion. Instead of the meddlesome lady she had expected to see, there stood a gentleman, a stranger: a tall, oldish man, with a white beard and white whiskers, jet-black eyes, a kindly but firm expression on his sallow face, a carpet-bag in his hand, and a large red umbrella in the other.

Molly dropped a curtsy, but a dubious one. Beards were not much in fashion in that simple country place, and her opinion vacillated. Was the gentleman before her some venerable much-to-be-respected patriarch, or one of those conjurers that went about to fairs in a caravan? Molly had had the gratification of seeing the one perform who came to the last fair, and he wore a white beard.

"I have been directed to this house as being the residence of the Rev. Mr. Freeman," began the stranger. "Is he at home?"

"No, sir, he's not," replied Molly, dropping another and a more self-assured curtsy. There was something about the stranger's voice, his straightforward glance, which insensibly calmed her fears. "My master and mistress are both gone out for the day, and won't be home till night."

This appeared to be a poser to the stranger. He looked at Molly, and Molly looked at him. "It is very unfortunate," he at length said. "I came—I have come a great many hundred miles, and I have reckoned very much upon seeing my old friend Freeman. I shall be going away again from England in a few days."

Molly had opened her eyes. "Come a great many hundred miles, all to see master!" she exclaimed.

"Not to see him," answered the stranger, with a half-smile at Molly's simplicity—not that he looked like a smiling man in general, but a very sad one. "I had to come to England on business, and I travelled a long way to get here, and shall have to travel the same long way back again. I have come down from London on purpose to see Mr. Freeman. It is many years since we met, and I thought, if quite agreeable, I'd sleep a couple of nights here. Did you ever happen to hear him mention an old friend of his, named Daw?"

The name struck on Molly's memory: it was a somewhat peculiar one. "Well, yes, I have, sir," she answered. "I have heard him speak of a Mr. Daw to my mistress. I think—I think," she added, putting her soapy fingers to her temple in consideration, "that he

lived somewhere over in France; that Mr. Daw. I think he was a clergyman. My master lighted upon a lady's death a short time ago in the paper, while I was in the parlour helping my missis line some bed furniture, and he exclaimed out and said it must be Mr. Daw's wife."

"Right—right to all," said the gentleman. "I am Mr. Daw."

He took a small card-case from his pocket, and held out one of its cards to Molly; deeming it well, no doubt that the woman should be convinced he was really the person he professed to be. "I can see but one thing to do," he said. "You must give me house-room until Mr. Freeman comes home this evening."

"You are welcome, sir. But—my goodness! there's nothing in the house for dinner, and I'm in the midst of a big wash."

He shook his head as he walked into the parlour—a sunny apartment, redolent of the scent of mignonette, boxes of which grew outside the windows. "I don't care at all for dinner," he carelessly observed. "A crust off a loaf and a bit of fresh butter, with a cup of milk, if you happen to have it, will be as well for me as dinner."

Molly left him, to see about what she could do in the way of entertainment, and to take counsel with herself. "If it doesn't happen on purpose!" she ejaculated. "Anything that upsets the order of the house is sure to come on a washing day! Well, there! it's of no good worrying. The wash must go, that's all. If I can't finish it to-day, I must finish it to-morrow. Bother! There'll be the trouble and expense of lighting the furnace over again! I think he's what he says he is: I've heard them red umbrellas is used in France."

She carried in the tray of refreshment—bread, butter, cheese, milk, and honey. She had pulled down the sleeves of her gown, and straightened her hair, and put on a clean check apron, and taken off her pattens. Mr. Daw detained her while he served himself, asking divers questions; and Molly, nothing loth, ever ready for a gossip, remembered not her exacting brewhouse of work. "There is a place called Trevlyn Hold in this neighbourhood, is there not?"

"Right over there, sir," replied Molly, extending her hand in a slanting direction from the window. "You might see its chimblies but for them trees."

"I suppose the young master of Trevlyn has grown to be a fine man?"

Molly turned up her nose. She never supposed but the question alluded to Cris, and Cris was no favourite of hers. She caught up the prejudice, possibly, during her service at Trevlyn Farm.

"I don't call him so," said she, shortly. "A weazened-faced fellow, with a odd look in his eyes as good as a squint! He's not much liked about here, sir."

"Indeed! That's a pity. Is he married? I suppose not though, yet. He is young."

"There's many a one gets married younger than he is. But I don't know who'd have him," added Molly, in her prejudice. "I wouldn't, if I was a young lady."

"Who has acted as his guardian?" resumed Mr. Daw. Molly scarcely understood the question. "A guardian, sir? That's somebody that takes care of a child's money, who has got no parents, isn't it? He has got no guardian that I ever heard of, except it's his father."

Mr. Daw laid down his knife. "The young master of Trevlyn has no father," he exclaimed.

"But indeed he has," returned Molly. "What should hinder his having one?"

"My good woman, you cannot know what I am talking of. His father died years and years ago. I was at his funeral."

Molly opened her mouth in very astonishment. "His father is alive now, sir, at any rate," cried she, after a pause. "I saw him ride by this house only yesterday."

They could but stare at each other, as people at cross purposes frequently do. "Of whom are you speaking?" asked Mr. Daw, at length.

"Of Cris Chattaway, sir. You asked me about the young master of Trevlyn Hold. Cris will be its master after his father. Old Chattaway's its master now."

"Chattaway? Chattaway?" repeated the stranger to himself, as if recalling the name. "I remember. It was he who—Is Rupert Trevlyn dead?" he hastily asked.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Why, then, is he not the master of Trevlyn Hold?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Molly, after some consideration. "I suppose because Chattaway is."

"But surely Rupert Trevlyn inherited it on the death of his grandfather, Squire Trevlyn?"

"No, he didn't inherit it, sir. It was Chattaway."

So interested in the argument had the visitor become, that he pushed his plate from him, and was looking at Molly with astonished eyes, and elbows on the table. "Why did he not inherit it? He was the heir?"

"It's what folks can't rightly make out," answered the woman. "Chattaway came in for it, that's certain. But folks have never called him the Squire, though he's as sick as a dog for it."

"Who is Mr. Chattaway? What is his connection with the Trevlyns? I forget."

"His wife was Miss Edith Trevlyn, the squire's daughter. There was but three of 'em—Mrs. Ryle, and her, and Miss Diana. Miss Diana was never married, and I suppose won't be now."

"Miss Diana?—Miss Diana? Yes, yes, I recollect," repeated the stranger. "It was Miss Diana whom Mrs. Trevlyn—Does Rupert Trevlyn live with Miss Diana?" he broke off again.

"Yes, sir; they all live at the Hold. The Chattaways, and Miss Diana, and young Mr. Rupert. Miss Diana has been out on a visit these two or three weeks past, but I heard this morning that she had come home."

"There was a pretty little girl—Maude—a year older than her brother," proceeded the questioner. "Where is she?"

"She's at the Hold, too, sir. They were brought to the Hold quite little babies, these two, and they have lived at it ever since, except when they've been at school. Miss Maude's governess to Chattaway's children."

Mr. Daw looked at Molly doubtfully. "Governess to Chattaway's children?" he mechanically repeated.

Molly nodded. She was growing quite at home with her guest; quite familiar. "Miss Maude has had the best of educations, they say: plays and sings first-rate; and so they made her the governess."

"But has she no fortune—no income?" he reiterated, lost in wonder.

"Not a penny piece," returned Molly, decisively. "Her and Mr. Rupert haven't got a halfpenny between 'em of their own. He's clerk, or something of that, at Chattaway's coal mine, down yonder."

"But they were the heirs to the estate," he persisted. "Their father was the son and heir of Squire Trevlyn, and they are his children! How is it? How can it be?"

The words were spoken in the light of a remark. Mr. Daw was evidently debating the wonder with himself. Molly thought the question was put to her.

"I don't know the rights of it, sir," was all she could answer. "All I can tell you is, that the Chattaways have come in for it, and the inheritance is theirs. But there's many a one round about here calls Mr. Rupert the heir to this day, and will call him so, in spite of Chattaway."

"He is the heir—he is the heir!" reiterated Mr. Daw. "I can prove—"

Again came that break in his discourse which had occurred before. Molly resumed—

"Master will be able to tell you better than me, sir, why the property should have went from Master Rupert to Chattaway. It was him that buried the old squire, sir, and he was at the Hold after, and heard the squire's will read. Nora told me once that he, the parson, cried shame upon it when he come away. But she was in a passion with Chattaway when she said it, so perhaps it wasn't true. I asked my missis about it one day that we was folding clothes together, but she said she knew nothing of it. She wasn't married then."

"Who is Nora?" inquired Mr. Daw.

"She's the housekeeper and manager at Trevlyn Farm; she's a sort of relation to 'em. It was where I lived before I come here, sir; four year, turned, I was at that one place. I have always been one to keep my places a good while," added Molly, with pride.

Apparently the boast was lost upon him; he did not seem to hear it. "Not the heir to Trevlyn!" he muttered; "not the heir to Trevlyn! It's a puzzle to me."

"I'm sorry master's out," repeated Molly, with sympathy. "But you can hear all about it to-night. They'll be home by seven o'clock. Twice a year, or thereabouts, they both go over to stop a day with missis's sister. Large millers they be, fourteen mile off, and live in a great big handsome house, and keep three or four in-door servants. The name's Whittaker, sir."

Mr. Daw did not show himself very much interested in the name, or in the worthy millers themselves. He was lost in a reverie. Molly made a movement amidst the plates and the cheese and butter; she insinuated the glass of milk under his very nose. All in vain.

"Not the heir!" he reiterated again; "not the heir! And I have been picturing him in my mind as such all through these long years!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE STRANGER WITH THE RED UMBRELLA. WHEN Mrs. Chattaway and Cris drove off in the dog-cart, George Ryle did not follow them down the avenue, but turned to pursue his way round the house, which would take him to the fields, a shorter cut to his own land than if he took the road. For a long while after

his father's death, George could not bear to go through that field which had been so fatal to him; but he over-got the feeling by the aid of that great reconciler—time.

Happening to cast his eyes on the ornamental grounds as he skirted them, which lay on this side of the Hold, he saw Rupert Trevlyn. Leaping a dwarf hedge of azarolas to save the time of going round by the gates, he hastened to Rupert.

"Well, old fellow; taking a nap?"

Rupert opened his half-closed eyes, and looked round with alacrity. "I thought it was Cris again!" he exclaimed. "He was here just now."

"Cris has gone out with his mother in the dog-cart. I don't like the horse he is driving her with, though."

"Is it that new horse he has been getting?"

"Yes; the one Atkins has had to sell."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Rupert. "I saw it carrying Atkins one day, and thought it a beautiful animal."

"It has a vicious temper, as I have been given to understand. And I believe it has never been properly broken in for harness. How do you feel to-day, Rupert?"

"No great shakes. I wish I was as strong as you, George."

George laughed pleasantly; and his voice, when he spoke, had a soothing sound in it. "So you may be, by the time you are as old as I. Why, you have hardly done growing yet, Rupert. There's plenty of time for you to get strong."

"What brings you up here, George? Anything particular?"

"I saw Amelia to-day, and brought a message from her to her mamma. Caroline is coming home for the harvest home, and Amelia wants to come too."

"Oh, they'll let her," cried Rupert. "The girls can do just as they like."

He, Rupert, leaned his chin on his hand, and began thinking of Amelia Chattaway. She was the oldest of the three younger children, and was at first under the tuition of Maude; but Maude could do nothing with her, the young lady liking to be master and mistress; in fact, she was too old both for Maude's control and her instruction, and it was deemed well to place her at a good school at Barmester, the same school where Caroline Ryle was being educated. Somehow Rupert's comforts were never added to by the presence of Amelia in the house, and he might have given way to hopes that she would not come home, if he had been of a disposition to encourage such feelings.

Octave, who had discerned George Ryle from the windows of the Hold, came out to them, her pink parasol shading her face from the sun. A short while, and Miss Trevlyn came home and joined them; next came Maude and her charges. It was quite a merry gathering. Miss Trevlyn unbent from her coldness, as she could do sometimes; Octave was all smiles and suavity, and everybody, save Rupert, seemed at ease. Altogether, George Ryle was beguiled into doing what could not be often charged upon him—spending a good part of an afternoon in idleness.

"You seem very listless to-day, Rupert?" remarked

Miss Trevlyn, as he partially lay on the garden bench, taking no notice of anybody.

"I'm tired, Aunt Diana. I suppose I can't get over the not going to bed the night before last."

"I should recommend you to go and lie down now," said Miss Diana.

"I think I will," replied Rupert; but he did not stir to go.

George looked at his watch, and started when he saw the hour—twenty-five minutes past three. With the briefest possible adieu, he hastened away.

The stables, the rick-yard, the barns and other out-buildings belonging to the Hold, were on his right, partially behind the house as he wound on his way. He had no occasion to go near them, and did not; but no sooner had he turned into the first of the fields—called nothing but "the bull's field," by the country people, from the hour of the accident to Mr. Ryle—than he encountered Jim Sanders, breathless and eager.

"What's the matter?" asked George. "What do you want here?"

"I was a-speeding up to the Hold to tell 'em, sir. There have been an accident with Mr. Cris's dog-cart. I thought I'd warn the men up at his place."

"What accident?" hastily asked George, mentally beholding but one sole object, and that was Mrs. Chattaway.

"I don't know yet, sir, what it is. I was in the road by the gate when a horse came tearing along with some broken shafts after it. It was that horse of Atkins's which I see Mr. Cris a-driving out an hour ago in his dog-cart, and madam along of him. So I cut across the fields at once."

"You can go on," said George; "some of the men will be about. Should you see Miss Diana, or any of the young ladies, take care that you say nothing to them. Do you hear?"

"I'll mind, sir."

Jim Sanders hastened out of the field on his way to the back premises of the Hold, and George flew down it. When he gained the road he looked up and down, but could see no traces of the accident. Nothing was in sight. Which way should he turn? Where had it occurred? He began reproaching himself with stupidity for not asking Mr. Jim Sanders which way the horse had been coming from. As he halted in indecision, somebody suddenly came round the turning of the road lower down. It was Mr. Cris Chattaway, with a rueful expression of countenance, and a gig whip in his hand.

George made but few strides towards him. "What is the worst, Cris? Let me know it."

"I'll have him taken in charge and prosecuted, as sure as a gun," raved Cris; "I will. It's infamous that these things should be allowed in the public road."

"What—the horse?" exclaimed George.

"Horse be hanged!" politely returned Cris, whose irritation was excessive. "It wasn't the horse's fault. Nothing could go steadier and better than he went all the way and back again, as far as this—"

"Where's Mrs. Chattaway?" interrupted George.

"On the bank, down there. She's all right; only shook a bit. The fellow's name was on the thing, and I have copied it down, and I've sent a man off for a

constable. "I'll teach him that he can't go about the country plying his trade and frightening gentlemen's horses with impunity."

In spite of Cris's incoherence and passion, George contrived to gather an inkling of the facts. They had taken a short, easy drive down the lower road and through Barbrook, the horse going (according to Cris) beautifully. But on the road home, in that lonely part between the Hold and Trevlyn Farm, there stood a razor grinder with his machine, grinding a knife. Whether the whirr of the wheel did not please the horse; whether it was the aspect of the machine; or whether it might be the razor grinder himself, a somewhat tattered object in a fur cap, the animal no sooner came near than he began his favourite dance on the hind legs, and backed towards the ditch. Cris did his best. He was a good whip, and a fearless one; but he could not conquer. The horse turned Mrs. Chattaway into the ditch, relieved his mind by a few kicks, and started off with part of the shafts behind him.

"Are you much hurt, dear Mrs. Chattaway?" asked George, tenderly, as he bent over her.

She looked up with a smile, but her face was of a death-like whiteness. Fortunately, the ditch, a wide ditch, was dry: for several weeks they had had a succession of fine weather: and she sat on the sloping bank, her feet resting in it. The body of the dog-cart lay near, and several gazers, chiefly labouring men, stood around, staring helplessly. The razor-grinder was protesting his immunity from blame in a loud key of resentment that it should have been cast upon him, and the hapless machine remained in its place untouched, drawn up close to the pathway on the opposite side of the road.

"You need not look at me so anxiously, George," Mrs. Chattaway replied, the smile still on her face. "I don't believe I am hurt. One of my elbows is smarting, but I really feel no pain, to say pain, anywhere. I am shaken, of course; but that's not much. I wish I had taken your advice, not to sit behind that horse."

"Cris says he has gone beautifully: until he was frightened."

"Did Cris say so? It appeared to me that he had trouble with him all the way: but Cris knows, of course."

"Where has Cris gone now?" asked George, who had omitted to ask the question of that gentleman.

"He said he would go to the Hold and send the carriage to take me home. But I think I could walk. I don't care to sit here to be stared at longer than I can help," she added, with a half smile.

"Try if you can walk," replied George. He leaped into the ditch, and partly helped, partly lifted her up the bank, low on that side, and took her on his arm.

"Oh, yes, I can walk, George, thank you. With your assistance I shall get home very well."

She walked but slowly, however, and leaned heavily upon him. At the turning to the fields, Mrs. Chattaway made a halt, uncertain whether to take it.

"No," said she, answering her own thoughts. "It is more up-hill that way, though it may be a little nearer. If I go this, I can take a rest at the lodge."

Old Canham was gazing up and down the road when

they arrived, and Ann came out, full of consternation. They had seen the horse with its broken shafts gallop past, and recognised it for the one recently driven by Cris when he had passed with madam through the gates.

"Then there's no bones broke, thank heaven!" said Ann Canham, with tears in her meek eyes.

She drew forward her father's arm-chair right in front of the open door, and Mrs. Chattaway sat down in it. She felt that she must have air, she said. "If I had but a sup o' brandy for madam!" cried old Canham, as he stood near her and leaned all his weight on his stick.

George seized upon the words. "I will go to the Hold and get some."

And before Mrs. Chattaway could stop him, or say that she would prefer not to take the brandy, he was away.

Almost at the same minute they heard the fast approach of a horse, and the master of Trevlyn Hold rode in at the gates. To describe his surprise when he saw his wife sitting, an apparent invalid, in old Canham's chair, and old Canham and Ann standing near in evident consternation, nearly as pale as she was, would be a difficult task. He reined in so quickly that his horse was flung back on its haunches.

"Is anything the matter? Has madam been taken ill?" cried he to the nearest to him, which happened to be Ann Canham.

"There has been an accident, sir," answered Ann Canham, with a meek courtesy. "Mr. Christopher was driving out madam in the dog-cart, and they were thrown out."

Mr. Chattaway got off his horse. "How did it happen?" he exclaimed to his wife, an angry expression crossing his face. "Was it Cris's fault? I hate that random driving of his!"

"I am not hurt, James; only a little shaken," she replied, with deprecating gentleness. "Cris was not to blame. There was a razor grinder in the road, grinding knives, and it frightened the horse."

"Which horse was he driving?" hastily demanded Mr. Chattaway.

"A new one. One he bought from Atkins."

The reply did not please Mr. Chattaway. "I told Cris he should not buy that horse," he angrily said. "Is the dog-cart injured?"

It was apparent from the question that Mr. Chattaway had not passed the *débris* in the road. He must have come the other way, or perhaps across the common. Mrs. Chattaway did not dare to say that she believed the dog-cart was very extensively injured. "The shafts are broken," she said, "and something more."

"Where did it occur?" growled Mr. Chattaway.

"A little lower down the road. George Ryle came up soon after it happened, and I walked here with him. Cris went to the Hold to send the carriage, but I shall get home without it."

"It might have been worse, squire," interposed old Canham, who, as a dependant of Trevlyn Hold, felt compelled sometimes to give the "squire" his title to his face, though he rarely would, or did, behind his

back. "Nothing hardly happens to us, sir, in this world, but what's more eased to us than it might be."

Mr. Chattaway had stood with his horse's bridle over his arm. "Would you like to walk home with me, now?" he asked of his wife. "I can lead the horse."

"Thank you, James. I think I must rest here a little longer. I had but just got here when you came."

"I'll send for you," said Mr. Chattaway. "Or come back myself when I have left the horse at home. Mr. Cris will hear more than he likes from me about this business."

"Such a untoward thing has never happened to Mr. Cris afore, sir," observed Mark Canham. "There's never a surer nor better driver than him for miles round. The young heir, now, he's different: a bit timid, I fancy, and —"

"Who?" burst forth Mr. Chattaway, taking his foot from the stirrup, for he was about to mount, and hurling down daggers, if looks could hurl them, at Mark Canham. "The young heir! To whom do you dare apply that title?"

Had the old man purposely launched a sly shaft at the master of Trevlyn Hold, or had he spoken only in misadventence? He hastened to repair the damage, as he best could.

"Squire, I be growing old now—more by sickness, though, than by age—and things and people gets moithered together in my mind. In the by-gone days, it was a Rupert Trevlyn that was the heir, and I can't at all times call to mind that this Rupert Trevlyn is not so: the name is the same, you see. What has set me to speak such a stupid mistake this afternoon I can't tell, unless it was the gentleman's words that was here but an hour ago. He kept calling Master Rupert the heir; and he wouldn't call him nothing else."

Mr. Chattaway's face grew darker. "What gentleman was that, pray?"

"I never see him afore in my life, sir," returned old Canham. "He was a stranger to the place, asking all manner of questions about it. He called Master Rupert the heir, and I stopped him, saying he made a mistake, for Master Rupert was not the heir. And he answered I was right so far, that Master Rupert, instead of being the heir of Trevlyn Hold, was its master. I couldn't help staring at him when he said it."

Chattaway felt as if his blood was curdling. Was this the first act in the great drama of dread which had been so long upon him? "Where did he come from? What sort of a man was he?" he mechanically asked, all symptoms of anger having died away in his sudden fear.

Old Canham shook his head. "I don't know nothing about where he's from, sir. He came strolling inside the gates, as folks strange to a place will do, looking about 'em just for curiosity's sake. He saw me a sitting at the open winder, and he asked what place this was and I told him it was Trevlyn Hold. He said he thought so, that he had been walking about looking out for Trevlyn Hold: and he leaned his arm upon the winder sill, and put nigh upon a hundred questions to me."

"What were the questions?" eagerly rejoined Mr. Chattaway.

"I should be puzzled to tell you the half of 'em, sir, but they all bore upon Trevlyn Hold. About the squire's death and the will and the succession; about everything, in short. At last I told him that I didn't know many particulars myself, and he'd better go to you or to Miss Diana."

Mrs. Chattaway stole a glance at her husband. Her face was paler than the accident had made it; with a more terrified paleness. The impression clinging to her mind, and of which she had spoken to her husband the previous night—that Rupert Trevlyn was on the eve of being restored to his rights—seemed terribly strong upon her now.

"He was a tall, thin, strange-looking man, with a foreign look about him, and a red umberellar. A long white beard he'd got, sir, like a goat, and a odd hat made of cloth or crape, or some mourning stuff. His tongue wasn't quite like a English tongue, either. I shouldn't wonder but he was a lawyer, squire: nobody else wouldn't surely think of such a string of questions —"

"Did he—did he put the questions as an official person might put them?" rapidly interrupted Mr. Chattaway.

Old Canham hesitated; at a loss what precise reply to give. "He put 'em as though he wanted answers to 'em," returned he at length. "He said a word or two, sir, that made me think he'd been intimate once with the young squire, Mr. Joe, and he asked whether his boy or his girl had grewed up most like him. He wondered, he said, whether he should know either of 'em by the likeness, when he came to meet 'em, as he should do to-day or to-morrow."

"And what more?" gasped Mr. Chattaway.

"There was nothing more, sir, in particular. He took his elbow off the winder sill, and he went through the gates again and down the road. It seemed to me as if he had come into the neighbourhood for some special purpose connected with them questions."

It seemed to do to somebody else also. When the master of Trevlyn Hold mounted his horse and rode him slowly through the avenue towards home, a lively fear, near and horrible, had replaced that vague dread which had so long lain latent in his heart.

(To be continued.)

The Religious World.

OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

WE are happy to learn that increased efforts are being made for the better observance of the Lord's day; for we regard the perversion of the Sabbath day as a reflection upon the wisdom and benevolence of Him by whom this day of sacred rest was ordained. When men devote the day to the pursuit of profit, of pleasure, of health, or of comfort, the act seems to imply that God has instituted certain plans for man's welfare which are so inadequate to the object to be attained that man is compelled to take his own cause in hand and to legislate for himself, and from a necessary regard to his own comfort he is constrained to secularise the day which God's plan would keep holy. Thus men, by a

desecration of the Sabbath, set themselves in opposition to their Maker, and the result is that, while objecting to God's wisdom, they display the defects of their own. They show it by regarding themselves in too limited a point of view; for no plan can promote the real welfare of man that does not regard him in a threefold character—in other words, as composed of body, soul, and spirit. Therefore he is not a true philanthropist, he is not a true friend to his fellow-creatures, who does not to the utmost of his influence promote the sanctity of the Lord's day, and thus place men in the position in which they may realise the benefits to be derived from that Divine plan which affords a Sabbath for the body, a Sabbath for the mind, and a Sabbath for the soul—a plan which embraces the whole and not a part only of man's interests, which extends to all his capabilities of enjoyment, which regards him both as mortal and as immortal, and thus draws aside the veil that separates the present from the future, and plans for man's welfare in reference to both worlds. Alas! how unwisely, nay, impiously, is this lost sight of, when men reject the wisdom of God and follow their own counsels. A body worn out, a mind exhausted, and a soul neglected, are the penalties that follow, and in place of length of days the Sabbath desecrator bears about him the tokens of premature decay. We were led to these remarks by a little tract recently issued, and entitled, "The People's Day," and which forcibly bears upon the efforts now employed to promote a wiser observance of the Lord's day. To show the bondage to which men are subject who disregard the Sabbath, the writer points to our Continental neighbours; and when speaking of Paris, he shows that in that great city, among the claimants for the Lord's day, the claims of the true owner of the day are fearfully disregarded, and man is the sufferer. He says, "The moment you leave the Place de la Concorde, you find, in the Rue Royale, shopmen and shopwomen behind the counter: it is the *employer's* day. In the first bank you reach on the Boulevards the clerks are at the desk: it is the *banker's* day. In the Faubourgs, the mechanics are busy: it is the *manufacturer's* day. The Post-office is full of working men: it is the *merchant's* day. The Rue Rivoli rings with the mason's hammer: it is the *contractor's* day. In the Rue Montmartre, Emile de Girardin is at his desk, and his fellow editors and reporters, his printers, are all busy: it is the *subscriber's* day. Turn where you will, every man is in his employer's power just as on the other days; the charter of freedom is in no hand, the joy of freedom at no fireside. In the shops of the Palais Royal are hearts which would love a rest as dearly as those of Regent-street; but, to quote the words of Mr. Kinnaird, "the hand of rapacity" is over them. The working men of Paris are no more enamoured of labour than those of Westminster or of Spitalfields, but "the hand of rapacity" is over them. Nor does the evil press on the humbler workers only. Each man in turn has his employer; the merchant, the banker, the legislator, does not escape the burden which he compels his inferiors to endure—the curse he imposes upon others comes back upon himself. Thus while God is dishonoured, man by his own act is subject

to a burden too heavy to be borne; and men left to their own wisdom regard the things which pertain to pleasure or to profit, by casting aside sanitary, mental, and spiritual advantages. As man is destined for two worlds, true wisdom teaches us that there should be no plan of spending a Sabbath day that does not have reference to both worlds; consequently, man who seeks his real happiness must give up his own wisdom, and, in looking up to God, be ready to say, "Not my will, but thine be done," and will be constrained to follow the command of Him who has appointed "a Sabbath for the body, a Sabbath for the mind, and a Sabbath for the soul." If this be a correct view of man's varied interests, and of the duty which he owes both to God and to himself, then we arrive at the conclusion that a Sabbath day is not wisely, nor prudently, nor piously spent which has no regard to man's threefold wants. Those persons, therefore, who are endeavouring to introduce into this country a Continental Sunday to replace the Lord's day, whatever may be their professions, are not the friends of the labourer.

AN opinion prevails among those who are likely to be well informed that sentence will be passed in the course of a few days upon the Spanish prisoners. Notwithstanding the direful sentence that awaits him, we are told that Matamoros still retains his composure, and writes to his friends with cheerfulness. In one of his letters he speaks of himself in a truly Christian spirit, and says, "I wait with the utmost tranquillity the issue of my cause. It is not my liberty, it is not my health, nor the galleys which trouble me. Oh, no! the cause of my Christian anxiety is how the interest of the holy cause of the Gospel may be promoted, and the greatest honour and glory resound to the holy name of Jesus. My strength is weak, my power less than nothing, and worth nothing. Whatever I may do is no work of mine. No; it is God who grants me strength in Jesus—in Jesus who is my life; and even death for his name's sake is true gain. Let the Divine will of our heavenly Father be done. To fulfil it faithfully is all my desire."

Temperance Department.

THE PERILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

PITTACUS, one of the seven wise men of antiquity, said that every fault committed by a drunken man, when intoxicated, deserved double punishment. "A drunkard," says our great lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, "hath no privilege thereby; but what hurt or ill soever he doth, his drunkenness doth aggravate it." This foul blot, intemperance, has sullied full many a bright and spotless page in the history of nations and of men. Alexander the Great, victor and conqueror as he was, died from drinking to excess. Wilson, the eminent painter, in whose landscapes Nature lived again, fell a victim to this terrible bane. Prematurely old, the once hale, strong-minded artist withdrew to a retired spot in Wales, where he indulged his fatal propensity in comparative solitude. Here he was often to be seen—the shattered, shapeless wreck of man—lying by the wayside in helpless drunkenness, asport and gibe to the village children who passed

by. Butts, also an artist, who painted the wild scenes of Ireland in all their beauty, yielded up life itself to this inexorable passion. When his money was gone, and no means remained to satisfy the cravings of this self-excited appetite, he would produce an exquisite picture, and dispose of it for a guinea; or oftentimes carry it to the nearest whisky-shop, and sell it for five shillings, and wallow in a state of perpetual intemperance whilst a penny of it was yet unspent.

But perhaps there is no sadder tale of the fearful effects of yielding to intemperance than is told us in the history of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. Naturally pure and modest in his earliest youth, he was, unhappily, led away by the seductions of the court of Charles II., of which we have so painful an account. Clarendon, in his history of his own life, tells us that "the woful vice of drinking had spread itself very far" among the young and wealthy of the land. "It had," he goes on, "exceedingly weakened the parts and broken the understandings of many who had formerly competent judgments, and had been in all respects fit for any trust; and had prevented the growth of parts in many young men who had good affections, but had been so corrupted with that excess that, by their extravagant and scandalous debauches, they brought many calumnies and dis-estimation upon that cause which they pretended to advance." Amongst such as these the young Rochester fell. He was possessed of a brilliant wit, a frank, open spirit, and great ability. Properly directed, his talents might have rendered him a pillar of the state. But he "took no heed unto his ways;" he thought not of the warning voice, which told him that "evil communications corrupt good manners;" he drowned the voice of conscience in the bowl, and stilled the echoes of youthful piety in the noisy revel. But "the wages of sin is death." At the age of four-and-thirty, this gifted nobleman, on whom Fortune had showered, with lavish hand, her choicest gifts, sank into the grave, a worn-out, nerveless man.

The fierce flames of intemperance had burnt out the sap of the stately tree, and it lay withered on the ground, when life should have been yet young within it. Happily, some three or four years before his death—when the lamp was already burning low in the socket, the rich fund well-nigh exhausted—he became acquainted with the good Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who laid before him, in such vivid colours, the mournful picture of his past life and a just judgment to come, that the reckless sinner melted into tears, bewailed the misspent moments, intrusted to him by God, and sought forgiveness from the great King who tempers judgment with mercy. The once brilliant earl, whose jests had set "the table in a roar," and whose wit lit up the flagging hours of debauch, now lay a stranded wreck, ere yet he had left the coasts of life behind him. Oh, how the memory of those bygone days harassed his wearied soul! The brightest jewels in his coronet—nay, that coronet itself—would he have freely given for but one year's health and strength: one year to show the vain and giddy world how changed he was. His boyhood in Oxfordshire, his school days, and the old school at Barford, rose up with terrible distinctness before his fading vision; and the warm tear that rolled down his cheeks at the bright, fleeting image was a more acceptable offering to his Master on high than the liveliest sallies of his wit, or the loveliest creations of his fancy. It was now "too late" to

repair the evil he had wrought on earth. At an age when the hearts of men beat highest, and their hopes array themselves in gaudiest colours—when the frame is most firmly knit, and elastic vigour reigns throughout—the fiery poison of drink had done its work with Rochester, robbed him of the strength of manhood, cramped the supple joint, dulled the bright glance of the eye, and blasted the breath of life in his nostrils. That his repentance was sincere and met with God's mercy, we may hope; but his life on earth had been vile and vicious in the extreme. He confessed to Bishop Burnet that for five years he had been under the influence of wine! High station, great talents—all the advantages of fortune—did he give up for this degrading vice.

What a lesson does he not read us! He teaches us that drunkenness is a terrible surging ocean, to sport on whose shore is hazardous, to embark on whose bosom death. The fancied light that wine kindles around men is the beacon of the wrecker on some fatal headland; its merriment the voice of the decoy that lures to destruction. He teaches us to beware of evil company. He had smiled upon his mother's knee as he heard of the glories of heaven, and wept at the sad sufferings of Jesus. But he fell among bad companions. The thorns of wicked society choked the good seed of piety and virtue; the lurid glare of revelry dimmed the light of holiness; and the wine, sparkling in the goblet, drowned the lingering memory of early days and good resolves. This may be the case with all of us. By yielding to the seductions of wine and evil associates, we may drift, like the young Earl of Rochester, into an early grave, with our mission unperformed, our whole life a delusion. And we may not, like him, have time to repent; we may be cut off while the wine is yet red in the cup before us, and awake to find that neither revilers nor "drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God."

ADULTERATION.

ONE of the best modes to prevent intemperance is to point out the poisonous ingredients that are too often employed in adulterating beer.

It is absolutely frightful to contemplate the list of poisons and drugs with which malt liquors have been (as it is technically and descriptively called) doctored. Opium, henbane, cocculus indicus, and Bohemian rosemary, which is said to produce a quick and raving intoxication, supplied the place of alcohol; aloe, quassia, gentian, sweet scented flag, wormwood, horehound, and bitter oranges fulfilled the duties of hops; liquorice, treacle, and mucilage of flax seed, stood for attenuated malt sugar. Capsicum, ginger, and cinnamon, or rather cassia-buds, afforded to the exhausted drink the pungency of carbonic acid. Burnt flour, sugar, or treacle, communicated a peculiar taste, which porter drinkers generally fancy.

Preparations of fish, assisted in cases of obstinacy, with oil of vitriol, procured transparency. Besides these, the brewer had to supply himself with lime, potash, salt, and a variety of other substances, which are of no other use than in serving the office of more valuable materials, and defrauding the customer.

It is ordained that men of intemperate habits cannot be free—their passions forge their fetters.

ADDISON remarks that the person you converse with, after he has drank too much, is *not the same man who first sat down with you.*

JOHN SULLIVAN;

OR,

A SEARCH FOR "THE OLD RELIGION."

VII.—THE MODERN CREED.

ROGERS knew that he should be anxiously expected, and he was desirous to complete his argument before any interruption could take place, either from Father Jerome, or from any other quarter. But he felt that he had given Sullivan abundant matter for reflection, and he, therefore, postponed his visit until the close of the next day. He found Sullivan anxiously expecting him, with a countenance which betokened the weight which pressed upon his mind. The two friends soon interchanged their usual greetings and inquiries, and turned at once to the questions which had occupied them on the previous day. Sullivan confessed, and his looks confirmed the fact, that a great part of the night had been spent in agitated reasonings and prayers. Rogers gently inquired whether, "in the multitude of the thoughts within him," he had reached any clear view, or settled conclusion, as to any of the leading principles of the case?

"Well," replied Sullivan, after some thought, "there is certainly one important fact on which I can feel no doubt. I see that the five documents on which you rely are, indeed, a grand feature in the case—the first, and the fourth and fifth, because they do seem to have been generally received by the whole Church; and the second and third, because they were framed and adopted by all the bishops of four great councils. I see, too, that in these documents there is no reference to those questions which divide Catholics from Protestants,—such as the mass, purgatory, indulgences, and the veneration of the saints, and of the Blessed Virgin. So far, then, I must admit that you have the advantage of me. If these documents do accurately set forth the religion of the early Church, then that religion was more like Protestantism than I had supposed. But now tell me, what am I to do with the little book which Father Jerome gave me? Do you deem it a false representation? Do you question the fact that Ambrose, Jerome, Gregory, Hilary, Epiphanius, and the others, did really write the passages which are here ascribed to them? Or, if you admit that they probably wrote these passages, how do you reconcile that fact with the

omission of all such expressions from the Creeds and the *Te Deum*?"

"I find no difficulty in the case," said Rogers. "I have already called your attention to the fact that St. Peter, whom you deem the prince of the apostles, had predicted the rise of 'false teachers, who should bring in heresies.' St. Paul, also, writing to the Thessalonians and to Timothy, had three times given warning of a 'falling away.' Now, these apostles wrote by inspiration of God, and what they foretold actually came to pass. We perceive tokens of this falling away even as early as in the third century, but in the fourth and fifth they abound. Many of the writings of these times are full of superstitious thoughts and exaggerated language, of which we hear nothing in the earlier days of Christianity. I fully admit, therefore, that in these two centuries, and more strikingly in the times which followed them, new ideas and new practices came in. The martyrs, and the blessed mother of our Lord, began to be not venerated merely, but idolised. The Lord's Supper, the institution of which is so simply narrated in the Gospels, is now styled 'the tremendous and unbloody sacrifice;' and, by degrees, when the emperors quitted Rome, the bishops of Rome began to claim a kind of primacy. But the rise of all these errors can be traced. We can tell when each of them began to spread and prevail; and we can see also, that in the first and second centuries, no trace of their prevalence can be found in any existing document or writing. We admit, therefore, that incautious expressions, and language positively superstitious, may be found in the writings of the fathers of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. But we say that much of this language is merely the fervid exaggeration of Eastern orators, and that these notions, though rapidly spreading, were not yet received and adopted by the Church in general. I have, in some measure, proved this by the Creeds and the *Te Deum*. Assuredly, if the worship of the mother of our Lord—if the extraordinary veneration paid to the saints—if the sacrificial character of the mass, and the rest of what we call 'Romish doctrines,' had formed at that time parts of the accepted faith of the Church, they must have appeared in some of those documents. Is not this quite evident?"

"Well, I admit," said Sullivan, "that the view you take has some probability about it. But you allow, I think, that various saints and

learned fathers of the Church did hold those very doctrines to which you now object; and surely that is something."

"Yes, it is something; but how much?" said Rogers. "In every age of the Church Satan has his peculiar temptations. At one period he strives to bring men to believe too much; at others, he tempts them to believe too little. Scepticism, or a disposition to doubt and question everything, has been his temptation in modern times; but, in the earlier ages of the Church he chiefly tempted to superstition. Thus, in the third and fourth centuries men were prone to exaggerate the merit of fasting and of celibacy; to venerate excessively the memory of saints and martyrs; and to raise the mother of our Lord to the rank of a Divinity. I admit all this; but then I point out to you that we can trace the rise of these notions, and that they sprang up long after the apostolic days. I remark, too, that they did not, even for long centuries after their rise, become any part of the avowed faith of the Church, and that it was not until the sitting of the Council of Trent, fifteen hundred years after the time of our Lord, that we find them embodied in any formal Creed. And hence, as the object of our present inquiry is to find out 'the Old Religion,' I may surely object to a system of belief, which, as compared with the old Creeds of the Church, is clearly a modern invention."

"Of what system, what creed," said Sullivan, "are you speaking?"

"I am speaking," said Rogers, "of your Creed—the Creed of the Church of Rome. Surely you are aware that this Creed, which is the distinctive symbol of the Romish Church—the Creed of Pope Pius IV.—never saw the light until the Council of Trent had finished its sittings, which was not quite three hundred years ago."

"You rather startle me," said Sullivan; "and yet I think I remember having seen some allusion to that circumstance some time ago. But still, if the main doctrines of that Creed were believed and taught in the Church for many centuries before Pope Pius's day, what does it matter if he was the first to throw them into the form of a Creed?"

"It matters a great deal," said Rogers. "Recollect, the Creed of a Church is its banner, its oath. When a man desires to join a Church, he is sworn, or professed, not to certain opinions

which are floating about, but to a well-considered Creed, or profession of faith, authoritatively set forth. Now, up to the time of our Queen Elizabeth, the Creed which the Church of Rome, and all the Churches throughout Christendom, tendered to any one who desired to become a member, was the Nicene Creed. Any man who could cordially declare his belief in that Creed, had a right to claim admission to the Sacraments of the Church. Now, look at that Creed—you will find it in your Prayer-Book or Catechism—and you will observe that it contains twelve articles:—

1. A belief in God the Father.
2. In the Lord Jesus Christ.
3. In his Godhead.
4. In his Incarnation.
5. In his crucifixion, death, and burial.
6. In his resurrection and ascension.
7. In his second coming to judge the world.
8. In the Holy Ghost.
9. In the Catholic Church.
10. In one baptism for the remission of sins.
11. In the resurrection of the dead.
12. In the life of the world to come.

This was the Creed which was settled, after many consultations, in the fourth century, and which had remained untouched for almost twelve hundred years; this was the Creed—the ancient Creed—which the Council of Trent, consisting chiefly of some Spanish and Italian bishops, resolved to alter and enlarge. And in the year 1564—only two hundred and ninety-eight years ago—Pope Pius IV., acting upon the desire of the Trent Council, framed and promulgated a new Creed, never previously heard of in the Church, and which demanded of every person desiring to belong to the Church a belief in—

1. The traditions of the Church.
2. The right of the Church to interpret the Bible.
3. Seven Sacraments.
4. The decisions of the Council of Trent on original sin and justification.
5. The Mass as a propitiatory sacrifice, and transubstantiation.
6. Communion in one kind.
7. Purgatory.
8. Invocation of the saints.
9. Veneration of the saints and of the Virgin, and of their images.
10. Indulgences.
11. Supremacy of the Roman See.
12. All the decisions of the Councils.

Now, there were various opinions held in different parts of the Church on most of these subjects. Different degrees of liberty had existed

with respect to them; but no one, until 1564, had been required to profess his absolute faith in all these things. This new Creed, then first framed and put forth, made all these notions, from that time, articles of faith. You cannot now be admitted to partake of the Lord's Supper in your Church, except you are understood to profess, sincerely, your adherence to the whole of this Creed. And I am ready to contend, if it were necessary, that these 190 bishops, taken from two or three of the many kingdoms of Europe, had no right to impose all these dogmas on the universal Church, and to make their belief essential to the admission to Christian communion. But the chief fact which I wish to impress upon your mind, with reference to our present discussion, is, that this Creed, or any Creed, invented in the sixteenth century, must be a modern one when compared with a Creed composed in the fourth; and that hence this single circumstance decides the question—*Which is 'the Old Religion'?* Those who cling to the old Creeds—those who are content with the faith which satisfied Augustine, Chrysostom, and Athanasius, must have more right to claim antiquity and apostolic descent than those whose peculiar symbol is not yet three hundred years old. And in this way I vindicate my assertion, that ours is the old faith. It is so, first, because it is the faith taught by the Lord Jesus and his Apostles, as we find it in the New Testament; and it is so, again, because it is in harmony with all those ancient documents of the early Church, the Creeds and the *Te Deum*, which have come down to us as conveying the belief of all Christians in the first six centuries."

"Well," said Sullivan, after a pause, "I see that there is much to be said for your view of the case. But I am hardly a match for you in these discussions, having never read or heard much on these subjects. Till you called upon me, I had not the least doubt that the superior antiquity of our Church was a fact beyond all question. You have given me much to think upon, and I will not shrink from the consideration of it. Besides which, I must, in fairness, state your arguments to Father Jerome, and ask him for a refutation of them. I expect that he will call upon me before the end of the week."

"I will bid you farewell, then, for the present," said Rogers. "I suppose that you have a copy of Pope Pius's Creed by you, in some of your books; if not, I will leave mine with you,

for you cannot well understand the subject except you have all the documents before you. Here it is:—

1. I most firmly admit and embrace Apostolical and Ecclesiastical Traditions, and all other constitutions and observances of the Church.

2. I admit the Sacred Scriptures, according to the sense which the Holy Mother Church has held, and does hold them; to whom it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of Holy Scripture; nor will I ever take or interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers.

3. I profess also, that there are truly and properly seven sacraments of the new law, instituted by Jesus Christ our Lord, and for the salvation of mankind, though all are not necessary for every one—i.e., baptism, confirmation, eucharist, penance, extreme unction, orders, and matrimony; and that they confer grace; and of these baptism, confirmation, and orders cannot be reiterated without sacrilege.

4. I also receive and admit the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, received and approved in the solemn administration of all the above said sacraments.

5. I receive and embrace all and every one of the things which have been declared and defined in the holy Council of Trent, concerning original sin and justification.

6. I profess, likewise, that in the Mass is offered to God a true, proper, and propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead; and that in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist there is truly, really, and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood, which conversion the Catholic Church calls transubstantiation.

7. I confess, also, that under either kind alone, whole and entire Christ and a true Sacrament is received.

8. I constantly hold that there is a purgatory, and that the souls detained therein are helped by the suffrages of the faithful.

9. Likewise, that the saints reigning together with Christ are to be honoured and invoked, that they offer prayers to God for us, and that their relics are to be venerated.

10. I most firmly assert that the images of Christ and of the Mother of God, ever-virgin, and also of the other saints, are to be had and retained, and that due honour and veneration are to be given to them.

11. I also affirm that the power of indulgences was left by Christ to the Church, and that the use of them is most wholesome to Christian people.

12. I acknowledge the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church, the mother and mistress of all Churches; and I promise and swear true obedience to the Roman Bishop, the successor of St. Peter, prince of the apostles, and vicar of Jesus Christ. I also receive all things declared and defined by the Council of Trent, and I reject and anathematise all things contrary thereto

(To be continued in our next.)

DR. MORRISON.

REV. ROBERT MORRISON, the distinguished missionary to China, was the first to preach the Protestant doctrines in that country. He was the son of humble parents, but received a fair elementary education at a school kept by his uncle at Newcastle. Between the years 1799 and 1801, he studied Hebrew, Latin, and theology, with the assistance of a Presbyterian minister of the town. The same gentleman, in 1803, furnished him with an introduction to the committee of the Independent Theological Academy in London, and he was accordingly received into their institution. In the following year he offered his services to the London Missionary Society, which being accepted, he removed to the college of that body at Gosport. At the beginning of 1807, after having studied Chinese, he set sail for China, and in the same year arrived at Canton. During twenty-five years he remained in China, engaged in translating and disseminating the Holy Scriptures. He translated the whole of the Bible after eight years of unremitting labour. In this task he was assisted by Dr. Milne. In 1824 he visited England, and presented to George IV. a copy of the Scriptures in Chinese. Two years afterwards, he returned to the field of his labours, and continued his noble exertions until his death. Dr. Milne, his fellow-worker, wrote of Dr. Morrison, that "his talents were rather of the solid than the showy kind, fitted more for continued labour than to astonish by sudden bursts of genius, where one false step at the beginning might have delayed the work for ages." Dr. Morrison and his coadjutors printed and circulated, between the years 1810 and 1836, upwards of 750,000 copies of works in the Chinese character. In this number were included 2,075 complete Bibles, 9,970 New Testaments, and 31,000 shorter portions of the Scriptures. He was born at Morpeth, Northumberland, 1782, and died at Canton, 1834.

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE AND OF GRACE.

THE mysterious dispensations of our heavenly Father towards his children may be thus viewed:—

I see a man of great intelligence and skill take a great number of stones, and I ask him, "What are you going to do with those stones?" The answer given to me is, "Wait and see." I then behold him making a furnace as hot as ever Nebuchadnezzar's was, both under the stones and above them, and I ask, "What is that for?" The answer, as before, is, "Wait and see." By-and-by I see a caldron filled with liquid extracted from these stones, and I ask, "What in all the world have you got here?" The same answer is made me again. In my cogitations, I am almost ready to impute folly to him, for taking so much pains about nothing at all.

But on being again admitted to his presence, I see

him put into the caldron a tube, and take a little of the melted product out of it and blow it, and then I see him put that little brown portion into a furnace, made on purpose for it, and blow it again, and repeat that process five or six times afterwards, and then transform this little portion of melted stuff to a vast globe; and then I see him whirl that globe round with such velocity as was calculated, in my judgment, to scatter it in ten thousand pieces far and wide; but, behold, he only brings this globe into a flat surface, and then, with a gentle stroke, he separates it from the tube, and leaves it to become cool gradually. And at last I see my own church adorned with it, and all my audience protected from weather, and the service of God advanced, and God glorified: and beholding all this, I say that man knew what he was about from the beginning, and his final object was in his mind all the time: and I will neither doubt his wisdom in future nor be impatient to unravel all his counsels, but expect assuredly that, whether I understand the process or not, I shall, in a very short time, not only approve, but admire every one of his proceedings; and then, as the improvement of it all, I say, "If man's ways be so wise, what must God's be?"

FAULTS.

WHAT are another's faults to me!

I've not a vulture's bill

To peck at every flaw I see,

And make it wider still.

It is enough for me to know

I've follies of my own,

And on my heart the care bestow,

And let my friends alone.

MY ADVERTISEMENT FOR A GOVERNESS.

How and where to find a market for female labour is one of the problems of the day—a market for the skill, industry, and integrity of the unmarried but dependent women of England: a problem most difficult of solution, but which, while unsolved, works untold agony of heart to many, and has its issues, not only in misery, but in sin.

It need not be said that a well-assorted marriage is the natural culminating point of a woman's training and life. By her own fire-side, with her own husband and children around her, the centre of her little circle, bearing cheerfully the responsibilities and burdens which such a state brings with it, lightening her husband's cares, living her life over again, in the interest she takes in the well-being, the training, the advancement of her children, behold woman in her true position!

But, from one circumstance or another, a considerable number, in the middle class especially, never reach this culminating point. Society has become very artificial: our requirements are daily increasing; one class trends upon the heels of another; professions

are over-stocked; employment is difficult to be had. Each of these reasons contributes its share to swell the number of unmarried women.

I do not advocate too early or imprudent marriages; but persons seem to consider now that young people must begin life on the same income with which their parents close it; and that the establishment of the newly-married couple must be on a par with that which the young girl leaves. Above all, the opinion of Brown, Jones, and Robinson must be considered. What would they say? And so it is that young married people, instead of being willing to begin life with a plain and simple establishment, and to work upwards, helping one another, and by their very efforts becoming more endeared to each other, must ape the ways of those who have larger incomes, and in doing so, either painfully straiten themselves, and make the question of ways and means a constant burden, or involve themselves hopelessly in debt. This foolish vieing with others begins on the wedding day. Miss Jones had six bridesmaids; Miss Brown, who is about to marry a clerk with £200 a-year, must have at least as many, or, better still, eight. The wedding cake, wedding breakfast, wedding carriages, and wedding trip, together amount to a sum which would have kept the young couple for half a-year, or paid the insurance on Brown's life for three years.

I protest that when I married, my wife's maid lifted up her hands in horror at the small price of the wedding cake. Her sister, who married a porter, had a cake which cost more. We had *one* bridesmaid; quite enough to hold the gloves, carry the bouquet, offer smelling salts, or perform any other act of kindness which might be necessary. But my wife did not faint, and never intended to do so. Then we had the plainest possible wedding breakfast; but ten pounds were sent to the clergyman for the poor of the parish.

"But what," cries some reader, "did the Jones's say?"

Anxious reader, we did not care what the worthy people in question might say.

Of course, other causes come in. Some meet with many who would be husbands, but never with one who realises the dream of their youth, and from that they cannot come down; and over the affections of others a blight has fallen, from which they never wholly recover.

But from whatever causes it may arise, the fact exists, that a considerable number of women remain unmarried, and of those who do so remain, the larger proportion must be dependent upon their friends, or on their own exertions.

How many a brave-hearted woman has said, and is saying to herself, "Would that I were a man!" And through what sharp trials have many such passed, that they might support an aged mother, or compass the education of a brother, or provide delicacies for a sick sister, or, finally, keep themselves on this side

starvation! Much honour to them. I knew two such—highly bred women, of an old and honoured family. In their county they were looked up to and respected. The extravagance of a father and brother had brought them to poverty. The death of the father revealed their position. They determined to go to London, and earn a livelihood, taking their mother with them. This resolution was opposed by all their family. Such a thing had never been known among them. Their relations would support them on the old estate. But they refused to eat the bread of dependence, and determined to work for themselves. Each obtained a situation, and each had to encounter difficulties and submit to humiliations which a few years before would have seemed intolerable; but they bore up well, and, in time, worked their way into smoother water. Much honour to them. But many are not so fortunate as my friends were. They were really well-educated and accomplished. They had, too, a north-country vigour of mind and determination which ensured their success.

Much honour, I must say, to such true women as Miss Emily Faithfull and others who are devoting themselves to the solving of this problem, by opening other outlets for female industry, over and above those *two* over-stocked ones—the work of the governess and the seamstress. Printing, watch-making, law-copying, these are well, and relieve the ranks of the seamstresses; but what shall be devised for the multitude who think that they can teach? Many an imperfectly educated girl, after wasting some of her best years, finds herself suddenly dependent upon her own exertions. To be a governess is the first thought of all such. The consequence is, that the books of agents are full, and they drive a thriving trade; and any advertisement for a governess is answered by scores. I say this advisedly. I lately had occasion to advertise for a nursery governess. I bid the news-agent send me the answers by *post*. In a few days he wrote, saying that the letters were so many that he must send them by *rail*. The first packet came—108 letters. Here they are in a drawer by my side. In a few days after, another packet. In all, 135 letters. What histories some of them could tell! In what anxiety were many of them written! Letters in all different hands; and from what different places! North, south, east, and west; England, Scotland, Wales; each sent their contributions; letters from ladies, and from those who evidently were not ladies; letters well-expressed and ill-expressed; some properly spelt, but far too many ill-spelt. How is it that persons desiring to educate others do not take pains with themselves in this respect? Nothing so soon stamps a person as imperfectly educated as bad spelling. It only requires a little care for a little time, and the difficulty would be overcome. Of the letters which reached me, nearly half were badly spelt. Those were, of course, put aside immediately. Let those who may be seeking similar situations re-

member that. One young person professed to teach French "grammatically." It was, I think, pardonable in me to doubt it, when she did not know her own language orthographically.

But though some of the letters raised a smile, it was a sad budget, and one which few men could contemplate or read over without a sigh. It brought before one so vividly the dependence of a large class of persons, the glut in the education market, and the few outlets that there were for female enterprise, since so much of it was poured into this channiel.

Sad letters some of them were. A sad letter that from a young widow, whose two children had been taken by the relatives of her husband. What a breaking up of home! What a severing of ties! What a vanishing of the bright dreams of youth! The husband taken away by death, the children taken away by poverty. She would have called my children by the names of her own; she would have been welcome. I should have found her sobbing over little flaxen locks of hair, daintily tied with blue silk. I should have feared to caress my children before her, lest I should call up the sense of want in her heart.

Several widows wrote. In what pleading terms one wrote, who was well born and connected, but had suffered sad reverses of fortune. How she offered "valuable services heartily rendered." She was, too, without friends in this country. My mind inclined to her. I should have engaged her; but the better judgment of my wife showed that there were others who were likely to suit us better. I felt inclined to engage about a quarter of them.

What was the history, I wonder, of that "married lady," who anxiously sought the situation for herself? It was a sad one, no doubt. Did poverty compel those to separate whom no man must put asunder? or was there something still more bitter, which made longer companionship intolerable, and caused her to prefer the doubtful and precarious kindness of strangers to the desecrated home?

I was much surprised to notice the high terms in which some persons could write of themselves. One lady described herself as very clever, exceedingly thoughtful and trustworthy, and "to a lady with a family of young children, almost invaluable." Yet this clever lady wished to enter a "family of firm Christian principals."

Many young ladies professed to teach "rudimentary French and music." I was naturally "ware" of them. It was strange how many made mistakes in such words as "independent," writing always "independant."

Others seemed sadly afraid of claiming any personality for themselves. They managed, by a curious device, to get through their letter without the use of the personal pronoun. Now, the too frequent use of that conscious part of speech is certainly objectionable; but for a person to apply for a situation without using it once, is still more so. One turns away at once from a letter which begins—"Having seen your

advertisement in the Times, beg to offer myself to your notice. Am 28 years of age. Should require £— as salary. Can have excellent testimonials." "My dear friend," I would say, "do not be ashamed of your individuality. You are a person, and cannot help being such. Do not try to prove yourself a nonentity. In any case, have regard to English grammar. Active as the verb is, yet it limps sadly if deprived of its nominative case, which, as you write for yourself, and in the first person, must be plain, out-spoken 'I.'"

I hope that some of those who are seeking to be the educators of others, will take a hint from the remarks I have made, and from what I am now going to say.

Others who advertise will scan the answers much as I have done. They will not choose as the teacher of their children a person who writes a slovenly letter, or who spells badly, or who does not seem a mistress of her own language. They will avoid those who use peculiar or ungrammatical expressions, or who speak too confidently about themselves. They will not, either, pay much attention to copied testimonials. Let those who answer advertisements for situations write their letters carefully, shortly, and well. Let them avoid pink, and yellow, and green paper. Let them only profess to teach those things which they have mastered. Don't let them talk of "thorough English," (what is that?), while they blunder in grammar and spelling. A knowledge of English is a much rarer accomplishment than some persons imagine.

Above all, let those who seek to be teachers of others carefully educate themselves. The office of teacher is a noble one; quiet and humble, indeed, and not much thought of, but having great results, such results as shall amply repay the painstaking and conscientious teacher.

Again, I say, educate yourself thoroughly. Be mistress of what you profess to teach. Especially, master your own language. A good education does not so much consist in the amount learned, as in the manner in which it is learned.

When you have chosen your work, give yourself to it. Don't look upon it as something which must be done because more congenial work does not offer. Don't do it slightly or superficially, but do it with your whole heart. Try to take an interest in the children committed to your care. Try to shape them and train them to the best of your power; and soon, however uncongenial the work may have been at first, it will assume a new appearance. You will find yourself taking a strange interest in it, of which you could not have believed yourself capable. You will find that, like other good work honestly and heartily done, it has the power of making you happy, more or less; of causing you to forget sorrows and trials which otherwise might press too heavily upon you. You will gain the love of the children (no small matter), and the regard and esteem of their parents; and, for

the future, instead of having to answer advertisements for a situation; when the children of one family are educated, your services will be eagerly sought by friends of the family, who have seen your worth, and who have waited to secure a similar training for their own children.

I must say a last word. Be real, be good, be honourable, be upright. While you try to educate your head, educate your heart also. What you are is of even more importance to the children than what you teach. For their sakes, therefore—for the sake of the stability of your work—above all, for your own sake—be excellent. The world will soon know it, and value it. Care not for seeming. Care to be what you ought to be. And if the world never find it out, the Great Master will see, and know, and reward it.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

THOUGH I'm but a little child,
And my heart with sin defiled,
Yet Thou bidst me come to Thee,
That I thy little lamb may be.

Though I'm sinning every day,
Wash me in thy blood I pray;
Saviour, set thy mark on me,
That I thy little lamb may be.

Carry me within thine arm,
Sheltered there from every harm,
Teach me evil ways to flee,
That I thy little lamb may be.

When Thou liv'st on earth a child,
Thou wast gentle, meek, and mild;
Help me now to copy Thee,
That I thy little lamb may be.

RIGHT VIEWS OF SELF.

Whom mercy and pardon of sin does not melt into thankfulness and praise, it commonly hardens. They to whom much is forgiven, will indeed love much; but they must first have been sensible how much their guilt was before they can feelingly know the greatness of the mercy. Humility will show us the one, and faith will show the other; both these must go together, otherwise, we shall never be thankful. In a word, he cannot be thankful to God who is not truly penitent.

A VISIT TO HAWORTH.

The year 1863 is the centenary of the death of that apostolic man, the Rev. William Grimshaw, and the writer hopes that the following record of a visit recently paid to the wild and romantic district which was for so many years the scene of his extraordinary labours in the service of his Lord and Master, will not be unacceptable to the readers of "THE QUIVER."

The Rev. John Newton observes, in his biography of Mr. Grimshaw, that Haworth "is one of those obscure places, which, like the fishing towns in Galilee

favoured with our Lord's presence, owe all their celebrity to the Gospel. The name of Haworth," he adds, "would scarcely be known at a distance, were it not connected with the name of Grimshaw." This was quite true in the days of Mr. Newton and the generation which has come and gone since that time-honoured man was called to his rest. But in our age the locality has obtained a remarkable distinction of another character. The gifted Charlotte Brontë was a daughter of the late incumbent of Haworth, and since her death the lively pen of her fair biographer has linked her residence with the notoriety of her name; and of late years the village has been frequented during the summer season by visitors from all parts of the country.

Nevertheless, the great distinction of Haworth in the estimation of all whose hearts beat in unison with that of the blessed Redeemer in his love to the souls of men, is still the same as when the venerable rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, gave to the Christian world his interesting record of the life of his departed friend. "He that winneth souls is wise," wise in the best and highest sense of the word, and "they that be 'thus' wise, shall shine as the sun in the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." And when, on approaching the village of Haworth, the writer caught his first glimpse of its grey church tower, the emotions which that sight awoke in his mind were associated with him whose voice was wont to be raised within its walls in words of living power, and who, for the space of twenty years went in and out among the people as "a burning and a shining light."

Haworth is a village set on a hill. It is nine miles west from Bradford, the same distance north from Halifax. The district surrounding Haworth is, in its wild grandeur, only surpassed by those portions of our country which furnish the mountain peaks with whose names we became familiar in our school-boy days.

It is in localities such as this that the winds and storms have their most frequent and their longest abode. What would be talked about as an uncommonly strong wind in less exposed situations, is on these bare hill-sides a thing of course. The storms here are of the most formidable character. The use of an umbrella as a protection is altogether out of the question. The traveller must draw in the friendly awning, and, bending himself before the fierce wind, must plough his way through the beating rain or driving sleet.

Such is the character of the country forming the scene of the zealous Grimshaw's unremitting exertions in spreading the knowledge of the Gospel. "He often cheerfully walked miles in the winter, in storms of wind, rain, or snow, upon lonely unsheltered moors, to preach to a small company of poor, aged, and decrepit people in a cottage. In the course of time he established two circuits, which, with some occa-

sional variations, he usually traced every week alternately. One of these he pleasantly called his idle week, because he seldom preached more than twelve or fourteen times. His sermons in his working, or busy week, often exceeded the number of twenty-four, and sometimes amounted to thirty. The severest weather caused no alteration in his plan. He was sure to be where, and at the time, he was expected. He has been known to walk several miles in night in storms of snow, when few people would venture out of their doors, to visit a sick person." May we not add, in the words of the prophet Isaiah, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!"

Nor were such labours in vain in the Lord. "The last time I was with him," says Mr. Newton, "as we were standing together on a hill near Haworth, and surveying the romantic prospect around us, he expressed himself to the following purport: 'When I first came into this country, if I had gone half-a-day's journey on horseback towards the east, west, north, and south; I should not have met with or heard of one truly serious person; and now, through the blessing of God upon the poor services of the most unworthy of his ministers, besides a considerable number whom I have seen or known to have departed this life like Simeon, rejoicing in the Lord, and besides five dissenting churches or congregations, of which the ministers, and nearly every one of the members were first awakened under my ministry, I have still at my sacraments, according to the weather, from three hundred to five hundred communicants, of the far greater part of whom, so far as man, who cannot see the heart, may judge, I can give almost as particular an account as I can of myself.'"

The church is a plain structure, but there are few buildings in our land which present such memorials of the zeal and devotedness of one whose labours reach beyond the middle of the last century, as Haworth church presents of the zeal and devotedness of William Grimshaw. It was enlarged to its present size to afford accommodation to the numbers who flocked to his ministry, and the cost was entirely defrayed by voluntary contributions raised by his own exertions. It is galleried on three sides, and affords seat room for about a thousand worshippers. When crowded it has held, according to estimation, two or three hundred more.

Entering by the north door, the first object which attracted the writer's notice was a plain stone font, with the inscription on the side—"W. GRIMSHAW, A.B., Minister, 1742." This was the year in which he entered upon his ministry at Haworth.

In the churchyard adjoining, Whitfield and the two Weseleys, on their visits to Haworth, were wont to address the assembled thousands, while the church was filled with communicants alone. It is covered with gravestones, and has of late years been enlarged by the addition of another piece of ground. A stone

near the south wall of the church gives the names of four persons whose united ages amount to 355 years, the oldest dying in his ninety-sixth year. Mr. Grimshaw's clerk, Jonathan Whitehead, died about the same time as Mr. Grimshaw, and lies interred in the churchyard. Had he survived, he would doubtless have been enabled to furnish Mr. Newton with many authentic facts as materials for his biography, which are now lost to the world.

Opposite the west end of the church is the parsonage. It has no connection with Mr. Grimshaw, having been erected since his day; but it is interesting to the visitor as being the house in which the Brontës lived and died.

The church is not the only sanctuary at Haworth associated with the name of Grimshaw. Leaving the church on the south side, and following a walled footpath between grass fields, we come, after a walk of about one-third of a mile, to the house which this holy man inhabited. It is a low building, and we should say was not a new house in his day. It has been divided, and it now lodges three families. A shed used for weaving, built immediately in front, has also detracted from the respectable appearance it would bear when it was known as the abode of the parish clergyman. There is a low porch before the front door, and immediately over the entrance hall is a little room that is pointed out as having been Mr. Grimshaw's study. The largest room is the kitchen, and it was here that Mr. Newton addressed a congregation from John i. 29, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." He says there were about one hundred and fifty persons present; but if the writer's impression from the appearance of the room is correct, Mr. Newton must have taken into his calculation hearers outside as well as inside. The situation of the house is on the side of a hill, at a point commanding an extensive landscape. There are some outbuildings on the north side, but whether the veritable hay-chamber into which the hospitable and self-denying Grimshaw was wont stealthily to retire for the night, when his house was filled with visitors, be still standing, cannot perhaps now be ascertained.

Like the seraphic Fletcher, whom, with greater robustness of temperament, he in some points greatly resembled, he caught the illness of which he died while visiting amongst his parishioners during a fever epidemic. From the first attack, he expected and welcomed the approach of death. One of his expressions was, "I am as happy as I can be to be alive, and as sure of glory as if I were in it." On the 7th of April, 1763, he took his departure from his labours on earth to his rest on high, realising in all its fulness the truth of those words which he so evidently loved to contemplate, "To die is gain." He was in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and, until his last fatal attack, we do not read of his being once interrupted in the course of his arduous duties by sickness.

His remains lie interred at Luddenden Church, in the large parish of Halifax, and near the vale of the Calder. Its distance from Haworth, over the hills and moors, is about seven miles. He had left directions that his funeral should be a plain one, and that his favourite text, "For me to live is Christ," &c., should be engraved on the plate of the coffin. From this text his dear friend the Rev. Henry Venn, the vicar of Huddersfield, preached to the multitude who had assembled on the mournful occasion in the churchyard, exhorting them to follow him whose loss they so deeply felt, as he had followed Christ. The next day, being the Sabbath, the sermon was repeated at Haworth, and the Rev. W. Romaine preached at St. Dunstan's in the West from the same text.

The name of Grimshaw is still, to the more serious, and especially the more elderly inhabitants of that district, as ointment poured forth. At the village of Addingham, seven miles to the north of Haworth, an aged widow showed to the writer a still older book, informing him that the mother of her late husband was accustomed to attend the ministry of Mr. Grimshaw at Haworth Church, and that she carried this book with her to read it in the fields during the interval between the services.

After the lapse of a century, how truly may it be said of the Rev. William Grimshaw, "He, being dead, yet speaketh!" The Lord grant that they who read and hear of him may follow his faith, considering the end of his conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Biblical Expositions.

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. M.—"And many spread their garments in the way: and others cut down branches off the trees, and strawed them in the way."—Mark xi. 8.

"We heard that the whole of the King of Persia's road to Kalast-Poushan, about three miles, was strewn with roses, and watered; both of which are modes of doing honour to persons of distinction; and at very frequent intervals, glass vases, filled with sugar, were broken under his horses' feet. The treading upon sugar is symbolical in their estimation of prosperity, the scattering of flowers was a ceremony performed in honour of Alexander on his entry into Babylon, and has, perhaps, some affinity to the custom of cutting down branches of trees and strewing them in the way, as was practised on our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem."—Morier's *Second Visit to Persia*.

E. T.—"Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall."—Gen. xlix. 22.

The Persian vine-dressers do all in their power to make the vine run up the wall, and curl over on the other side, which they do by tying stunts to the extremity of the tendrils. The vine, particularly in Turkey and Greece, is also frequently made to entwine around a well, where in the heat of the day whole families collect

and sit under the shade. In these hot regions water is the one thing needed for the perfection of the vine.

EMILY.—"Was it not wrong of Joseph to employ a falsehood?"—Gen. xlii. 9.

The objection ought not to be confined to this passage alone, but applied to the entire treatment which Joseph adopted towards his brethren. Undoubtedly, all artifice is wrong, and the conduct of Joseph in this respect is not to be commended nor imitated. No Divine sanction of his conduct is given; nor is Joseph, nor any one of the patriarchs, represented as perfect. The similarity between their characters, and the usual conduct of men in like positions now, is a strong argument for the reality and truth of the Mosaic narratives.

S.—"What is meant by the 'preparation day'?"—John xix. 31.

The expression occurs in all four Gospels. The day following our Saviour's death was the first Sabbath after the Passover, and held in peculiar solemnity by the Jews. It was also the first Sabbath of the seven weeks of unleavened bread, and also the day for the presentation of the first-fruits of the corn. The previous evening was devoted to special anticipation of the services of this great day, and termed the Preparation.

W. J. B.—"I will sing and give praise, even with my glory." What does he mean by "my glory"?—Ps. cviii. 1.

The parallel passage in the Prayer-Book version is, "with the best member that I have." David simply means his tongue, as chiefly used in declaring God's glory. Compare Ps. xxx. 12—"To the end that my glory may sing praise unto thee;" and again, xvi. 9—"Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth."

J. B.—"That ye present your bodies a living sacrifice."—Rom. xii. 1.

The victim on the altar was an offering to God. We must devote our lives, bodily powers, senses, health, time, means, intellect, to the service of God; lay them as a continual sacrifice before him; regard them as his, not ours.

JOSEPH W.—"In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."—Rev. xxii. 2.

The glory of heaven is typified to us here under earthly figures. The "river of the water of life" is an emblem of perpetual existence, and of overflowing joy "proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." And in the midst of the street of the holy city through which this river flows, stands the "tree of life." The words, "on either side of it" may either mean that its branches overshadow both banks, or that there is not a single tree only, but many, growing on either side, to present their life-giving fruits to the happy citizens. This is an emblem of Christ, and all the blessings of his salvation, as communicated constantly to the redeemed, by his presence among them. The tree of earth bears but one fruit, once each year; but this tree bears many fruits, and every month; for the blessings of Christ are many and continuous. "And the leaves were for the healing of the nations"—implying that Christ is the Giver

of all good. There are twelve fruits, and the number is significant of the twelve tribes of Israel, restored once more as living branches of the "true Vine," glorious and living fruit of the "Stem of Jesse."

SLIGO.—*What is meant by "hidden manna," and the "white stone?"*—Rev. ii. 17.

The hidden manna is an allusion to the "pot of manna" preserved in the ark of the covenant (Exod. xvi. 33), where it was never seen but by the high priest. Jesus is the true manna—the bread which came down from heaven (see John vi.); but he is "hidden"—hidden from all but those to whom God reveals him by his Holy Spirit. "The natural man receiveth not the things of God . . . neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

The white stone is by some regarded as an allusion to a well-known practice of the ancients. In public trials, if the culprit was acquitted, a white pebble was given him; if condemned, a black. Christ will give the white stone of pardon, engraven with his own name as its pledge, to him "that overcometh."

Youths' Department.

THE WIDOW'S CHILD.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

ANNIE HART was the only child of her mother, and "she was a widow." A sad life the Widow Hart had led since that awful, never by her to be forgotten day, when the news had been brought to her that her husband, who was a slater, had missed his footing when mending the roof of a high house, and fallen lifeless on the pavement below. How every event of that day still lingered on her memory! How distinctly she recalled the kind and sympathising face of the minister who came to break the dreadful news to her! And how she would often again in fancy hear the muffled tread of those who, ere she had quite comprehended the extent of her misfortune, brought into her once happy home the shattered remains of him who had been its life and stay, and who had left her but two hours before in the full flush of manly health and vigour. Again she would think she heard that bitter wail of anguish wrung from her own broken heart, but which, in its fearful agony, sounded to her ear as if coming from some one else. One ray of light alone shone into the desolate widow's heart, when the thought of that dark and dreadful day oppressed her most sorely; it was the recollection of her husband's last words as he parted from her that morning. She had been talking over their money affairs with him, and expressing some anxiety as to how they should meet their rent which was about to fall due, and he had tried to inspire her with his own simple and earnest faith that the "Lord would provide;" but observing as he was going out, that his wife's brow was still clouded, he turned when crossing the threshold, and said with a pleasant voice—

"Cheer up, Nan; 'Be careful for nothing'—ye know the rest of the verse, lass. Mind, it's One that is wiser than you or me that says it; so set to the work you're so fond of, and mind what I say, 'Be careful for nothing.'"

The work to which he referred was the preparation of little clothes for her expected baby, which came

into the world that same sorrowful night, bringing more comfort to its poor desolate mother by its feeble cry than all the well-meant words of friends and neighbours, who had crowded round the widow in hearty sympathy, though with some sense of importance reflected on themselves in being able to tell to others what she had said, and what they had seen. It was thus that little Annie Hart was ushered into the world, and truly might the widow have said, like the Hebrew mother of old, "I bare her with sorrow," 1 Chron. iv. 9.

Little Annie was a very delicate child, and as she grew up to understanding she showed a thoughtfulness and anxiousness of disposition quite beyond her years, and which it was painful to see in one so young. She had none of the gay, hearty carelessness of childhood, but was at the same time so gentle and winning in her ways, that she was a universal favourite with young and old. Her little companions would speak less loudly, and play more gently when with her, for noise and bustle seemed to cause her positive pain; while their mothers would kindly stroke her soft, brown hair, and say—

"Come, Annie, don't look so down-hearted; you'll live to be your mother's comfort yet."

She was that already, though she did not know it; but she was also a source of much care and anxiety; and often, often did the widow try to comfort herself and encourage her child with those well remembered words, "Be careful for nothing." It was pitiful to see the little, anxious face raised from the lesson over which she had been poring, and to hear the sad, patient voice exclaim—

"Mother, I can never learn it!"

It was not that she was slow or stupid, far from it; but that she seemed to have been born with an anxious weight on her heart, which made everything appear to be a burden too heavy for her to bear. On one such occasion her mother said to her—

"I have often told you, Annie, of your dear father's last words to me, 'Be careful for nothing; but in everything with prayer and supplication make known your requests unto God.' Don't be over anxious, child; do your very best with your lessons, and your teacher will be satisfied, though they may not be so perfect as they should be."

"But I can't help it, mother," said the little girl, earnestly. "If I think I don't know my lesson, I can't sleep, and I think and think it over till my head aches, and I feel so stupid in the morning when I go to school; and teacher says I am so obstinate," added the little girl, with the big tears rolling down her pale cheeks. "Oh, mother, I could not pray to the great God and the blessed Jesus about such a little thing as my lessons; that would not be right, would it?"

"Yes, darling, I think so; because you see we are told in every thing to make known our requests; not for great things only. Most of the things that trouble even grown-up people are very little things in the sight of the great God who made heaven and earth, yet He tells us to go to him; and you know our blessed Saviour became a little child, as well as a sorrowful and suffering man, and that was that little children might come to Him who knows what they feel, and who will kindly listen to your prayer, if you ask Him to give you more courage, and to make you less careful about everything."

Annie had drawn her stool close to the side of her

mother, who was sitting sewing while she spoke. She looked earnestly up at her mother's face while she continued speaking, and then turned towards the fire, gazing silently into it. After a long pause, she again looked at her mother, and said—

"Mother, is it very wicked for me, I wonder? I am so afraid—oh, I am so afraid to die!" and the child hid her face on her mother's knee and shuddered.

A pang shot through the poor mother's heart, but she answered quietly—

"What put that into your head, darling?"

"Because, mother, the other day, when Alice Truman died, her aunt told me that she was put into the cold, dark pit hole; and neighbour Allan said, 'I am thinking some one will not be long of following,' and she looked at me, and they both began to whisper, and I knew it was me she meant. Oh, mother, mother, I don't want to be put in the cold, dark pit hole; I don't want to die;" and the poor little child cried till her heart seemed ready to break.

There was another breaking heart in the room; it was that of the poor widowed mother. For some minutes she could not speak; mechanically, she drew her child closer to her, as if she would shield her even from death, by that protecting arm. There was a moment of bitter struggle, and an inward cry, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" At last she spoke, quietly and soothingly—

"Annie, darling, you know we must all die some day; so look up, and wipe away your tears while I talk to you about it. That was a very foolish thought of yours about the grave. Don't you know how our blessed Saviour told his disciples when Lazarus was dead, 'Our friend Lazarus sleepeth?' When you are fast asleep in bed, you do not know how dark and stormy the night is outside; perhaps you have pleasant dreams, and think that you are playing out in the cheerful green fields, and warm sunshine, and are quite happy. And so, my precious child, if you fall asleep in Jesus, which is the name that the Bible gives to the Christian's death, your body will not feel the darkness of the cold grave, and it will be no dream of pleasant things then, but, oh! such a happy reality; for your spirit will be with that kind and loving Saviour who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me;'" and, drawing her Bible to her, she read aloud the glowing description of the heavenly Jerusalem, with its golden streets and gates of pearl. "So in this, too, our family text will help us," she added, smiling, as she closed her Bible. "Be careful for nothing," but tell your Saviour of your fears, and He will help you in your time of need."

She soothed her little girl at last, and when she had got her put to bed, and had sat by her at her own request till she fell asleep, the widow returned to her seat by the fire to think over what she had passed, and to look the dreadful event in the face.

Yes, it was too true, she could not shut her eyes to it now, though for a long time past she had tried to do so. Month after month she had seen her child becoming thinner and paler, and had tried to persuade herself that as spring advanced, and the weather warmer, her child would revive like the summer flowers, and gladden her heart by showing symptoms of renewed health and strength; but now she felt this hope, on which she had so fondly rested, dashed from under her. She recalled the pale, anxious face, become so much more anxious of late; she thought of

the suffering that might be in store for her darling, of her terrible dread of death, and, like the patriarch, she was ready to exclaim, "All these things are against me." Long, long she sat thus, till it seemed as if her very heart must break; at last the words so often spoken to her child, so often thought upon in her many times of trouble, came as if from the lips of him who so many long years ago had left them to her as his dying legacy. "Yes," she said, half aloud, as the well-remembered text spoke to her inmost heart, "even in this let me strive not to be careful, but make known my requests unto God;" and she knelt down, and from the depths of an almost broken heart poured out an agonised prayer into the ears of Him who himself had been made perfect by suffering, who wept at the grave of Lazarus. She prayed that if this cup might not pass from her, she might be strengthened to drain its bitter draught; that, at all events, her darling might, if possible, be spared from much bodily suffering; and that the sting of death might be removed, and the victory given, through Him who had "overcome death, and brought life and immortality to light." Peace, that peace which passeth understanding, seemed to fill her heart as she threw down her heavy burden at her gracious Saviour's feet, and she rose from her knees strengthened for the new duties and trials which awaited her.

The next morning she asked the doctor to come and see Annie, and his opinion confirmed her worst fears. The child was dying, he said, and medicine could do little for her; there was a complication of disease, and a general wasting of the system; and, but for the extreme care that had been taken of her, she would probably have died long ago.

"She may last some time yet," he added, as he left the house; "but she will scarcely see the winter through, I fear."

Very hard the poor mother found it now to cast aside her anxious cares, and to say, "Thy will be done;" but bravely she battled with her great sorrow, and for her child's sake strove to appear cheerful and hopeful. And so weeks passed on, and daily and hourly she saw her darling growing thinner, and paler, and weaker, while still the dread fear of death hung over her soul, and she would cry in an agony of spirit—

"Oh, mother, don't let me die—don't let them put me into the dark, cold grave."

The minister, the same who had come to break to her the news of her widowhood, came often to see Mrs. Hart, now in her affliction, and spoke to Annie about her fear of death, trying to show her how He who suffered and died for us on Calvary had overcome death and taken away its sting. While he spoke she always seemed soothed and comforted, but when he was gone the terrible dread would come upon her again, especially if she woke suddenly from a short, fevered sleep at night; and again she would cry in anguish of spirit, "Mother, mother, I do not want to die. I know it is very wicked of me; but I am so afraid."

Of all her trials, none had ever so sorely tried the mother's faith as this. She could bear to see her child's bodily suffering, though all the weakness and weariness which Annie felt she would willingly, oh! how willingly, have borne it for her; but this cloud upon the spirit she could not remove, and it seemed to her at times as if, indeed, the Lord had forgotten to be gracious, as day after day she saw her darling

approaching nearer and nearer to the end she so much dreaded, and heard her piteous cry to be saved from what she knew to be inevitable. She lingered longer than the doctor had expected; the crocuses and snowdrops were coming into flower, and the hawthorn hedges were thickening with their green and bursting buds; and still Annie lived, and could take some pleasure in the spring flowers which her young companions, remembering her love for them of old, brought and laid upon her little bed. One bright, sunny day she lay arranging some violets, primroses, and daffodils which had been brought her; she made two little nosegays with some care, and asked her mother for something to tie them up with. Glad to amuse her, her mother gave her some ribbon to tie the flowers, and observed her hesitate for a long time into which of the two nosegays she should put a sprig of flowering ribes, the bright red flower of which had greatly delighted her when she had received it. It was tied up at last, and she looked at it with evident satisfaction. Just then Mr. Stanley, the minister, entered. He was one of those men to whom children instinctively give their confidences and love, and Annie had long been in the habit of looking to his daily visit as the happiest moment to her in the twenty-four hours. She loved to hear him repeat the simple hymns and verses from the Bible, which she was never tired of hearing from his lips: "They sound different, somehow, mother," she would say.

"And how is my little friend to-day?" said Mr. Stanley, kindly, as he came in.

Before her mother could answer, Annie beckoned her to come and speak to her, and whispered, "Mother, may I give him the pretty one? He has been so very kind."

Mrs. Hart smiled, and told Mr. Stanley what her little girl had said.

"Thank you much, dear Annie," he said as he took the flowers from her; "they are very beautiful, and so sweet. Who would think, to look at them now, that all the winter through they had laid like dead things in the ground? See how kindly God gives even to such weak and perishable things as these new life and new beauty; yet these poor plants have no souls, such as Jesus died to save."

"Will you please to say that hymn over again, sir?" said the child, looking earnestly into his face—"Gentle Jesus."

Mr. Stanley repeated it, as he had so often done before, the little girl looking eagerly at him, as he came to those two lines—

"In the kingdom of thy grace;
Give a little child a place."

He heard Annie softly repeat the words: he paused, and she repeated the words a second time—

"In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place."

She looked up at him and said, "Please, sir, will you read in the Bible what heaven is like—that beautiful chapter you read yesterday?" As he read, the child listened with eager interest, and repeated after him the words, "There shall be no night there." "Now, sir, please, if it is not too much trouble, will you read me the chapter that they read at funerals?" There was no tremor in her voice, and as he looked at her in surprise, he observed that the painfully anxious expression on her face had gone. He read the chapter she asked for, and when he came to the

verse, "It is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory," she said, "That is like my flowers, sir, that is like me. I am not afraid to die, and be put in the grave now. I don't know how it is, but I feel quite different to-day. I shall be sorry to leave dear mother, but I think now I should like to die very soon, and go to Jesus, 'gentle Jesus.'" There was a bright expression of peace and joy on her young face as she spoke, and for some minutes after she ceased there was solemn silence in the room, the mother's heart was lifted up in inward thanksgiving, and Mr. Stanley sat looking at the child with joyful wonder. It was the sweet, childish voice that again broke the silence. "Oh, sir, I had such a beautiful dream last night. I thought I was going along a dark road, and I felt very much afraid, and I called to mother to come and help me; but she was far away, and could not hear me; and I came to a place where there was a deep, deep hole; and it was so dark, that before I knew where I was going I fell in; and as I was falling, I was so frightened that I screamed out to mother to save me, and I felt some one catch me in his arms, and carry me far away; and when I looked, it was a beautiful angel, oh! so beautiful, and he carried me so gently, and looked so kindly at me, that I was not a bit afraid, and I asked him where he was going, and he said, 'To take another little child to Jesus;' and just then I awoke, and found that I was in mother's arms."

"Yes," said her mother, "and you did cry out sure enough for me; and you caught tight hold; I was quite frightened."

"The angel of the Lord campeth about them that fear him," said Mr. Stanley; "let us praise the Lord for his great goodness;" and kneeling down, in simple words, he thanked the Lord for her deliverance from the bondage and fear of death.

"Now, mother," said Annie, when Mr. Stanley left, "you have nothing to be careful for; for you have often said you could bear anything rather than see me so afraid to die. You see I only thought of the dark pit, and I forgot that God's angels could take care of me there. I know I loved my Saviour, and I wanted to be with him, that I might love him more, but I did not like the dark road; but now it is all changed. 'Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Don't cry, dear mother, please don't cry, I am so happy."

"But how shall I ever do without you?" said her mother, in a burst of grief which she could not suppress.

"I have been a great trouble to you, mother, and have made you very unhappy by my wicked fear of dying; but, for all that, I know you will be sorry for me to go away; but perhaps Jesus will soon send his angel for you too, and then we shall be so happy; there will be no hard lessons to learn in heaven, and we shall be so happy. Take me in your arms, please, mother; I always feel more rested when I am on your knee; I am not very heavy, am I?" Very heavy! The poor emaciated body scarcely weighed more than when, as an infant, it was placed in its mother's arms on the first night of her widowhood; and well the widow loved to take her darling on her knee, and press her to her bosom.

"Oh, that is so nice!" said Annie, when her mother had complied with her request; and, nestling her head on her mother's shoulder, she looked dreamily at the

fire. Presently a bright smile spread over her face, she looked upward intently, as if gazing on some object which afforded her intense delight, and in a low voice repeated again—

"In the kingdom of thy grace
Give a little child a place."

The light faded slowly out of her eyes, the parted lips closed, she gave one gentle sigh, and her spirit had fled to that happy home, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

THE COTTON FAMINE.

OUR friends who forward contributions for the Lancashire Fund, unaccompanied by a bill, will oblige us by stating in which of our periodicals they wish the acknowledgments to appear.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the following further sums:—

Amount already acknowledged			£688	0	0			
	£	s	d.		£	s	d.	
Keturah Grove, Colley				G. T. J.		0	10	6
Gate, Cradley	0	10	0					
Sunday-schools' Pence,				Total	689	1	6	
Barton	0	1	0					

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE COLLECTION IN THE ROAD.

THE calm beauty of the autumn afternoon was marred by the hubbub and commotion of the crowd in the road. The rays of the bright sun came slanting through the many-coloured foliage of the trees, the deep blue sky was without a cloud, the air was still, mild, balmy: the whole imparting an idea of peace. But in that dusty highway, so lonely at other times in that particular spot, there had gathered a throng of people, and they talked and swayed, and altogether made much clatter and disturbance.

A throng that was momentarily being added to. Stragglers came up from all directions with eager eyes, panting breath, and open mouth. An accident, such as this which had befallen Madam Chattaway and her son, is an event in a locality where accidents are rare. An upset and broken shafts may be seen any day in the streets of London, but in a rustic place it is one of the incidents to be remembered for a life-time.

The affair had got wind. How these affairs do get wind—unless the wind itself propagates them—who can tell? It had been exaggerated in the usual fashion. "Madam was killed; and the dog-cart smashed to pieces; and the horse lamed; and Mr. Cris wounded." Half the gaping people who came up believed it all: and the chief hubbub was caused, not so much by the discussion of the accident, as by endeavours at explanation that its effects were less disastrous.

The news had travelled with its embellishments to Trevlyn Farm, amidst other places; and it brought out Nora. Not stopping to put anything on, she took her way to the spot. Mrs. Ryle was expecting company that afternoon, and Nora was at leisure and *en grande*

toilette: a black silk gown, its flounces edged with velvet, and a cap of blonde lace trimmed with white flowers. The persons who were gathered on the spot made way for her. The dog-cart lay, partly in the ditch, partly out of it, what remained of its shafts sticking up in a piteous fashion, and sundry cracks and rents visible in its body. Opposite to it was the grinding machine, its owner silent now and chap-fallen, as he inwardly speculated upon what the law could do to him.

"Then it's not true that madam's killed?" cried Nora, after listening to the explanations.

A dozen voices answered the question. "Madam warn't hurt to speak of, only shook a bit: she had telled 'em so herself. She had walked off on Mr. George Ryle's arm, without waiting for the carriage what Mr. Cris had gone to fetch."

"I'll be about that Jim Sanders," retorted Nora, wrathfully. "How dare he come bringing in such tales? He said madam was lying dead in the road."

She had barely spoken, when the throng standing over the dog-cart was invaded by a new comer, one who had been walking in a neighbouring field, and wondered what the collection could mean. The rustics fell back and stared at him: first, because he was a stranger, secondly because his appearance was somewhat out of the common way; thirdly, because he carried a red umbrella. A tall man with a long white beard, a hat, the like of which had never been seen by country eyes, and a foreign look.

You will at once recognise him for the traveller who had introduced himself at the parsonage as the Rev. Mr. Daw, a friend of its owner. The crowd, having had no such introduction, could only stare, marvelling where he came from, and whether he had dropped from the clouds. He had been out all the afternoon, taking notes of the neighbourhood, and since his conversation with old Canham—which you heard related afterwards to Mr. Chattaway, to that gentleman's intense dread—he had plunged into the fields on the opposite side of the way. There he had remained, musing and wandering, until aroused by the commotion in the road, to which he speedily made his way.

"What has happened?" he exclaimed. "An accident?"

The assemblage fell back to give him a wide berth. Rustics are prone to be suspicious of strangers, if their appearance is peculiar, and not one of them found a ready answer to the question. Nora, however, whose tongue had, perhaps, never been at fault in her life, stood her ground.

"There's not much damage done, so far as I can learn," she said in her usual free manner. "The dog-cart's the worst. There it lies. It was Cris Chattaway's own; and I should think it will be a lesson to him not to be so fond of driving strange horses."

"Is it to the Chattaways that the accident has occurred?" asked the stranger.

Nora nodded. She was stooping down to survey more critically the damages of the dog-cart. "Cris Chattaway was driving his mother out," she said, rising. "He was trying a strange horse, and this was the result," touching the near wheel with her foot. "Madam was thrown into the ditch here."

"And hurt?" laconically asked Mr. Daw.

"Only shaken—as they say. But a shaking may be dangerous for one so delicate as Madam Chattaway. A pity but it had been *him*."

Nora spoke the last word with emphasis so demonstrative that her hearer raised his eyes, a questioning wonderment in them. "Of whom do you speak?" he said.

"Of Chattaway: madam's husband. A shaking might be of benefit to him."

"You don't like him, apparently," observed the stranger.

"I don't know who does," freely spoke Nora.

"Ah," said Mr. Daw, quietly. "Then I am not singular. I don't."

"Do you know him?" she rejoined.

But to this the stranger gave no answer; he had evidently no intention of giving any; and the reticence whetted Nora's curiosity more than any answer could have done, however obscure or mysterious. Perhaps no living woman within a circuit of five miles had a curiosity equal to that of Nora Dickson.

"Where have you known Chattaway?" she exclaimed.

"It does not signify," said the stranger. "He is in the enjoyment of Trevlyn Hold, I hear."

To say "I hear" in application to the subject, imparted the idea that the stranger had but just come to the hearing. Nora threw her quick black eyes searchingly upon him.

"Have you lived in a wood, not to know that James Chattaway was the possessor of Trevlyn Hold?" she said, with her characteristic plainness of speech. "He has enjoyed it these twenty years, to the exclusion of Rupert Trevlyn."

"Rupert Trevlyn is its rightful owner," said the stranger, almost as demonstratively as Nora herself could have spoken.

"Ah," said Nora, with a sort of indignant grunt, "the whole parish knows that. But Chattaway has got possession of it, you see."

"Why doesn't somebody help Rupert Trevlyn to his rights?"

"Who's to do it?" crossly responded Nora. "Can you?"

"Possibly," returned the stranger.

Had the gentleman asserted that he might possibly help the moon to shine by day instead of by night, Nora could not have evinced more intense surprise. "Help—him—to—his—rights?" she slowly repeated in consternation. "But do you mean to say you could displace Chattaway?"

"Possibly," was the repeated laconic answer.

"Why—who are you?" uttered the amazed Nora.

A smile flitted for a moment over Mr. Daw's countenance, the first symptom of a break to its composed sadness, that had been seen there. But he gave no other reply.

"Do you know Rupert Trevlyn?" she reiterated.

But even to that there was no direct answer. "I came to this place partly to see Rupert Trevlyn," were the words that issued from his lips. "I know his father; he was my dear friend."

"Who can he be?" was the question reiterating itself in Nora's active brain. "Are you a lawyer?" she asked, the idea suddenly occurring to her, as it had, you may remember, to old Canham.

Mr. Daw coughed. "Lawyers are keen men," was his answering remark, and Nora could have beaten him for its tantalising vagueness. But before she could say more, an interruption occurred.

This conversation had been carried on aloud; neither the stranger nor Nora having deemed it necessary to speak in a low tone. The consequence of which was, that those in the midst of whom they stood had listened with open ears, drawing their own deductions—and very remarkable deductions some of them were. The knife-grinder—though a stranger to the local politics, and totally uninterested in them, except in-so-far as that those spoken of, the Chattaways, might endeavour to bring him to account for the exercising of his trade that unlucky afternoon and thereby frightening the horse—the knife grinder had listened with the rest. One conclusion that he hastily came to at this juncture, was, that the remarkable-looking gentleman with the white beard *was* a lawyer; and he pushed himself to the front of the throng.

"You be a lawyer, master," he broke in, with some excitement. "Would ye mind telling of me whether they *can* harm me. If I aint at liberty to ply my trade under a road-side hedge but I must be took up and punished for it; why, it's a fresh wrinkle as I've got to learn. I've done it all my life; others as is in the same trade does it: can the law touch us?"

Mr. Daw had turned in wonderment. He had heard nothing of the grinding machine in connection with the accident, and the man's address was unintelligible. A score of voices hastened to enlighten him, but before it was well done, the eager knife-grinder rose above the rest.

"Can the laws fouch me for it, master?"

"I cannot tell you," was the answer.

The man's low brow scowled fitfully: he was somewhat ill-looking to the eye of a physiognomist. "What'll it cost?" he roughly said, taking from his pocket a bag in which was a handful of copper money mixed with a sprinkling of small silver, mostly sixpenny and fourpenny pieces. "I might have knowed a lawyer wouldn't give nothing for nothing, but I'll pay to know. If the law can be down upon me for grinding of a knife in the highway as is open to the world, all I can say is as the laws is infamous."

He stood looking at the stranger, with an air and manner of demand, not of supplication—and rather insulting demand, too. Mr. Daw showed no signs of resenting the incipient insolence: on the contrary, his voice took a kind and sympathising tone.

"My good man, you may put up your money. I can give you no information about the law, simply because I am ignorant of its bearing on these cases. In the old days, when I was an inhabitant of England, I have seen many a machine such as yours plying its trade in the public roads, and the law, as I supposed, could not touch them, neither did it attempt to. But that may be altered now: there has been time enough for it since I left: years and years have passed from the period when I last set foot on English soil."

The razor-grinder, frowning none the less, thrust his bag into his pocket again, and began to push back to the spot from whence he had come forward: the gaping mob had listened with open ears. But they had gained little further information. Whether he was a lawyer or whether he was not; where he had come from, and what his business was amongst them, unless it was the placing of young Rupert Trevlyn in possession of his "rights," they could not tell.

Nora could not tell—and the fact did not please her. If there was one thing that provoked Nora Dickson more than all else, it was to be balked in her curiosity. She felt that she had been balked now. Turning short round in a temper, speaking not a syllable to the stranger by way of a polite adieu, she began to retrace her steps to Trevlyn Farm, picking up the flounces of her black silk gown and holding them round her middle that they might not come in contact with the dusty road.

But—somewhat to her surprise—she found that the mysterious stranger had extricated himself also from the busy mob, and was following her footsteps. Nora was rather on the high ropes just then, and would not notice him. He, however, accosted her.

"By what I gathered, from a word or two you let fall, I should assume that you are a friend of Rupert Trevlyn's, ma'am?"

"I hope I am," said Nora, mollified at the prospect of enlightenment opening to her. "Few folks about here but are friends to him, unless it's Chattaway and that lot at the Hold."

"Then perhaps you will have no objection to inform me—if you can inform me—how it was that Mr. Chattaway came into possession of the Hold, in place of young Rupert Trevlyn. I cannot understand how it could possibly have been. Until I came here this day I never supposed but that the lad, Rupert, was the squire of Trevlyn Hold."

"Perhaps you'll first of all tell me what you want the information for?" returned Nora. "I don't know who you are, sir, remember."

"You heard me say I was a friend of his father's; I should like to be a friend to the boy. It appears to me to be a monstrous injustice that he should not have succeeded to the estate of his ancestors. Has he been legally deprived of it?"

"As legally as a legal will could deprive him," was the reply of Nora. "Legality and justice don't always go together in our parts: I don't know what they may do in yours."

"Joe Trevlyn—my friend—was the direct heir to Trevlyn Hold. Upon his death his son became the heir. Why did he not succeed?"

"There are folks that say he was cheated out of it," replied Nora, with a very significant sniff.

"Cheated out of it?"

"It's said that the news of Rupert's birth was never suffered to reach the ears of Squire Trevlyn. That the squire went to his grave, never knowing that he had a grandson in the direct male line—went to it after willing the estate to Chattaway."

"Kept from it by whom?" eagerly cried Mr. Daw.

"By those who had an interest in keeping it from

him—Chattaway, and Miss Diana Trevlyn. It is so said, I say: I don't assert it. There may be danger in speaking too decisively to a stranger," candidly added Nora.

"There is no danger in speaking to me," he frankly said. "I have told you but the truth—that I am a friend of young Rupert Trevlyn's. Chattaway is not a friend of mine, and I never saw him in my life."

Nora, won over to forget caution and ill-temper, opened her heart to the stranger. She told him all she knew of the enacted fraud—a tacit fraud, surely, if not an active one—she told him of Rupert's friendlessness, of his undesirable position at the Hold. Nora's tongue, once set going upon any grievance which she felt strongly, could not be stopped. It was like the wheels of a clock, that once wound up, must and will run down. They walked on until the fold-yard gate of Trevlyn Farm was reached. There Nora came to a halt. And there she was in the midst of a finishing oration, delivered with forcible eloquence, and there the stranger was listening eagerly, when they were interrupted by George Ryle.

Nora ceased suddenly. The stranger looked round, and seeing a gentleman-like man who evidently belonged in some way to Nora, lifted his hat. George returned it.

"It's somebody strange to the place," unceremoniously pronounced Nora, by way of introducing him to George. "He was asking about Rupert Trevlyn."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE DANGER COMING VERY CLOSE.

If they had possessed extraordinarily good eyes, any one of the three, they might have detected a head peering at them over a hedge about two fields off, in the direction of Trevlyn Hold. The head was Mr. Chattaway's. That gentleman rode home from the lodge, after hearing old Canham's account of the mysterious visit, in a state not to be described. Encountering Miss Diana, he dispatched her with Octave to the lodge to see after his wife; he met George Ryle, and told him *his* services were no further needed—that madam wanted neither him nor the brandy; he sent his horse to the stable, and went in-doors: all in a confused state of agitation, as if he scarcely knew what he was about.

Dinner was ready; the servants were perplexed at nobody's coming in, for it was the complaint that one of them came to pour into his ear: would the squire sit down to it without madam? He sat down to dinner—in that awful uncertainty? No; rather would he steal out and poke and pry about until he had learned something.

Mr. Chattaway quitted the house again, and plunged into the fields. He did not go back down the avenue, go openly past the lodge into the road: timorous cowards, with their fear upon them, prowl about stealthily—as Chattaway was doing now. Very grievously was the fear upon him.

He walked hither; he walked thither: he stood for some minutes stock still in the field which had once been so fatal to poor Mr. Ryle; his arms were folded, his head was bent, his newly-awakened imagination was in unpleasant play. He crept to the hedge of the outer field, and walked up under its cover until he came opposite all that hubbub and confusion. There he halted,

and picked himself a peep-hole, and took in by degrees all that was to be seen: the razor-grinder and his machine near, the dog-cart and its dilapidations yonder, the mob everywhere. Eagerly, breathlessly, anxiously did his restless eyes scan that mob; but he, upon whom they hoped to rest, was not among them. For you may be very sure that Mr. Chattaway was searching after none but the dreaded stranger.

Miserly as he was, he would have given a ten pound note out of his pocket to obtain only a minute's look at him. He had been telling over all the enemies he had ever made, so far as he could call them up. Was it one of those?—some one who might owe him a grudge, and was taking this way to pay it out? Or was it a danger coming from a totally unknown quarter? Ten pounds! Chattaway would have given fifty then for a good view of the man; and his eyes paid no heed whatever to unfriendly thorns in their feverish anxiety to penetrate to the very last of that lazy throng, idling away the summer's afternoon.

The stranger was certainly not amongst them. Chattaway knew every chattering soul of the whole lot. Some of his unconscious labourers made a part, and he only wished he dared appear and send them flying. But he did not care to appear: if ever there was a cautious man where himself and his interests were concerned, it was Chattaway; and he would not run the risk of meeting this man openly, face to face. No, no; rather let him get a bird's-eye view of him first, that he might be upon his guard.

It was of no use looking any longer at the *édifice* in the road and the gatherers round it. The state of the dog-cart did not tend to soothe his feelings by any means; neither did the sight of George Ryle, who passed through the crowd in the direction of his own home: he could see what a pretty penny it would take to repair the one; he knew not how many pence it might take to set to rights any mischief being hatched by the other. Mr. Chattaway turned away. He bore along noiselessly by the side of the hedge, and then over a stile into a lower field, and then into another. That brought him in view of Trevlyn Farm, and—and—what did his restless eyes catch sight of?

Leaning on the fold-yard gate inside, dressed up in a style that was not often seen, stood Nora Dickson; on the other side was George Ryle, and with him one who might be recognised at the first glance—the strange-looking man, with his white hair, his red umbrella, and his queer hat, described by old Canham. There could be no mistake about it; he it was: and the perspiration poured off the master of Trevlyn Hold in his mortal fear.

What were they hatching, those three? what *were* they hatching? That it did look suspicious must be confessed, to one whose fears were awakened as were Chattaway's; for their heads were in close contact, and their attention absorbed. Was he stopping at Trevlyn Farm, this man of treason? Undoubtedly he was: else why should Nora Dickson be decked out in company attire? Chattaway had always believed George Ryle to be a rogue, but now he knew him to be one.

It was a pity that Chattaway could not be listening as well as peeping. He would but have heard the gentle-

man explain to George Ryle who he was; his name, his calling, and where he was visiting in Barbrook; no far, Chattaway's doubts would have been at rest; he would have heard no worse. George was less impulsive than Nora, and would not be likely to enter on the discussion of the claims of Rupert Trevlyn *versus* Chattaway, with a new acquaintance.

A very few minutes, and they separated. The conversation had been general since George came up; not a word having been said that could have frightened intruding ears. Nora hastened in-doors; George turned off to his rick yard; and the stranger stood in the road and gazed leisurely about him, as if he were considering the points for a sketch in water colours. Presently he disappeared from Chattaway's view.

That gentleman, taking a short while to recover himself, came to the conclusion that he might as well disappear too, in the direction of his home; where no doubt the dinner was arrested, and its hungry candidates speculating upon what could have become of the master. It was of no use his remaining where he was. He had ascertained one point—that the dreaded enemy was an utter stranger to him. More than that he did not see that he could ascertain, in this early stage. He could not go boldly up to Nora or to George Ryle, and tar them with their treachery, and demand who and what the stranger was; he could still less go to the man himself. Cunning must be met with cunning; and the owner of Trevlyn Hold would no more have confessed to any fear or doubt upon him that he should lose Trevlyn Hold, than he would have resigned that desirable possession voluntarily.

He wiped his damp face and set forth on his walk home, stepping out pretty briskly. It was as undesirable that suspicion should be directed towards his fear by those at home, as by any, out. Were only an inkling of his fear to get abroad, it seemed to Chattaway that it would be half the business towards wresting Trevlyn Hold from him: he would not have it known that he feared it *could* be wrested from him. He walked on therefore briskly, concocting a tale to account for his delay—that he had been to see a cow that was ill.

With the motion of walking, his courage partially came back to him; so exhilarating is bodily action on the human mind. The reaction once set in, his hopes went up, until he almost began to despise his recent terrible fear. It was absurd, he reasoned with himself; absurd to suppose this stranger could have anything to do with himself and Rupert Trevlyn. He was but some inquisitive traveller looking about the place for his amusement, and in so doing had picked up bits of gossip, and was seeking further information about them—all to while away an idle hour. Besides, the will *was* the Squire's will, and it *could not* be set aside; in our well-governed country, a dead man's will, legally made, was held inviolate. If all the old women philanthropists of the kingdom ranged themselves into a body and took up the cause of Rupert Trevlyn, they could not act against that will. What a fool he had been to put himself in a fever on account of the man!

These consoling thoughts drowning the mind's latent dread—or rather making believe to do so, for that the dread was there yet, and would not be drowned, Chat-

way was miserably conscious of—he paced along quicker and quicker. At last it came to a run, and in turning into another field, he nearly knocked down a man running in the same direction, and who had come up at right angles: a labourer named Hatch, who worked on his farm.

It was a good opportunity for Mr. Chattaway to let off a little of his ill-humour, and he demanded where the man had been skulking, and why he was away from his work. Hatch deprecatingly answered that, hearing of the accident to madam and the young squire, he and his fellow-labourers had been induced to run to the spot in the hope of affording help.

"Hold your tongue," said Mr. Chattaway. "Help! you went off to see what there was to be seen, and for nothing else, leaving the rick half made. I have a great mind to dock you of a half-day's pay. What? Not been away five minutes? Why, its—its—"

He came to a momentary standstill. He could not say, as he was about to do, "it's a good twenty since I saw you there," for that would have betrayed more than he wished to betray. He changed the words.

"You have been there ever so long; you know you have. Is there such a deal to look at in a broken dog-cart that you and the rest of you must neglect my work?"

The man took off his straw hat and rubbed his hair gently: his common resort when in a quandary. They had hindered a great deal more time than was necessary, even allowing that their going to the scene of action was essential; and they had certainly not bargained for its getting to the knowledge of the squire. Hatch, too simple or too honest to invent ready excuses, could only make the best of the naked facts as they stood.

"'Twarn't looking at the dog-cart what kep' us, squire. 'Twere listening to a strange-looking gentleman what were there: a man with a white beard and a red ombrella. He were talking about this here place, Trevlyn Hold, a saying as it belonged to Master Rupert, and he were agoing to help him to it."

Chattaway turned away his face. Instinct taught him that even this stolid serf should not see the cold moisture that suddenly oozed out from its every pore. "What did he say?" he cried, commanding his voice to an accent of scorn.

Hatch considered. And you—who heard what the man with the white beard really did say—must not too greatly blame the exaggeration of the reply. Hatch did not purposely deceive his master; but he did what a great many of us are apt to do—he answered according to the impression on his imagination. He and the rest of the listeners had drawn their own conclusions, and it was in accordance with those conclusions he now spoke, rather than with the actual words he had heard. Had anybody told Hatch he was telling untruths, he would have stared in amazement.

"He said for one thing, squire, as he didn't like you. It were—"

"How does he know me?" broke from Mr. Chattaway, in his impulsiveness.

"Nora Dickson—'twere she he were talking to—asked him, but he wouldn't answer. He's a lawyer, he is, and —"

"How do you know that he is a lawyer?" again interrupted Mr. Chattaway.

"Cause he said it," was the prompt reply of Hatch. And the man had no idea that it was an untruthful one. He as much believed the white-bearded stranger to be a lawyer as that he himself was a day labourer. "He said as he had come here to help Master Rupert to his rights; he said as he had come to displace you from 'em. Our hairs stood all a end to hear him, squire."

"Who is he?—where does he come from?" And to save his very life Chattaway could not have helped the words issuing forth in gasps.

"He never said where he come from—save that he hadn't been in England for a many year. We was a wondering among ourselves where he come from after he went off with Nora Dickson."

"Does she know?"

"No, that her don't, squire. He come up while she were a standing there, and she wondered who he were, like we did. 'Twere through her asking of him questions that he said so much."

"But—what has he to do with my affairs?—what has he to do with Rupert Trevlyn?" passionately rejoined Mr. Chattaway.

It was a query that Hatch was unable to answer, and he had recourse to his hair again. "He said as he were a friend of the dead heir, Mr. Joe—I mind well he said that—and he said as he had come to this here place partly to see Master Rupert. He didn't seem to have knowed afore as Master Rupert had not got the Hold, and Nora Dickson—she's free of tongue, she is—asked if he'd lived in a wood not to ha' knowed that. Se then he said as he should help him to his rights, and Nora she said, 'What! and displace Chattaway?' and he said, 'Yes.' We was so took aback, squire, as we stopped a bit longer maybe nor we ought, and that's what it was as kep' us from the rick."

Every pulse of his heart beating to violence, every drop of blood coursing on in fiery heat, the master of Trevlyn Hold reached his home. He went in-doors, and left his hat in the hall, and entered the dining-room, like a man in some awful dream. A friend of Joe Trevlyn's!—come to help Rupert to his rights!—to displace *him*! the words were ringing their changes on his brain.

They had not waited dinner. It had been Miss Diana's pleasure that it should be commenced, and Mr. Chattaway took a seat mechanically. Mechanically he heard that his wife had declined partaking of it—had been sick when she reached home; that Rupert, after a hasty meal, had gone up-stairs to lie down, at the recommendation of Miss Diana; that Cris had now gone to the damaged dog-cart. He was as a man stunned. Miss Diana, who in his absence had taken the head of the table, called for a warm plate, and sent some meat to Mr. Chattaway. He put a mouthful in his mouth, and found he could not swallow it.

"Have you dined out?" inquired Miss Diana, perceiving that he laid down his knife and fork.

"No; but I am not hungry. I'll have a drop of brandy-and-water, I think. Get some hot water, James."

The man brought the water, and Maude rose from her seat and mixed the liquor. She placed the glass before him, and hastened to bring some biscuits. "They are very nice," she said, in a timid voice. "Fresh made to-day." It was impossible for Maude Trevlyn to speak otherwise than timidly to Mr. Chattaway.

"No, my dear, thank you. I can't eat them now."

Was it *Chattaway* speaking in that gentle tone—in those affectionate words? Maude blushed with the novelty, and Octave looked up in amazement. Octave came to the conclusion that her papa believed he had been speaking to her. Octave *Chattaway* had yet to learn that there is nothing like the near anticipation of some dreadful evil for taking the spirit out of a man or woman. *Chattaway* felt utterly unmanned.

The cloth was removed, and the dessert placed upon the table. After eating a little fruit, the younger ones dispersed; Maude went up-stairs to see how Mrs. *Chattaway* was; the rest to the drawing-room. The master of *Trevlyn* Hold paced the carpet, buried in thought. It was broken in upon by Miss Diana.

"Squire, I am not satisfied with the appearance of *Rupert Trevlyn*. I fear he may be falling into worse health than usual: and it must be looked to, and more care taken of him. I intend to buy him a pony to ride to and fro between here and *Blackstone*."

Had Miss Diana expressed her intention to purchase ten ponies for *Rupert*, it would have made no impression then on *Chattaway*. In his terrible suspense and fear, a pony more or less was as an insignificant thing, and he received the announcement in meek silence, to the intense surprise of Miss Diana, who had expected to see him turn round in a blaze of anger.

"Are you not well?" she asked.

"Well? Quite well. I—I heated myself with riding, and—and feel chilly for it now. What should hinder my being well?" he continued, resentfully.

"I say I shall buy a pony for *Rupert*. Those walks backwards and forwards to *Blackstone* are too much for him. I think it must be they which are making him feel so ill; so I shall buy a pony for him."

"I wish you'd not bother me!" peevishly rejoined *Chattaway*. "Buy it, if you like. What do I care?"

"I'll thank you to be civil to me, Mr. *Chattaway*," said Miss Diana, with emphasis. "It is of no use your being put out about this business of *Cris* and the accident; and that's what you are, I suppose. Fretting over it won't mend it."

Mr. *Chattaway* caught at the mistake, eagerly favouring it. "It was such an idiotic trick, to put an untried horse into harness, and to let it smash the dog-cart! *Cris* did it in direct disobedience, too. I had told him he should not buy that horse."

"*Cris* does many things in disobedience," calmly rejoined Miss Diana. "I hope it has not injured *Edith*."

"She must have been foolish——"

A ring at the hall bell—a loud, long, imperative ring—and Mr. *Chattaway*'s voice abruptly stopped. He stopped: stopped in his walk, and stood stock still in the midst of the carpet, his eyes and ears alike open, his head bent forward, his whole senses on the alert. A prevision rushed over him that the messenger of evil had come.

"Are you expecting any one?" exclaimed Miss Diana.

"Be still, can't you?" almost shrieked *Chattaway*, throwing his hands aloft as in imploring agony. Her voice hindered his listening.

They were opening the hall door then, and *Chattaway*'s face was turning to a livid pallor. There appeared to ensue a colloquy, and then James came into the room.

"A gentleman, sir, is asking to see Mr. *Rupert*."

"What gentleman?" interposed Miss Diana, before *Chattaway* could move or look.

"I don't know him, ma'am," replied James. "He seems strange to the place. He has got a white beard, and looks foreign."

"He wants Mr. *Rupert*, did you say?"

"When I opened the door first, ma'am, he asked if he could see young *Squire Trevlyn*; so I wanted to know who he meant, and said my master, Mr. *Chattaway*, was the squire, and he replied that he meant the rightful squire, Master *Rupert*, the son of *Squire Trevlyn*'s heir, Mr. *Joe*, who had died abroad. He is waiting, ma'am."

Chattaway turned his white face upon the man. His trembling hands, his stealthy movements, showed his abject terror; even his very voice, which had dropped to the lowest whisper.

"Mr. *Rupert*'s in bed, and can't be seen, James. Go and say so."

Miss Diana had stood in very amazement—first, at the words repeated by James; secondly, at Mr. *Chattaway*'s strange demeanour. "Why, who is it?" she cried to James.

"He didn't say his name, ma'am. He——"

"Will you go, James?" hoarsely cried Mr. *Chattaway*. "Go—go! Get rid of the man!"

"But he shall not get rid of him," interrupted Miss Diana. "I shall see the man. It is the strangest message I ever heard in my life. What are you thinking of, squire?"

"Be still! Stop where you are!" returned Mr. *Chattaway*, arresting Miss Diana's progress to the door. "Do you hear, James? Go and get rid of this man. Turn him out, at any cost."

Did Mr. *Chattaway* fear that the visitor had come to take possession of the house in *Rupert*'s name? Miss Diana could only look at him in wonderment. His face was the hue of the grave, and the drops of water were pouring from it; he was evidently almost beside himself with some wild terror. For once in her life she did not assert her will, but suffered James to leave the room and "get rid" of the visitor in obedience to Mr. *Chattaway*.

He appeared to have no trouble in accomplishing it. A moment, and the hall door was heard to close upon him. *Chattaway* opened that of the dining-room.

"What did he say?"

"He said nothing, sir, except that he'd call again."

"James, does he—does he look like a madman?" cried Mr. *Chattaway*, his tone changing to one of what might almost be called entreaty. "Is he insane, do you think? I could not let a madman stop in the house, you know."

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure. His words was very odd, but he didn't seem mad, for all that."

Mr. *Chattaway* closed the door on the servant, and turned to his sister-in-law, who was regarding him in doubt, more puzzled than she had ever been in her life.

"I think it is you who are mad, *Chattaway*."

"Hush, Diana! I have heard of this man before. Sit down, and I will tell you about him."

He had come to a rapid conclusion that it would be better to tell her—to make her the confidant of the terrible news come to light. Not of his own fears, or of the latent dread which had lain deep in his heart: only of this that he had heard.

We have seen how the words of the stranger had been exaggerated by Hatch to Mr. Chattaway, and perhaps he now unconsciously exaggerated Hatch's words to him. Miss Diana listened in consternation. A lawyer!—come down here to depose them from Trevelyn Hold, and institute Rupert in it! "I never heard of such a thing!" she exclaimed. "He can't do it, you know, Chattaway."

Chattaway coughed ruefully. "Of course he can't. At least, I don't see how he can, or how anybody else can. My opinion is that the man is mad."

Diana Trevelyn was falling into thought. "A friend of Joe's!" she mused aloud. "Chattaway, could Joe have left a will?"

"Nonsense!" said Chattaway. He had thought the case over and over in all its bearings, and knew no harm could come from that quarter. "If Joe Trevelyn did leave a will, it would be null and void. He died in his father's lifetime, and the property was not his to leave."

"True. There can be no possibility of danger," she added, after a pause. "We may dismiss all fear as the idle wind."

"I wonder whether Rupert knows anything of this?"

"Rupert! What should he know of it?"

"I can't say," returned Mr. Chattaway, significantly. "I think—I think I'll go up and ask him," he added, in a sort of feverish impulse.

Without a moment's pause, not waiting to hear what Miss Diana was saying, he hastened up the stairs to Rupert's room. But the room was empty!

Mr. Chattaway stood transfixed. He had fully believed Rupert to be in his bed, and the silent bed, unpressed, seemed to mock him. A strangely wild fear came over him that Rupert's pretence of going to bed had been but a ruse—that he was gone out to meet that dangerous stranger.

He flew down the stairs like one possessed; he dashed into rooms, shouting "Rupert! Rupert!" The household stole forth to look at him, and the walls echoed the name, "Rupert! Rupert!" But from Rupert himself there came no answer. He was not in the Hold.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

The Retributive Justice of God. By the Rev. JOHN LANGLEY, Rector of St. Mary's, Wallingford [London: Hatchard and Co.]. That a day of solemn account will arrive, when the self-denial, the deeds of kindness and acts of charity rendered by holy men will meet with their just recompense, and when selfishness, waste of time and talents, and acts of wickedness will receive their chastisements, is a truth generally admitted, though too often practically forgotten; but that rewards and chas-

tisements are also meted out by God in his providence to men in this life is not so generally acknowledged. Mr. Langley proceeds upon the principle that in keeping the Divine commands, as well as after keeping them, there is great reward; and that obedience to God hath "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Mr. Langley's object is to prove this point by a careful examination of the several books both of the Old and of the New Testament. The examples adduced are numerous, and, while they are sufficient to manifest the righteous dealings of Almighty God, they tend to exhibit, in a very remarkable degree, the resemblance that prevails between the offence and the punishment, and between the act of obedience and the recompense. The book abounds in illustrations. We quote the case of Abimelech, as recorded in the Book of Judges:—

1. Gideon, the father of Abimelech, slew the seventy elders of Succoth, and his own seventy sons were slain, with one exception, by Abimelech.

2. Abimelech deals treacherously in conspiring with the Shechemites; the Shechemites deal treacherously with him (chap. ix. 1-6, 23).

3. The Shechemites aid him in killing his brethren (ver. 24), and the Shechemites are killed by him (ver. 41-49).

4. Abimelech slew his seventy brethren upon a stone (ver. 5-13), and was himself slain by a stone.

5. By a woman's influence was he exalted (ver. 1); by the act of a woman was he laid low (vs. 53, 54).

6. The Shechemites gave money to Abimelech out of the Temple of Berith to enable him to proceed on his murderous enterprise (ver. 4). In that very temple Abimelech afterwards murdered about a thousand Shechemites (ver. 46-49).

Mr. Langley's work is a valuable hand-book to the Bible, by directing attention to the manner in which the honour of God's law is maintained, by pointing the reader of Holy Writ to the retributive justice of God in its manifold fulfilment, and by showing that the threatenings and the promises of God are brought to bear even upon the affairs of our every-day life. The author deserves success, and we hope that he will find it.

Barbault's Hymns in Rhyme, for Young Children [London: Hodson and Son]. Of these well-known hymns we need only say that they want more Gospel in them.

Thoughts on Intercessory Prayer. By a LADY [Edinburgh: Johnstone, Hunter, and Co.]. Some important observations upon an important duty. We find here much to animate the praying Christian to plead for others at the throne of grace.

Steps towards Heaven [London: J. S. Hodson and Son]. Twelve practical and entertaining tracts, on more than twice as many topics. Very well fitted for popular religious libraries.

What Small Hands may Do [London: S. W. Partridge]. A nicely-written little story for juvenile maidens.

Near the Cross; or, a Believer's Meditation. By the Rev. J. H. HITCHENS [London: J. Snow]. Twopence will be well expended on Mr. Hitchens' little book, which well accords with its title.

Temperance Department.

INTEMPERANCE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. THE tavern-bell, I fear, does more hurt than the church-bell does good.—*Watson, 1662.*

SELF-CONCEIT IN DRINK.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS having maintained that wine improves conversation, Dr. Johnson replied, "No, sir; before dinner men meet with great inequality of understanding, and those who are conscious of their inferiority have the modesty not to talk; when they have drunk wine, every man feels himself comfortable, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous; but he is not improved, he is only not sensible of his defects."

A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.

We copy the following from the *Chicago Journal* of February 18:—"In yesterday's *Journal* we gave an account of a coroner's inquest held upon the body of Augustus C. Brodhead, who died on Monday night with epileptic convulsions. Brodhead was formerly an officer in the British army, and had served with distinction in India. A gentleman intimately acquainted with him has given highly interesting particulars regarding the career of this man. A few years ago, Brodhead, then in the prime of vigorous manhood, and wearing upon the dashing artillery uniform of the British service several royal medals, which he had earned by his bravery and success, formed the acquaintance of a wealthy baroness of one of the most aristocratic houses of England. That acquaintance immediately became a love match, and the unrelenting opposition of her family only served to render it a runaway match. The happy couple visited Italy, Switzerland, and the Egyptian pyramids, and two years ago came to Illinois and purchased a farm near Clifton, in Iroquois county. Brodhead was as ignorant of agricultural science as he was proficient in that of gunnery and projectiles; and when to this serious impediment is added a deep-seated habit of dissipation—an inordinate fondness for the wine cup—which his free and easy life had engendered, and which, most unfortunately, was shared by his wife, we have the sum total of causes sufficient to blast any man's prospects in life. His failure in an agricultural line only confirmed him as a drunkard, and hastened the *dénouement*. An ardent lover of field sports, his dog and gun were in constant requisition, and his heavy libations more than once laid him out for a night's lodging on the prairies. His wife, once a favourite in aristocratic circles, and at one time maid-of-honour to the Queen, though a highly accomplished lady, an excellent musician, and speaking with fluency seven different languages, soon became even more besotted than her husband. She died drunk, a year ago, and Brodhead was in such a state of frightful intoxication as to be unable to comprehend the fact. His property, dwindling away for years, soon vanished, and at the time of his death he had been driven to the extremity of pawning his golden medals. Truly, 'truth is stranger than fiction.'"

A BRIGHT EXAMPLE.

EVERY one has heard of the good and pious John Wesley, the founder of that large body of Christians called after their founder, Wesleyans. John Wesley was an eminent instance of total abstinence from

strong drinks promoting health and comfort, and enabling people to go through more toil and labour without than with them. There never was a man, probably, who throughout a long life worked harder, both with body and mind, than John Wesley. We know of no divine who ever preached so many sermons, or travelled so many miles, as this water-drinking man of God did.

At the time that John Wesley first began to preach to poor people, there was very great ignorance about religion; the poor were left generally uninstructed, and no one cared for their souls. But this good man, remembering the example of the Redeemer, was determined that "the poor" should have "the Gospel preached to them." For about fifty years he constantly rose at four in the morning and preached at five. He travelled on foot long journeys, and met with very terrible opposition from wicked men, who often rose up against him when he preached to them in the open air, and drove him with violence out of the place. We sometimes hear of foolish, mistaken people being exceedingly bitter and angry at those good men who go to speak about total abstinence; this is just the same kind of persecution that Wesley received when he went forth to teach the truths of religion. Yet, just as in our day, so it was then; some heard diligently, and laid his words to heart, and formed themselves into little religious communities in different towns, until the number became very great, and their influence very extensive. John Wesley lived to see their number increased to thousands. So the founders of total abstinence societies have in a few years seen "the little one become a thousand," amidst all the jeers and scoffs of revilers.

John Wesley was so convinced of the danger of taking strong drink, that he particularly cautioned young ministers, and all the members of the sect he formed, against this vice. He also forbade persons engaged in the sale of strong drink being received as members into their Christian communion. When we remember that the nature of strong drink had not been inquired into at the time John Wesley lived, and that all persons thought it necessary, if taken in small quantities, the rules of this great and good man are very interesting and valuable. The greatest enemy to the spread of true religion is strong drink. All Christians, of every sect, own this fact, and, of course, a sure plan that would prevent the members of Christian societies from falling into the habits of intemperance must be both valuable and good. Yet, like the truths John Wesley taught, this good and valuable plan has been ridiculed and despised: still it has prospered; the hand of God has been on it for good, and it must and will prosper, because it has truth for its strong foundation.

LORD HATTON'S PRAYER.

O most glorious and omnipotent Jesus, who, with thine own right hand and with thy holy arm, hath gotten to thyself, on our behalf, the victory over sin, hell, and the grave; remember this thy mercy and truth, which thou hast promised to all that believe on thee. Give us pardon of our sins, sealed unto us by the testimony of thy Holy Spirit, and of a good conscience; and grant that we, by thy strength, may fight against our ghostly enemies, and by thy power may overcome them; that we may rejoice in a holy peace, and sing and give thee thanks for our victory and our crown. Amen.

JOHN SULLIVAN;

OR,

A SEARCH FOR "THE OLD RELIGION."

VIII.—PRACTICAL RESULTS.

ROGERS was quite aware that he had given his friend abundant matter for cogitation, and he consequently delayed his next visit for nearly a week. He then found, as he had expected, that Father Jerome had paid the young Irishman another visit, and had succeeded in bringing his mind again into a state of doubt and perplexity. "I do not see," he said, "that the mere date of a Creed is of so much importance as you represent it. Father Jerome reminded me that we hold the earlier Creeds—the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian—as firmly as you do. In fact, it was from us that you received them. 'We have not given up, or departed from, the earliest and simplest professions of the Christian faith. All that we have done,' he observed, 'was this: finding that various points of faith and practice which had always been held and regarded in the Church were now denied and impugned, the Council of Trent took notice of these new opinions, broached by Luther, Zuingle, and others, and inserted a rejection of them in the Creed, just as the Council of Nice had added to its Creed a rejection of the heresy of Arius. And surely,' he added, 'you cannot doubt that the Church had a right so to do.'"

"To which observation I answer," said Rogers, "that the Council of Nice was something like a fair representation of the Church; while that of Trent, made up chiefly of some bishops from Spain and Italy, was nothing of the kind. But for you and I to attempt a comparison of the merits of this or that great Council would be quite absurd. I only adduced the Nicene Creed, as you will recollect, as one among five ancient documents which seemed to show pretty clearly what the faith of the third, fourth, and fifth centuries really was. For our discussion, as you will remember, has turned all along upon that single point raised by Father Jerome two or three weeks ago, when he exhorted you to abide by 'the Old Religion.' I have admitted, from the beginning, that there is weight in the recommendation, and that 'to ask for the Old Paths' is sound advice. I believe, with Tertullian, a very early writer, that 'that which is first is generally true, and that that which is later is often corrupted.' But then I denied, and do

still deny, that the Romish faith is the old faith. I have proved by the documents which we have been discussing, that everything which the Christians of the first four or five centuries thought it necessary to put into a Creed, we believe; and that their finest hymns, as in the case of the Te Deum, are used by us without the slightest alteration. What they held as necessary doctrines, we hold; what they worshipped, we worship. I say, therefore, that ours is 'the Old Religion;' and as another proof of this, I refer you to the fact, that your peculiar Creed—the Creed which belongs to the Church of Rome, and not to Protestants—was composed and put forth in 1564, or less than three hundred years ago."

"Well," said Sullivan, "I am almost tired of the historical part of the argument. But what is the practical bearing of the whole question? Is there any important difference between the Creed of Nice and the Creed of Trent? May I not, as we are often directed to do, repeat first the Nicene Creed, and then go on to add to it the twelve articles of the Creed of Pope Pius IV.?"

"Nay," said Rogers, "you are now inviting me to go into the whole question of the differences between the two Churches. Such a discussion as that might last us many weeks; and I am not sure that I can find time for so large a controversy. Certainly it would be vain for me to think of plunging into such a question at this moment. But as we are upon the subject of the Creeds, I may make a single observation with reference to your inquiry, whether a man may not, without difficulty, hold both the Creeds, that of Nice and that of Trent? I regard these two Creeds as having entirely different aspects, and directing the mind of him who uses them in quite opposite directions. Perhaps this never struck you."

"No," said Sullivan; "nor do I now quite understand what you mean. Pray explain yourself."

"Well," said Rogers, "then I will remark, at the outset, that truths which are disliked may be assailed either openly or obliquely. An opponent may meet them with a plain denial, or he may turn them aside, and render them nugatory, by mingling something with them. I have heard that an experienced chemist can take six of the most valuable medicines known to man, and by adding to each a few drops of neutralising drugs,

can convert them into six of the most deadly poisons. In like manner, in colours, when you have spread on your palette the most brilliant of blues, if you let a few drops of yellow mingle with it, it becomes at once a totally different colour—green. And the same thing is observable in all departments, whether of physics or of morals. Bearing this in mind, let us look at the two Creeds, which, in the services of your Church, are often mingled together. First, will you read over, with attention, the Nicene Creed (or the Apostles'), and observe, as you read, *where*, and towards *whom*, your attention is directed?

Sullivan did as he was requested, and after a pause, said: "I believe in God the Father Almighty—and in Jesus Christ our Lord—and in the Holy Ghost—the holy Catholic Church—one baptism—and the resurrection."

"Where, then," said Rogers, "in reading this Creed, is your attention turned? Is it not towards God, your Creator, your Redeemer, your Sanctifier? Then there is a brief mention made of the Catholic Church, and of Baptism; and then the mind is again carried away from earth, and fixed on the resurrection, and the world to come. Thus, he who uses this Creed looks upward to God, and scarcely thinks of earth or the things of earth, but hastens forward to heaven and heavenly things. Such was the Creed, the faith, of the early Church. Now, how should such a faith as this be neutralised—supposing, indeed, that an enemy desired to neutralise it? Clearly, not by denying or impugning it, which would shock all Christian minds, but by mingling something with it of an opposite tendency—something to withdraw the eye from God and heaven, and to fix it upon earth and earthly things. Now turn to Pope Pius's Creed, and let us see if this is not its general character and tendency."

Sullivan looked at the latter Creed, and said, after a pause, "You must explain to me what you mean."

"I mean," said Rogers, "that the whole drift and tenor of the Creed of 1564 is to occupy the mind with the things of earth. It begins with an adhesion to the traditions, constitutions, and observances of the Church. It then submits the Scriptures themselves to the decisions of the Church—i.e., of the Church of Rome—and makes the worshipper promise to accept the meaning attached to the Scriptures by the

Church. Here, you see, all is on the earth, and nothing rises above it. Then comes an adhesion to the Seven Sacraments, and next to all the ceremonies of the Church—still keeping, you will observe, to things visible; still making 'the Church' the one object to be obeyed and followed. Next follows a submission to the decisions of the Council of Trent in the matter of justification, and an adhesion to the dogma of Transubstantiation, and the Sacrament in one kind. Then comes a belief in Purgatory, which is something lower than the earth; and of the veneration due to the saints, and their images and relics. This might be an uplifting of the soul, but, practically, the image or the relic is the thing worshipped. Lastly, we have a "power of indulgences left to the Church," and the headship of the Pope, with a vow of true obedience to him. Thus, while in the older Creeds the mind of the worshipper is constantly directed upwards to God, to Jesus, to the Holy Ghost, and to heaven, the Creed of Trent deals entirely and exclusively with earthly matters—the visible Church, its ceremonies, ordinances, indulgences, and demands. The old Creeds lift the mind altogether away from earth; the modern one occupies it entirely with earth, and earthly things. The Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier are the chief objects in the first; the Pope and his decrees, masses, indulgences, penances, relics, and images, these are the things substituted in the other. Thus, in effect, the objects of faith and the way of salvation seem wholly changed when we lay down the old Creed and take up the new one. Nor is the difference merely verbal, and therefore immaterial. It concerns the essential substance of the faith. It is, in fact, the poison poured into the medicine, of which I spoke just now; for, indeed, the Nicene Creed is preserved, and not excluded, by your Church: but then it mixes with it a new Creed, a modifying and nullifying Creed, which makes the former of no avail. And now, let me beg of you," said Rogers, "to take heed to what I have showed you, 'for it is not a vain thing for you; it is your life.' Believe me, these distinctions are not of small importance—they concern matters of life and death. Between looking to Christ for salvation, and looking to the Church, its sacraments, penances, and indulgences, the difference is as wide as between heaven and hell. A simple faith in Christ, a real, earnest coming to him, is salvation. He has promised,

'He that cometh to me, *I will in no wise cast out.*' But he repeatedly warned his disciples, in his latest instructions to them, against those who would endeavour to turn their eyes some other way. 'And they shall say unto you, See here; or, see there: go not after them, nor follow them,' Luke xvii. 23. 'If any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there; believe it not,' Matt. xxiv. 23. The salvation which he has provided is full and free, and the way is plain and open. He calls to you, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' But beware of any Church, and of any person, who would turn your eyes another way—who would send you to saints or images, or to penances or indulgences, for salvation. Believe me, these are the things against which all the prophets and all the apostles so frequently warn you. They are 'vain things, which cannot profit or deliver.' You are dealing, remember, with a great as well as a gracious God, and you must accept pardon and salvation in his own way, and on his own terms, or you will run great risk of never finding them. He will tolerate no admixtures, no compromises; his offer is, 'Without money and without price.' But if you cling to these vain inventions, and hesitate to accept his gracious offer, beware lest that come upon you of which he has given you the fullest warning—'Because I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh.'"

The two friends then parted, but only for a time. After a long mental struggle, Sullivan at last resolved that no one should any longer prohibit his reading or listening to the Word of God. A Bible was soon procured, and it was diligently studied with constant prayer. The result of an inquiry so carried on was the same which has occurred in thousands of similar cases. None of the doctrines asserted in Pope Pius's Creed could be found in Holy Scripture. Sullivan began to reflect upon and to see the soundness of the principle maintained by Rogers, that no religion could be old enough which was not as old as the days of Christ and his apostles. Carrying this principle to its fair results, he finally resolved that the really "Old Religion"—the religion of the New Testament—should be his. And when, after a prolonged confinement, he rendered thanks in "the great congre-

gation" for his complete recovery, it was not in Father Jerome's chapel that his thanksgiving was offered up.

THE END.

BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

WERE the inhabitants of this Christian land to erect statues in honour of our British worthies, how few even of these honoured men could compete for priority with that favoured man of God, John Bunyan! If knowledge of the Holy Scriptures—if piety that dreaded no dangers—if vigour of intellect—if powers of imagination, blended with a chastened judgment, confer greatness, then the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" stands amongst the foremost of his fellows. He who, in the perfection of wisdom, selected the fishermen of Galilee to overturn the wisdom of the wise, and to bring to nought the counsels of the prudent, was pleased to display His power and his grace by endowing an unlearned, a penniless, and a persecuted man with power to produce a work

"Meet for all hours, and every mood of man:"

a work which the irreligious may read for pleasure, and the devout for profit—which has charmed the simple and the sage, the grandsire and the little child—a work which has won for itself the willing tribute of almost universal praise, and which, to meet the general demand, has been translated into almost every language of Europe, and has passed through many hundred editions; and, above all, let it be said, as its highest praise, it is a work which the Great Head of the Christian Church has owned and blessed beyond, possibly, any other uninspired production. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been, from its spiritual usefulness to the souls of men, ranked by divines as next to the Holy Scriptures.

With these high views of the merit of a work which may be prized as a companion to the Bible, and as the Christian man's personal biography, we cannot but rejoice to know that an edition of this highly popular work is about to be published, combining unparalleled advantages.

The "Illustrated Pilgrim's Progress" now announced must be welcomed as an evidence of the march of intellect, the progress of the times,

"Cassell's Illustrated Bunyan.—The Pilgrim's Progress." Weekly, 1d.; Monthly, 6d. and 6d.

and the right direction of low-priced literature. The work is in a somewhat old-fashioned but admirable type, it is richly adorned with engravings tending to explain the subjects, and is printed on toned paper, decorated with an ornamental border around every page. To these attractions are added the benefit to be derived from ample annotations and pious reflections, and an interesting Life of Bunyan, from the pens of well-known divines. This edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," called "Cassell's Illustrated Bunyan," is a marvel of beauty and of cheapness. From its beauty it may find its way to a palace, and from its price be welcomed in the cottage; and our earnest desire is, that whether perused by prince or by peasant, the reader may be aroused to seek that wisdom which made Bunyan a benefactor to his race, and taught him as a Christian Pilgrim to seek the Celestial City.

ON PRESENTING A BOOK OF PRAYERS TO A YOUNG LADY,

UPON THE CONDITION THAT THANKS WERE TO BE
RETURNED IN VERSE.

No poet's art, dear sir, is mine,
Yet deign to read one simple line;
No rhyming skill, indeed, possessing,
My thanks sincere alone expressing;
And kindly list to one petition,
And grant henceforth the abolition
Of all and every such "condition."
The charms of plain domestic duty
For me possess superior beauty
To all the melody of rhyme,
Or poet's highest flight sublime;
To me 'twere trial small to sever
From muses fair and o'en for ever,
Lest Fancy lead my steps astray
From duty's quiet, simple way.
Though I would now my doubts surrender,
And cordial thanks will gladly tender;
For oft amidst life's chequered scene,
Where joys and sorrows intervene,
And sunbeams smile 'mid falling showers,
'Twill soothe (I trust) some drooping hours,
To ponder o'er these prayers divine,
Humbly to seek to make them mine;
'Twill point from earth's uncertain treasures,
To nobler joys, superior pleasures.

THE DEATH BLAST.

THE pestilential blast is called by the Arabs *Sam wind*; by the Persians, *Samoun*; by the Turks, *Si-moon*, or *Samiel*; and by the prophet Jeremiah, "a dry wind of the high places in the wilderness" (Jer. iv. 11). This wind occurs in Persia, Arabia, and the deserts of Africa, at periods during the months

of June, July, and August; in Nubia, during March and April, and also in September, October, and November. It rarely lasts more than seven or eight minutes; but so poisonous are its effects, that it instantly suffocates those who are unfortunate enough to inhale it, particularly if it overtakes them when standing upright.

Thevenot, the French traveller, mentions such a wind, which, in 1658, suffocated 20,000 men in one night; and another which, in 1655, suffocated 4,000 persons. As the principal stream of this pestilential blast always moves in a line about twenty yards in breadth, and twelve feet above the surface of the earth, travellers in the desert, when they perceive its approach, throw themselves on the ground, with their faces close to the burning sands, and wrap their heads in their robes, or in a piece of carpet, till the wind has passed over them. The least mischief which it produces is the drying up their skins of water, and thus exposing them to perish in the deserts.

When this destructive wind advances, which it does with great rapidity, its approach is indicated by a redness in the air; and when sufficiently near to admit of being observed, it appears like a haze, in colour resembling the purple part of the rainbow, but not so compressed or thick.

When travellers are exposed to a second or third attack of this terrible blast, it produces a desperate kind of indifference for life, and an almost total prostration of strength. Camels and other animals instinctively perceive its approach, and bury their mouths and nostrils in the ground. Its effects on the bodies of those whom it destroys are peculiar. At first view its victims appear to be asleep; but if an arm or a leg be smartly shaken, or lifted up, it separates from the body, which soon after becomes black.

The Early Days of Good Men.

NO. I.—REV. WILLIAM JAY.

I HAVE often admired the following passage in Mr. Jay's Autobiography:—

Take a peasant or a mechanic in a village—sober, moral, religious—his wishes bounded by the simplicity of rural life—his sleep sweet—his meals, though plain, sauced by appetite—his hands sufficient for him—his labour limited, and free from distracting cares—his little garden yielding him the useful vegetable and the Sunday flower—the Sabbath a day of pleasing change, and rest, and refreshment of spirits—the going to the house of God in company—and the Bible, now more amply read, though not forgotten during the week,—take such an one, and his condition as to enjoyment will not shrink from a comparison with the state of thousands who never look upon him but with contempt, or pity, or indifference.

This lovely picture was drawn from the author's personal recollection of his youthful days, when he recalled the memory of his village life, and thought of his parents and of his early associates. The account given by this remarkable man of his first entry on the world, and his notices of men and things, are very original,

and have the charm, so peculiar to his character, of a racy naturalness. No one can help sympathising with him as he describes his feelings, and no one who has true Christian principle can do otherwise than glorify the grace of God shown in his whole career—so honourable, so useful, so prolonged.

He was born on the 6th of May, 1769, at the village of Tisbury, in Wiltshire. He tells us that his parents were very respectable, poor, and religious; *religious*, really and practically, exemplifying the morality of the Gospel under the influence of piety, or the fear and love of God; *poor*, not abjectly and dependently, but able, by frugality and industry, to support themselves, and to bring up a family in the decencies and even comforts of village life. His father was a mechanic, working at the business of a stone-cutter and mason. There was nothing remarkable in him as to talent, nor in his excellent wife. They were both persons of slender education, but of a good, solid understanding, and of much common sense; upright, conscientious, kind, tender, charitable according to their means, and much beloved and esteemed in all the neighbourhood.

William was their fourth child, and only son. Of his minister and his early training he gives the following account:—

The Presbyterian minister on whom we attended was a very dry and dull preacher, but a lovely character, and exceedingly tender-hearted, kind, and generous, denying himself almost to a fault, that he might have, out of his small income, to give to him that needed; and wherever misery was, there was he. From my earliest remembrances, he kindly and gently noticed me; and when I was able to read, he presented me with the two first publications I ever called my own. These were Watts' "History of the Old and New Testament," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" and never shall I forget my feelings at the receipt of them; for books (what a change has since taken place!) were then very scarce in villages; at least, few came in my way. The schooling of the village was of course very limited, and had nothing to awaken or expand the mind, beyond the common elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. In this humble education I shared; but I can say nothing more. To any literary or intellectual advantage or excitement I was a stranger.

There were no symptoms of early precociousness about the lad; indeed, he says he could well remember with what pains he acquired reading; and his eldest sister, when questioned concerning his boyhood, said, "We thought he never would have learned." But when the difficulty by which he was depressed, and for which he was often reproached, was overcome, and he felt the encouragement of praise and the pleasure of success, he rapidly made progress, and anxiously desired to make still more; but his situation afforded none of the necessary opportunities and helps. Pensive, and conscious of inward aspirations after something better and higher than he had ever actually witnessed, he felt "a strange love of withdrawing himself from his playmates and roving alone, and while pausing among the scenes of Nature, surrendering himself to musings which carried him away." There is something touching and impressive in the manner in which he speaks of his first dawning emotions, as kindled by the beauties of Nature spread around him. If he lacked the education afforded by men and books, he keenly relished and eagerly imbibed the lessons of the great volume spread out by the hand of God for us to read. His father's dwelling was a double tenement, "too large for a cottage," and having attached to it a proportionate garden and orchard. It was situated about an equal

distance from Lord Arundel's, Wardour Castle, Pit-house, the seat of Mr. Bennet, and Fonthill, then the splendid mansion of Mr. Beckford. The village of Tisbury, in which it stood, was wide and varied, and abounded with lovely and picturesque aspects,

"And the sweet interchange of hill and vale, and wood and lawn."

It is impossible (he afterwards said) to express the intense pleasure I felt, from a child, in the survey of the rural scenery, while standing on the brow of an eminence, or seated upon the upraised root of a branching tree, or walking through a waving field of corn, or gazing on a clear brook, with fish, and reeds, and rushes. How vividly are some of those spots impressed upon my memory still; and how recoverable, at this distance of time, are some of the rude reflections so early associated with them!

Of his early religious feelings he thus speaks:—

Restraint from evil is a mercy, as well as sanctification and good works. I bless God I was, from my childhood, free from immoralities. I remember, indeed, one act of gross transgression (it pains me now in the review): it was the uttering of a known and repeated *swearword*, accompanied with an oath, as I was intently at play. For this my conscience so smote me, that I was soon constrained to withdraw from my companions, and went home and retired to implore forgiveness. But, though free from vice, I now began to see and feel deficiencies with regard to duty, and to be dissatisfied with the state of my heart towards God. I also felt my need of something more than was held forth in the preaching I heard. Without knowing the nature of this good, I was just in the condition of mind to welcome and relish the truth commonly called "evangelical."

About this time it was reported that some people styled Methodists were coming to preach in the village; and, although he had never heard the name before, the curiosity of young Jay was awakened, and he determined to go and hear them, hoping that he might learn from them something which would relieve his concern of mind. He accordingly went to the service, held on Saturday evening, in a private dwelling, purchased and licensed for the purpose by an excellent man named Turner. He thus describes his emotions on the first occasion of his attending:—

The singing, the extemporaneousness of the address, and the apparent affection and earnestness of the speaker, peculiarly affected me; and what he said of the "faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," was like rain upon the mown grass, or cold water to a thirsty soul. I scarcely slept that night, for weeping and for joy; and as the preaching was to be renewed next morning, at seven o'clock, I happened to be the first that came. Mrs. Turner herself opened the door to me, and taking me by the hand, benignly inquired, "Are you hungering for the bread of life?" She continued talking to me most winningly some time; and this seemingly trifling circumstance was important in the result, for from that day forward she particularly noticed and often conversed with me; and her information and addresses were more useful than many of the sermons I heard, as she adapted herself to the state she found I was in, and the kind of knowledge I then required.

Truly, "a word spoken in season, how good it is!" The impressions produced on the mind of William Jay were not long in producing their appropriate fruits. Hearing on one occasion a discourse enforcing the duty and importance of family prayer, he besought his father to undertake it in their household; and on his refusing, upon the ground of inability, he offered to try and perform it himself. This offer the good man, with tears, acceded to; and from that time William became "a kind of domestic chaplain."

For a long time there was no fixed minister at Tisbury, but the service was supplied voluntarily by good men, who came as they were able, "without

money or price," to perform this work of love. Among them was one well known and highly esteemed—the Rev. Cornelius Winter, then living at Marlborough, where he had a small academy of young men designed for the ministry. He came from a distance of nearly forty miles, and preached at the room in the village. After an interval of a year, he came a second time, and then, calling on Mrs. Turner, he mentioned to her that, when before at Tisbury, he had been particularly struck with the aspect of a lad in the congregation; that the impression had not worn off, and that he had felt a strong desire to have an interview with him before he should return. She immediately said there was one in the place she was herself anxious he should see and converse with. Accordingly, on the Saturday evening, "Billy Jay" was invited by the doorkeeper to come into the parlour, to speak with the minister after the service. He complied, and going into the house, was presented to his future friend and patron. He has given an account of their interview as follows:—

I was in my simple village dress, with my apron drawn around me. Mr. Winter then perceived that the youth mentioned by Mrs. Turner and the one he had remarked were the same. He was affected even to tears, and immediately knelt down and prayed. I was, of course, amazed at the strangeness of all this, nor could I for one moment conjecture the design. He then began to talk with me, and in a manner which disarmed me of fear, concerning several things, and especially of my religious views and feelings. At this interview he proceeded no further, but desired me to come to him again after the service on the morrow evening. I again waited upon him. He again immediately prayed for a few moments, and then began to inquire whether I should not like, and did not long, to communicate to others what I felt myself. He observed that he had a small academy of young men for the ministry, and kindly invited me to join them, if, after reflection and prayer, my heart should be inclined, and my parents should be disposed to give their consent.

At the time this overture was made, William Jay was in his sixteenth year, and had recently been apprenticed to his father, who was then engaged as a working-mason at Fonthill House, and the lad daily laboured at that afterwards renowned mansion. Little did the accomplished and learned proprietor of the abbey imagine that among the workmen in his employ there was a lad to whom he himself would in after years listen with interest, pronouncing him "one of the finest preachers he ever heard," and whose writings should draw from him a eulogy as just and powerful as perhaps was ever passed upon Mr. Jay as an author.

This man's mind (wrote Mr. Beckford, on the leaves of his copy of "The Christian Contemplated") is no petty reservoir supplied him by laborious pumpings; it is a clear, transparent spring, flowing so freely as to impress the idea of its being inexhaustible. In many of these pages the stream of eloquence is so full, so rapid, that we are fairly borne down and laid prostrate at the feet of the preacher, whose arguments in these moments appear as if they could not be controverted, and we must yield to them. The voice which calls us to look into ourselves and prepare for judgment is too piercing, too powerful to be resisted, and we attempt, for worldly and sensual considerations, to shut our ears in vain.

The interview related above was followed by most important results. In fact, upon it hinged the whole subsequent career of Mr. Jay; for the excellent man who had been thus providentially led to notice the young, untaught lad, in whom he perceived something that fascinated his regard, never rested till he

had secured for him the means of obtaining competent instruction, and eventually trained him for the Christian ministry.

So remarkable an incident might well excite attention, and Mr. Jay devoutly recognised in it the hand of God. "What probability was there," he asked, "that such a change in his prospects should ever occur?" No effort, no purpose of his own or of his relations, had the least concern in it. It resulted purely and entirely from the providence of God.

It is an interesting fact that the first letter ever written by William Jay to his kind and fatherly friend was preserved, and, though bearing marks of lamentable deficiency in learning, it is a pleasing and satisfactory document as the production of a youth so circumstanced. It says:—

You desired to hear if I could write you something of my Christian experience. My experience is that I desire to love the Lord above all, and to live more to his glory and honour. I hope I can say that he is the chiefest to my soul of ten thousand, and altogether lovely. I desire to know nothing but Jesus, and to be found in him; not hating on my own righteousness, which is polluted with sin and impure, but the righteousness which is of God, which is for all and upon all that believe in him.

Surely in these simple lines we find pleasing assurance that the good work of Divine grace had been commenced in the heart of the anxious inquirer, and that already his first step had been taken in the path that leadeth unto life eternal. A very favourite theme of Mr. Jay's ministry was the duty and privilege of early piety. He spoke the language of experience when, in glowing language, he thus addressed the youthful members of his charge:—

All who seek the Lord shall find; but all do not find alike. Is there no difference between finding him now, in the beginning of your journey, to guide you safely forward, and finding him after wandering in wrong roads, and after being robbed and wounded by thieves, and having your strength worn out and the shadows of the evening falling upon you? No difference between your finding him in the health of your countenance and the vigour of your strength, and finding him only when your bones will be filled with the sins of your youth, which lie down with you in the grave? No, none find him like those that seek him early. A thousand satisfactions and advantages are wanting in a late conversion which adorn and bless an earlier one.

There is a proverb you may perhaps have met with, which says, "Young saints prove old devils." I would rather reverse this, and say that *young saints often prove old angels*. Read through the Scriptures; notice the history of Joseph, and Samuel, and David, and Daniel, and John, and Timothy. Read through the history of our godly ancestors. Remember the language of Beza in his will: "Lord," says he, "I thank thee that, at the early age of sixteen, I was enabled to dedicate myself to thy service!"

To return from this digression. Not long after he had written the above letter, William Jay went to Marlborough, where he found himself at once introduced into an entirely new scene. He had turned another and strange leaf in the pages of his life's history. He was taken from the measuring-line and the hammer, and put to the hard task of mental culture. At first, various things seemed unpromising and discouraging. His ignorance was great. Mr. Winter had no provision for his support, and his parents could do very little for him. Under these circumstances, the excellent man who had taken him by the hand did not yield to despondency; he had to draw largely upon the providence of God, and he was enabled to trust without fear or doubting, although,

as he afterwards said, he hardly knew at the time how to justify the step he took.

Never, so far as appears, did Mr. Winter feel a moment's anxiety on the subject of his pupil's genuine worth and suitability for the holy calling of the ministry. He felt his own deficiencies, with the modesty of true sensibility, and eagerly desired to profit by the unexpected means now put within his reach. Happily, he had a thirst for knowledge, and set a value upon it which ensured his diligent application. He searched the shelves of Mr. Winter's library as for hidden treasure, and soon adopted certain favourite authors, who ever after held the same high place in his esteem. Leighton and Newton, he tells us, were always especially valued by him for the Christian spirit, scriptural manner, experimental knowledge, and devotional earnestness of their writings.

When a very young preacher (he says), I was much struck with Saurin. This eloquent author made such an impression upon me, that I instantly began to learn French, to be able to read him in the original, and to peruse the remainder of his untranslated sermons, as well as his other works. By this acquisition I gained access to the writings of several French divines, Catholic and Protestant, many of which I continue to value.

As may be supposed, he was obliged at first to fag very hard: the difficulties he encountered were not only trying, but seemed insurmountable; yet, after a time, he felt encouraged, and soon found pleasure even in acquiring the languages. As his knowledge increased, he became more and more conscious of the deficiencies under which he laboured from the want of an early and good education. He felt, also, that the literary acquisitions of himself and his fellow-students were greatly impeded by the labours required at their hands. The state of the country then was very different from what it now is, as to an evangelical ministry. The labourers were few; the spiritual condition of many of the villages was truly deplorable. "No man cared for the souls" of the people. So it was in the places around Marlborough, and Mr. Winter's heart was stirred within him as he beheld the poor, ignorant peasantry. He therefore obtained and licensed some private houses to preach in, where he went himself occasionally, and also sent his students, to instruct these poor people, and to speak to them of a Saviour's love. "In the milder seasons," writes Mr. Jay, "we often addressed large numbers out of doors; and many a clear, calm evening I have preached down the day, on the corner of a common, or upon the green turf before the cottage-door."

Here was a suitable field in which to exercise the talents and the piety of these young men, and their humble auditors listened to them with eagerness, seeming to drink in the glad tidings they delivered with a joyful willingness "truly interesting and delightful to witness."

Great attainments and qualifications were not necessary for such work; but "we knew enough," he says, "from Scripture, and our own experience, to show to men the way of salvation, and to say, 'Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.'"

A few months only elapsed before he was directed to make his first essay, and he has related that his first sermon was preached at Abington, a village near Stonehenge. The text was 1 Peter ii. 3: "If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." The division was:

1. The Lord is gracious.

2. The best way to know this grace is by tasting it.

3. Such knowledge will have an influence over the possessor; for if we have tasted that the Lord is gracious, it will induce us to love him; it will draw out our desires after more; it will make us anxious to bring others to partake with us, saying, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us." "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him."

He was at that time little more than sixteen, and from this period he was called to preach with no little frequency; so that before he was of age he had preached, he supposed, near a thousand sermons. Had it been left to his own option, it is evident the case would have been different; but he was under the authority of one whom he was bound to obey, and when in subsequent years considering the matter, he said:—

Although this early preaching unquestionably broke in much upon our studies, I cannot in the review of the case see how a man of God circumstanced as Mr. W. was could have conscientiously acted otherwise than he did. Much as I have always lamented, in addition to my original want of education, the loss of some literary advantages, I not only submit to what appears to have been the will of God, but, upon the whole, am even thankful for such a course of things as I passed through. God has not only a right to choose for us, but as he appoints us our stations and offices, and foresees all they will require, he arranges our trainings, and renders all our previous circumstances and experience preparatory to our fitness.

To set against these drawbacks there were certain advantages in his position, when at Marlborough, which he very highly prized, and to which through life he referred with ardent gratitude. The chief of these was the free and unreserved access he enjoyed to the society and friendship of his much-loved tutor. He dwells with tender interest upon the conduct and character of this excellent man, to whom he could never sufficiently manifest his thankfulness, and towards whom he cherished a filial reverence and affection. It is a charming picture which he draws of his student life in his biography of Mr. Winter, whom he represents as a father with his sons, rather than a tutor with his students. They were almost constantly with him; he was always familiarly instructing them, and the love he inspired was such as to endure everything he said. Whether abroad in the fields or sitting at the fireside, at meals and in the social circle, improvement was blended with pleasure. During the hours of breakfast and tea one or other of the family read aloud, and occasionally remarks were intermingled with the lecture. It was no unusual thing for one of his pupils to accompany him in his visits to the sick chamber and the house of mourning: he knew that it was desirable these young men should be accustomed to such scenes, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better. That they might have the benefit of pleasant society and edifying conversation, he introduced them as his companions in his friendly visits, and sometimes they went with him on his preaching excursions. Mr. Jay says:—

There are few things in my life that I can remember with such melting pleasure as my going with him—walking by the side of his little horse, and occasionally riding—on a fine summer's evening, into a neighbouring village, and returning again the same night, or very early in the morning. In these instances I was required to take sometimes a part and sometimes the whole of the service; but it was a privilege rather than a task to do anything before him. He heard our discourses and prayers with the greatest tenderness, and beamed with pleasure at every promise of improvement. A backwardness to notice imperfections was his extreme: he loved to commend; it was hardly in

his power to find fault. Yet though his approbation seemed easily gained, it was not rendered the less desirable. It was delicious to enjoy it, and therefore it always supplied a stimulus.

How lovely a portrait has the hand of grateful affection here depicted! Happy alike the friendly benefactor who so well fixed his choice, and the youth to whom Providence gave such a patron!

(To be concluded in our next.)

LEGH RICHMOND'S MOTHER.

"My mother," says the Rev. Legh Richmond, "had six children; three of whom died in infancy. A very affecting circumstance accompanied the death of one of them, which was a severe trial to her maternal feelings. Her then youngest child, a sweet little boy, only just two years old, through the carelessness of his nurse, fell from a bed-room window upon the pavement beneath. I was at that time six years of age, and happened to be walking upon the very spot when the distressing event occurred. I was, therefore, the first to take him up.

"I delivered into our agonised mother's arms the poor little sufferer. The head was fractured, and he survived the fall only about thirty hours.

"I still preserve a very lively and distinct remembrance of the struggle between the natural feelings of the mother, and the spiritual resignation of the Christian. She passed the interval of suspense in almost continual prayer, and found God a present help in time of trouble.

"Frequently during the day did she retire with me, and as I knelt beside her, she uttered the feelings and desires of her heart to God. I remember her saying, 'If I cease praying for five minutes, I am ready to sink under this unlooked-for distress; but when I pray, God comforts and upholds me; his will, not mine, be done.' Once she said, 'Help me to pray, my child; Christ suffers little children to come to him, and forbids them not; say something.' 'What shall I say, mamma? shall I fetch a book?' 'Not now,' she replied; 'speak from your heart, and ask God that we may be reconciled to his will, and bear this trial with patience.'"

THE SCRIPTURES.

The Scripture style is noble and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line;
It is not built on disquisition vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain.

THE BENEVOLENT MERCHANT.

NATHANIEL COBB, of Boston, displayed the character of a Christian merchant in all its varieties of excellence. He was one of the few noble-minded men of wealth whose affluence is constantly proved by their munificence.

Yet it was not always from what is strictly denominated affluence that he was so benevolent, inas-

much as the vows of God were upon him that he would never become rich; and he redeemed the holy pledge which he had given, by consecrating his gains to the Lord. In November, 1821, he drew up the following remarkable document:—

"By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than 50,000 dollars.

"By the grace of God, I will give one-fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses.

"If I am ever worth 20,000 dollars, I will give one-half of my net profits; and if I am ever worth 30,000, I will give three-fourths; and the whole, after 50,000 dollars."

To which he added a clause, to the effect that, if he failed in carrying out this resolve, he desired that his property might be taken from him, and given to a more faithful steward.

He adhered to this covenant with strict fidelity. At one time, finding his property had increased beyond the prescribed sum of 50,000 dollars, he at once devoted the surplus, 7,500, as a foundation for a professorship in the Newton Institution for the education of Christian ministers, to which, on various occasions during his short life, he gave at least twice that amount. He was a generous friend to many young men, whom he assisted in establishing themselves in business, and to many who were unfortunate.

May we not say that men of business who, from pious motives, thus consecrate their gains to God, do, in the noblest manner, make unto themselves friends of that which, to an ungodly man, is "the mammon of unrighteousness?"

Biblical Expositions,

IN REPLY TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. H.—*There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.*—Prov. xiii. 7.

Worldly wealth, without God, is poverty: worldly poverty, with God, is real wealth. He that heaps together gold by fraud, avarice, and extortion, makes himself poor for all eternity: he who is poor through godly honesty, or straitened through his liberality, lays up "treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt." For a similar paradox see 2 Cor. xii. 10.

S. H.—*How are we to reconcile "No man hath seen God at any time" (1 John iv. 12) with "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved?" (Gen. xxxii. 30).*

It was the angel of the Lord who appeared to Abraham, Jacob, Joshua, &c., in various forms, but was always addressed as God, and Divine honours paid him (see Josh. v. 13–15). We have little reason to doubt that this was the Second Person of the Trinity—God the Son: properly God, as equal with the Father, but distinct in person.

St. John is speaking of the glory of the First Person in the Trinity, which can be seen by no man. See

Exod. xxxiii. 20—"For there shall no man see me, and live."

G. M. M.—*For what did Jacob wrestle? and why did the angel wish to prevail against him?*—Gen. xxxii. 24, 25.

The contest between Jacob and the angel, who was none other than the Second Person of the Trinity, is emblematical of our spiritual conflict of faith. To Jacob was permitted a bodily contest. By the result was decided the strength of his faith in God. Because he persevered, God blessed him, gave him a new name, and exalted him as an Israel, or "Prince of God." The angel—i.e., the Lord—did not desire to prevail, but to try Jacob's consistency and endurance. As a proof of his power, by a touch he dislocated Jacob's thigh; and this is a sign to us that it is not because we deserve mercy that God gives it us.

Q. V.—*For three transgressions of Tyre, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof.*—Amos i. 9.

"For three transgressions, and for four" does not mean an exact number of offences, but that Tyre had provoked God in many things, for which he was determined to destroy them. One sin is mentioned in particular. They had forgotten the brotherly agreement made between Solomon and Hiram (1 Kings v. 1), and had sided with the Edomites against the people of the Lord.

EXCELSIOR.—*What occupation did Abraham follow?*—Gen. xiii.

The rearing of sheep, and goats, and cattle; and, doubtless, the trading in them with those among whom he dwelt. Flocks constituted a large portion of the wealth of Asiatic chiefs. Job was a remarkable instance.

T. C. K.—*How could it be told where Moses was buried when it is said that no man knoweth his sepulchre?*—Deut. xxxiv. 6.

Just this much appears to have been revealed by God, that Moses was buried in one of the valleys of the Moabitish mountains, whereof Nebd was a particular peak. The writer of this chapter was, probably, Joshua, and, doubtless, he had Divine authority for specifying the district, although of the exact valley or spot he, as well as the rest, was totally ignorant.

D. E.—*What Scriptural authority is there for prayer to Christ?*

Matt. ii. 11; viii. 2; ix. 18; xiv. 33; xv. 25; xx. 20; xxviii. 9; Mark v. 6; ix. 24; Luke xxiii. 42; John ix. 38; Acts vii. 59; 1 Thess. iii. 11; Heb. i. 6; Rev. v. 8, 12, 13. With which contrast Acts x. 26; xiv. 14, 15; Rev. xix. 10; xxii. 9.

C. T. C.—*How could a spirit be said to seek rest? and how could the last state of the man be worse than the first?*—Luke xi. 24.

Rest, here, is in the sense of resting-place. The spirit was simply in search of another heart wherein to dwell, but found none.

Not only because he had eightfold more powerful a spirit of evil within him than before, but because his swept and garnished condition had left him without the excuse of ignorance of what was good. If religion only

improves a man's mind, but touches not his heart, his very knowledge of what is right will only serve to sink him into still deeper condemnation.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

To E. A.—We gladly give the advice for which E. A. asks. We are pleased by the simplicity and candour with which she writes. But we fear that she allows her thoughts to dwell too much on the good opinion and attentions of others. If E. A.'s mother were now alive, and able to counsel her, she would say, "Do not let your thoughts dwell upon such things. Such thoughts, if indulged, produce discontent and unhappiness. Give yourself to your duties in life. If you have spare time, obtain some good books, and improve yourself. A measure that is full of wheat has no room for chaff. Observe always a modest deportment. Show no desire to gain the affections of young men. In God's good time, you may meet with some one with whom you would like to pass through life." If not, life is busy and short, and should be earnest. Those who are never married escape many trials which fall to the lot of their married sisters. Life is more even than many persons think. Those who have greater joys have also greater sorrows. What E. A. needs is some occupation, some interest to occupy her mind. Not knowing her circumstances, we cannot enter into details; but in general we would say (and not to E. A. only), interest yourself in something good; throw your heart and mind into what you do. If you are the elder sister at home, and have domestic duties to attend to, do them well. Study the comforts and wishes of those around you. Make yourself so useful, so necessary to the comfort of every one, that your absence shall be felt, your presence hailed with delight. Forget yourself; live for others, and for God. You will thus best secure your own happiness. But if your circumstances call you away from home to some daily work, do that well; do it as unto the Lord. This will make the most humble and tiresome occupation noble and honourable. E. A. writes as though she desired to belong to Christ's flock. She knows that it is "a happy one." It is; and the service of Christ is the best service. But we fear that E. A. gives to him only a divided heart. She would serve him, if, at the same time, she could gain what she has set her mind upon; but if not, she fears lest she may leave the flock. This is not the spirit of a disciple, and E. A. will not be a disciple until she is willing to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. If she will but in true earnest seek his converting grace, and yield herself up to his Spirit; if she will resolve no longer to be half-hearted, but decided for Christ, then the God of her mother will be her God. He will make her true happiness his care, and all things shall work together for her good. We advise E. A. to obtain Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," or James' "Anxious Inquirer." Either book can now be obtained for sixpence. Let her read them with prayerful attention, and make the matter of her personal salvation her chief care; and may God guide her into the right way and keep her in it, and teach her that in keeping the command there is great gain. A pious, modest, useful, and amiable life never loses its reward.

The Student's Page.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT. — XIII.

"That your prayers be not hindered."—1 Pet. iii. 7.

He who knows not prayer to be a conflict, a warfare beset with hindrances, has never known what real prayer is.

He who meets these hindrances without grief, without resistance, knows nothing of a life of faith.

The child of God both feels and resists these hindrances as depriving him of the happiness of communion with God. Hence that cry, "Be not silent unto me: lest, if thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit."—Ps. xxviii. 1.

I. What does the Christian find to be a hindrance to prayer?

Unpreparedness of heart, Job xi. 13—15; Cant. v. 2, 3.

Worldly objects entangling the affections, Ezek. xiv. 4.

Want of Christian love, 1 Pet. iii. 7.

Unbelief, James i. 6, 7; Matt. xxi. 22.

Spiritual sloth, Cant. iii. 1—3.

Unconfessed guilt, Ps. xxxii. 3, 4.

Neglected opportunities, Cant. v. 6.

Bodily languor, Mark xiv. 37—41.

Absence of the Spirit's influence, Ps. lxxx. 18; Isa. lxiv. 7.

Indistinct apprehension of the way of access as revealed in Scripture, John xvi. 23, 24; Eph. ii. 18.

II. How may hindrances be removed?

Be aware of your danger, Hos. vii. 9.

Be sensible of your wants, Rev. iii. 17.

Make a fresh application to the blood of Jesus, Heb. x. 22.

Set apart special time for examination into the cause of the hindrance, Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24.

Rest not in anything short of a restoration to former comforts, Ps. li. 12.

Pray, and persevere in prayer, in despite of hindrances and difficulties from within and from without, Matt. xv. 22—28.

Labour to give God the whole heart, Jer. xxix. 12, 13.

As you value your own soul and the privilege of communion with God, and as you deprecate separation from the source of life and comfort, dread anything which will prove a hindrance to prayer.

THE GODHEAD OF CHRIST.

"Unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever."—Heb. i. 8.

God, Isa. xl. 3; Matt. i. 23; John i. 1.

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever, Heb. i. 8.

The mighty God, Isa. ix. 6.

The everlasting God, Isa. xl. 28.

The true God, 1 John v. 20.

My Lord and my God, John xi. 28.

God my Saviour, Luke i. 47.

Over all, God blessed for ever. Amen, Rom. ix. 5.

The God of the whole earth, Isa. liv. 5.

God manifest in the flesh, 1 Tim. iii. 16.

Our God and Saviour (marg.), 2 Peter i. 1.

The great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, Titus ii. 13. Emmanuel, God with us, Matt. i. 23.

The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob, Exod. iii. 2, 6.

The Highest, Luke i. 76.

As to the Angel of the Lord, who spake as the God of Abraham, being the Son of God, compare Judg. xiii. 18, 22 (marg.) with Isa. ix. 6; also Dan. iii. 25, 28, and the marginal references.

A COLLECTION OF THE APPELLATIONS GIVEN TO THE CHURCH OF GOD IN THE SCRIPTURES.

1. Adopted sons, Gal. iv. 5.
2. Angels, Luke xx. 36.
3. Assembly of saints, Heb. x. 23.
4. Believers, Acts v. 14.
5. Beloved of God, Ps. lx. 5; cviii. 6.
6. Blameless, Phil. ii. 15.
7. Blessed, Ps. ii. 12; xxxii. 1.
8. Body of Christ, Eph. i. 23.
9. Branches of righteousness, John xv. 5.
10. Brethren, Rom. viii. 29; xii. 1.
11. Bride, Rev. xxi. 2, 9; xxi. 17.
12. Building of God, 1 Cor. iii. 9.
13. Called, Isa. lxii. 12; Rom. viii. 28.
14. Candlestick, Rev. i. 12; ii. 5.
15. Cedars, Ps. xcii. 13; Ezek. xxi. 8.
16. Children of the kingdom, Matt. xiii. 38.
17. Christ, 1 Cor. xii. 13.
18. Christians, Acts xi. 26; 1 Pet. iv. 16.
19. Church of God, 1 Cor. i. 2.
20. Circumcision, Phil. iii. 3.
21. Citizens, Eph. ii. 19.
22. City of God, Heb. xii. 22; Rev. iii. 12.
23. Companions, Ps. xlv. 14; Cant. i. 7.
24. Complete, Col. ii. 10.
25. Congregation of saints, Ps. cxlix. 1.
26. Contrite, Isa. lvii. 15; lvi. 2.
27. Converts, Isa. i. 27.
28. Corner-stones, Ps. cxliv. 12.
29. Daughter of the King, Ps. xlv. 13.
30. Dead in Christ, 1 Thess. iv. 16.
31. Dearly beloved, Jer. xii. 7.
32. Delights, Cant. vii. 6.
33. Dew, Ps. cx. 3; Micah v. 7.
34. Disciples, Isa. viii. 16; Matt. v. 1.
35. Dove, Cant. ii. 14; v. 2.
36. Eagles, Ps. ciii. 5; Isa. xl. 31.
37. Elect, Isa. xlv. 4; Matt. xxiv. 22.
38. Election, Rom. ix. 11; xi. 5, 7.
39. Escaped, Isa. xlv. 20; 2 Pet. i. 4.
40. Excellent, Ps. xvi. 3; Prov. xii. 26.
41. Fair, Cant. i. 15; ii. 10; iv. 10.
42. Faithful, Eph. i. 1; Col. i. 2.
43. Family of God, Eph. iii. 15.
44. Fearful, Isa. xxxv. 4.
45. First-born, Heb. xii. 23.
46. First-fruits, James i. 18.
47. Flock of God, Acts xx. 28.
48. Fold of Christ, John x. 16.
49. Followers of God, Eph. v. 1.
50. Fountain, Cant. iv. 12.
51. Free men, 1 Cor. vii. 22.
52. Friends of God, James ii. 23.
53. Fruitful, Col. i. 10.
54. Fulness of Christ, Eph. i. 23.
55. Garden inclosed, Cant. iv. 12.
56. Gathered, Isa. lvi. 8.
57. General assembly, Heb. xii. 23.
58. Generation of the upright, Ps. cxii. 2.
59. Glorious, Ps. xlv. 13.
60. Glory of God, Isa. xlv. 13.
61. Habitation of God, Eph. ii. 22.
62. Heirs of God, Rom. viii. 17.
63. Heritage of God, Jer. xii. 7.
64. Hidden ones, Ps. lxxxiii. 9.

Youths' Department.

THE TWO WAYS OF GIVING.

THE sun arose, one summer morning, to shine, as usual, "upon the evil and the good."

Higher and higher he arose over the land, and all things that love the light began to awake. The bat and owl fled away to their hiding-places, to snooze until the moon should come out again; the nightingale ceased his notes, and timidly gave place to the joyous carol of the lark; the glow-worm shut up his lantern, and hid his head, quite dazzled, under a friendly dock-leaf; and now the fowls and turkeys came from their roosts; the farm-servants harnessed their horses, and went forth to plough; smoke began to ascend from chimney after chimney; and still the sun rose higher and higher, and sent his rays into every chamber, calling the sleepers to get up. And so it happened that he awoke, at the same moment, our two little heroes—Charles Houghton and William Baine.

How different it was! Charley lifted his head from the soft pillow, and turned over beneath the warm, fleecy blankets and white counterpane, to meet the light as it fell upon his pretty room, with the dressing-table, whereon his watch was ticking, and his brushes, and dressing-case, and collar, and scarf resting, as he had left them the night before; the shelves with the crimson and gold bindings of his story books; his chest of drawers, full of everything he could wish to wear; his fishing-rod and bat in one corner, the row of little shiny boots in another. Altogether, it was a nice room to sleep in, although Charley was so used to it, that we dare say he never gave it a thought as he jumped out of bed, and began to dress himself.

No such sight greeted poor Willie's eyes. There was the bed, sure enough; and he had slept soundly; but the bed-clothes were patched and darned. There was no carpet, no nice dressing-table, no stock of books or clothes. Except the chair on which he had laid the things he had pulled off the night before, and an old trunk with a wash-basin upon it, there was not a bit of furniture in the room. But everything was neat and clean, and Willie looked none the worse for sleeping in the bare little attic.

We can't see both the boys at once, but the sun could. He watched them dress, and brush their hair, and kneel down to offer up their morning prayer. Charley's clothes were of fine, smooth cloth, and he had a good linen collar, and a nice neck-tie, and the before-mentioned watch, with a little gold chain. Willie's clothes were decent, but very old and threadbare; and his shirt was darned in many places, and there was a patch on his trousers; but he had a ruddy, healthy face, and that was something. The sun watched them at their breakfasts. Charley had coffee, and toast, and an egg; Willie, some dry bread, and a cup of milk; but they both seemed to eat with the same pleasure, and that again was something. Then the sun saw them go out into the fresh air, and walk briskly along the two roads which led respectively from Squire Houghton's mansion and Widow Baine's cottage to the village-green, where they met; and so now we can use our own eyes, and need borrow the sun's spectacles no longer.

"Halloa!" said Charley, as Willie came up to him. "You were at the meeting last night, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Willie. He knew the young squire by sight.

"Where are you going?"

"Why, sir, it is a holiday at school, and mother didn't want me, so I thought, sir, I'd—I'd——"

"Well, never mind. Look here, do you know what that is?" It was a little purse, and full of money. Charley opened it, and there were bright half-crowns and shillings, and something golden in a compartment by itself. Poor Willie! he had never had so much money all his life.

"That's what I have left out of five pounds my papa gave me the other day, and I'm going to give it all away. Mr. Osborne told us yesterday about charity, and as I have plenty of money, I have asked papa to let me give this away, and he says I may, and so I'm going to."

"Oh, sir!" said Willie, earnestly. "I am so glad. I am just going to do the very same thing. Will you let me go with you. It will be so nice?"

"Let you go with me! Why, what have you got to give?" asked Charley in surprise.

Poor Willie turned very red. "I am not rich, like you," he said; "and I cried last night because I had no money; but mother told me I could find, maybe, some poor body to read to, or do a kindness for; and so I put these things into my bag, and came along."

Charley burst into a loud laugh. There was a little Testament, two or three sheets of hymns, and a large piece of bread and meat. "Why, my good fellow," he roared, "you must be cracked! What good can you do? I couldn't let you go with me, and you have nothing to give. Look here: I'll let you have some money, if you like, and you can give that. What! you won't? Well, then, good-bye!" And he went off.

Willie stood still, with the Testament and hymns, and bread and meat, in his hand. The day was just as fine, but it was all changed to him. He had been so happy, and now he wished he had never come out. He almost thought he would turn back; but then the story Mr. Osborne had told them came into his mind, about the poor widow and her two mites, and he dried his tears, and followed slowly along the road where the rich little gentleman had gone.

He had walked some distance, and the bright summer air had put him into good spirits again, when he came to a wretched-looking hovel by the side of the road. The roof was all in pieces, the windows were stuffed with straw, the door was nearly off its hinges, and Willie thought it was deserted, when he heard a low groan, and looking in, he discerned an old woman lying on a truckle-bed, apparently in great pain. He went in. Talk of rooms! his own little garret was a palace to this. All was rags and dirt. There was scarcely a scrap of fire in the grate, and the old woman was shivering with cold and pain. A few words explained all. She was bed-ridden and palsied. Her grandson, Tim, an idle young vagabond, had gone out early to beg, and had not come back. She had had no nourishment, and Willie's compassionate heart quite grieved. Here was an opportunity to do good! He ran out, and pulled some sticks from the hedge; there were plenty to be had, and he got quite an arm full. Soon there was a blaze in the rusty grate. Then he filled the old battered kettle with water, and set it on to boil. There was a pinch of tea in the cupboard, and he

made her a cup. It was very weak, but the old woman was refreshed by it; and when he had swept up the floor with the stump of an old broom that lay in a corner, and put away the rags and bits of furniture, and tidied her bed, and made up the fire again, she quite brightened up, and said, as she thanked him, that he made the place quite grand.

"Would you like me to read to you?" said Willie. She said she would, and Willie sat down, opened his Testament, and read our Saviour's sermon on the mount. Very slowly and distinctly did he read it, and the old woman's tears ran down her furrowed cheeks as she listened. When he ended, she bade God bless him, and said it was many a day since she had heard the good words.

"And now," said Willie, "I must go."
"And good-bye, dear," said the old woman. "You've done me more good with your kind heart than I can tell you. It will never hurt you, helping a poor old creature. If you see my grandson—'lazy Tim,' they call him—send him to me, will you?"

Willie promised, and went out with a glad heart. The clock struck from a neighbouring steeple. Willie was astonished: he had been two hours in the little hovel.

"Lazy Tim" was generally to be found in a village that lay about a mile farther on. There was a field-path to it, and Willie jumped over the stile, and ran through the grass. As he ran, he nearly stumbled over the body of a man, who lay at full length across the path. He was very pale, for he had fallen against a stone, and cut his face sadly. He was in a faint of some sort, and Willie was frightened, and shouted for help; but that did no good. Then he ran to a stream a little way ahead, and filled his cap with water, and poured some on the man's forehead, and some into his mouth, and loosened his neckcloth; and after a bit colour and breath came back, and the poor fellow revived.

"Are you better now?" asked Willie; "for, if you are, I'll take you on to the village."

"It's no good, master," gasped the man. "I'm clean done. I've tramped it all the way from Liverpool, these three days, and only one-bit of a meal have I tasted the whole time. It's starving I am, and not a penny to buy a bit of bread, till an hour ago, and then a young gentleman comes by, and stops, and puts this into my hand. It was very good of him; but, bless you, he might as well ha' given me a lump of lead, for I'm starving, and that is the fact."

His head fell again as he spoke. In his hand was half-a-sovereign—the very half-sovereign that had been in Charley's purse! Willie thought of the bread and meat. "Here," he said, "eat this, and you'll be better." Oh, how the famished man seized the food like a wolf, and devoured it! Life and strength seemed to come back with every mouthful. Willie brought him another supply of water, and the fainting man ate and drank, and got up quite refreshed.

"Look here, young un," he said; "you've done me more good by half than ever the young gentleman did who gave me this bit of gold. Come along with me to your village, and we'll share it. That's your dinner, I'll be bound, you've give me, and I'll stand you another with my share of the half-sovereign."

"No," said Willie, as he thought where the money had come from. "You shall keep it all yourself; but I will walk with you to the village."

"Well, but have half, for the good you've done me."

"No; I did not do it for the sake of reward."

"Then why did you take so much trouble with a man you've never seen before?"

"I did it that I might please God."

"Did you? Then, let me tell you, I think there must be something in a religion that teaches you those good things. Come along!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE celebrated shepherd poet, James Hogg, had a dog named Sirrah, who was his companion in those mountain solitudes where he spent so many years of his life. "He was," quoth the shepherd, "beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw. He was of a surly, unsocial temper, disdained all flattery, and refused to be caressed; but his attention to his master's commands and interests will never again be equalled by any of the canine race. The first time that I saw him, a drover was leading him by a rope; he was hungry and lean, and far from being a beautiful cur, for he was almost all over black, and had a grim face, striped with dark brown. The man had bought him of a boy for three shillings, somewhere on the border, and doubtless had fed him very ill on his journey. I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his face, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn situation; so I gave the drover a guinea for him, and appropriated the captive to myself. I believe there was never a guinea so well laid out; at least, I am satisfied I never laid out one to so good a purpose. He was scarcely then a year old, and knew so little of herding, that he had never turned a sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions. He would try every way deliberately till he found out what I wanted him to do; and when I once made him understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it again. Well as I knew him, he often astonished me, for when hard pressed in accomplishing the task that he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that bespoke a great share of the reasoning faculty."

Mr. Hogg goes on to narrate the following, among other remarkable exploits, in illustration of Sirrah's sagacity:—About 700 lambs, which were once under his care at weaning time, broke up at midnight and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the shepherd and an assistant lad could do to keep them together. "Sirrah," cried the shepherd in great affliction, "my man, they're a' away." The night was so dark that he did not see Sirrah; but the faithful animal had heard his master's words—words such as of all others were sure to set him most on the alert; and without more ado he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock.

Meanwhile, the shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their power to recover their lost charge; they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles round, but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. "It was the most extraordinary circumstance," says the shepherd, "that had ever occurred in the annals of the pastoral life. We had nothing for it (day having dawned) but to return to our master, and inform

him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The sun was then up, and, when we first came in view of them, we concluded that it was one of the divisions of the lambs which Sirrah had been unable to manage, until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered by degrees that not one lamb of the whole flock was missing! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can further say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun, as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

THE COTTON FAMINE.

OUR friends who forward contributions for the Lancashire Fund, unaccompanied by a bill, will oblige us by stating in which of our periodicals they wish the acknowledgments to appear.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the following further sums:—

Amount already acknowledged ...		£	s.	d.	Amount already acknowledged ...		£	s.	d.
J. Glover, Leicester ...		0	11	0	Amicus, Gt. Berkhamstead ...		0	1	0
A. E. Y., Farnworth ...		0	1	0	Total ...		£690	17	0
G. W. R. ...		0	2	6					

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNING," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MEETING AT MARK CANHAM'S.

THE evening sun was setting gloriously as Rupert Trevlyn left the Hold. Miss Diana had recommended him to go and lie down: he had eaten but little dinner; he said he felt tired, and therefore she recommended it. Rupert was not a strong man, who might be laughed at for indulging his fatigue: only on this very day Miss Diana had begun to form an opinion that he was less strong than they had thought. And that need not be.

Rupert stepped slowly up the stairs. As he was passing Mrs. Chattaway's sitting-room, she called out, supposing it to be one of the maids, and Rupert went in. Mrs. Chattaway had taken a cup of tea, and was lying on her sofa. The accident had, indeed, shaken her.

"Are you feeling it very much, Aunt Edith?"

"I am just now, Rupert: more than I did at the time. I shall be better after a night's rest. Will you draw the blind up higher, dear? that bright sun is too cheering to be lost."

Rupert drew up the blind to its full height, and the great beauty of the afternoon burst upon his gaze. The sun was near the horizon, but it seemed to have flooded the whole side of the heavens with its excess of light.

"What a shame to shut one's self up from it!" he involuntarily exclaimed. "I think I'll stroll out a bit, instead."

"What did you say, dear?"

"Not much," replied Rupert. "Aunt Diana advised me to lie down; but I think I'll go out into that sunshine first: it will do me more good."

"Yes, I think it will. Have they finished dinner?"

"Nearly—those who are at it. Mr. Chattaway's not come in, and Cris is gone off to get home the dog-cart."

"Where is Mr. Chattaway?"

Rupert did not know. He quitted the room and the house, and took his way leisurely down the avenue. It happened that nobody saw him go out; therefore, when a short while afterwards Mr. Chattaway called for him up and down, his absence wore almost a clandestine appearance—quite a clandestine one in the eyes of that suspicious gentleman. Rupert got as far as the lodge, then went in and flung himself on the settle, opposite old Canham and his pipe.

"How's madam?" asked the old man. "What an accident it might have been!"

"So it might," assented Rupert. "Madam will be better after a night's rest. Cris might have killed her. I wonder how he'd have felt then?"

When Rupert came to an anchor, no matter where, he was somewhat unwilling to move from it. The settle was no comfortable seat, rather the contrary: but Rupert stuck to it, talking and laughing with old Canham. Ann was at the window, catching what remained of the fading light for her sewing.

"Here's that stranger gentleman again, father!" she suddenly exclaimed in a whisper.

Old Canham turned his head, and Rupert turned his. The gentleman with the beard was going by in the direction of Trevlyn Hold, as if about to make a call there.

"Ay, that's him," cried old Canham.

"What a queer-looking chap!" exclaimed Rupert. "Who is he?"

"I can't make out," was old Canham's reply. "Me and Ann have been a-talking of him. He come strolling inside the gates this afternoon with a red umbreller, a-looking here and a-looking there, and at last he see us, and come up and asked what place this was; and when I told him it was Trevlyn Hold, he said Trevlyn Hold was what he had been seeking for, and he stood there talking, a matter o' twenty minutes, leaning his arms on the winder-sill. He thought you was the squire, Master Rupert. He had got a red umbreller," repeated old Canham, as if the fact were something remarkable.

Rupert glanced up in surprise. "Thought I was the squire?"

"He came into this neighbourhood, he said, believing nothing less but that you were the rightful squire, and he couldn't make out yet why you were not: he had been away from England a many years, he said, and had been all the while believing it. He said you were the true squire, and you should be helped to your rights."

"Why! who can he be?" exclaimed Rupert, in excitement.

"Ah, that's it—who he can be," returned old Canham. "Me and Ann have been a-wondering. He said

—leastways, he as good as said—that he used to be a friend of the dead heir, Mr. Joe. Master Rupert, who knows but he may be somebody come to place you in the Hold?"

Rupert was leaning forward on the settle, his elbow on his knee, his eyes fixed on old Canham.

"How could he do that?" he asked after a pause.

"How could anybody do it?"

"It's not for us to say how, Master Rupert. If anybody in these parts could have said how it could be done, maybe you'd have been in it long afore this. That there stranger is a 'cute un, I know. White beards always is a sign of wisdom."

Rupert laughed. "I suppose you are thinking of the patriarchs: and we are apt to attribute wisdom to them. That man, now gone by, strick me as not an inapt representation of our ideas of a patriarch, as shown to us in pictures. Only——"

"He aint broad enough," interrupted old Canham; and Rupert laughed again at the earnest tone. "Look at them patriarchs on the east winder at church, Master Rupert; what fine broad men they be! This one's a lawyer, as it strikes me, and if he is come to help you to your rights, we shall all bless him for 't."

"Look here, Mark. It is no good going over that ground again. I have heard about my 'rights' until I am tired. The subject vexes me; it makes me cross from its very hopelessness. I wish I had been born without rights."

"But you weren't born without 'em," contended old Canham. "Your grandfather was the squire of Trevlyn Hold; and Mr. Joe, he was the heir—after the first heir, Mr. Rupert, died; and you be Mr. Joe's son. You weren't born without rights."

"Old ground, old ground, Mark," cried Rupert, impatiently. "I wish you'd not go over it. It's all true enough; I know it as well as you: my grandfather was the squire of Trevlyn Hold, and my father was his heir, and I am my father's son. But there the rights end. The rights are Chattaway's: and they never can be mine."

"This stranger, when he called you the heir of Trevlyn Hold, and I told him you were not the heir, he said I was right; you were not the heir, but the owner," persisted old Canham.

"Then he knew nothing about it," returned Rupert. "It's impossible that Chattaway can be put out of Trevlyn Hold."

"Master Rupert, there has always been a feeling upon me that he will be put out of it," resumed old Canham. "He came to it by wrongs, and wrongs never lasts out very long without being righted. Who knows that the same feeling aint on Chattaway? He turned the colour o' my Sunday smock frock when I telled him o' this stranger's having been here and what he'd said."

"Did you tell him?" quickly cried Rupert.

"I telled him. I didn't mean to, but it come out of me uncautious-like. I called you the young heir to his face, and I excused myself by saying that him, the stranger, had been a-calling you so, and I spoke out the same without thought. Then in course, he wanted to know what stranger, and all about him. It was when

madam was resting here after the accident. Chattaway rode by and saw her, and got off his horse: it was the first he knew of the accident. If what I said didn't frighten him, I never had a day's rheumatiz in my life. His face went as white as madam's."

"Chattaway go white!" scoffed Rupert. "What next? I tell you what it is, Mark; you fancy things. Aunt Edith may have been white: she often is; but not he. Chattaway knows that Trevlyn Hold is his, safe and sure. Nothing can take it from him—unless Squire Trevlyn came to life again and made a fresh will. He's not likely to do that, Mark."

"No; he's not likely to do that," assented the old man. "Once we be out of this world, Master Rupert, we don't come back again. The injustice as we have left behind us—and some of us do leave injustice—can't be repaired in that way."

Rupert rose. He went to the window, opened it, and leaned out, whistling. He was tired of the subject of "injustice" as touching himself; he had long believed it to be a theme entirely unprofitable. He whistled through a whole piece of music that Maude was in the habit of playing, and then spoke to Ann—

"Are you going to help at the Ryles' harvest home?"

"I'll be there so, sir. Miss Dickson said she should want me."

Rupert re-commenced his whistling; he had only interrupted it to ask the question, some train of thought no doubt suggesting it. But ere the conclusion of the first bar, it again came to an abrupt close. Footsteps, not recognised by Rupert, were coming down the avenue; he made no doubt they belonged to the stranger. It cannot be denied that Rupert's curiosity had been somewhat aroused; though he utterly repudiated old Canham's fanciful hopes.

Drawing in his head, but standing still at the open window, quite within view, he watched the approach of the stranger—the tall man with the white beard, whom he had likened to a patriarch. Mr. Daw, for he it was, came steadily on, the red umbrella in his hand. He turned his head to the window as he passed it, looked steadily at Rupert, then paused, went close up, and put his hand on Rupert's arm.

"You are Rupert Trevlyn!"

"That is my name," replied Rupert.

"I should have known you anywhere by your likeness to your father; I should have known you had I met you in the crowded streets of London. You are wonderfully like him."

"Where did you know my father?" inquired Rupert.

In place of answer, the stranger opened the house door and stepped into the room. Ann curtsied; old Canham rose and stood with his hat in his hand—that white beard seemed to demand respect. He—the stranger—took Rupert's hand in his.

"I have been up to the house to inquire for you; but they told me you were not well, and had gone to rest."

"Did they?" said Rupert. "I had intended to lie down, but the evening was so pleasant that I came out instead. You spoke of my father. Did you know him?"

"I knew him very well," said the stranger, taking

the seat which Ann Canham had been dusting with her apron before offering; a ceremony, the dusting, which she apparently considered to be a mark of respect. "Though my acquaintance with him was short, it was close. Do you know who baptised you?"

"No," replied Rupert, rather astonished at the question.

"I did. I christened your sister Maude; I baptised you. You were to be christened in England, your mother said, but she wished you baptised ere the journey was commenced, and I did it when you were but a day old. Ah, poor thing! she thought to make that journey with you when she should be strong enough; but another journey claimed her—that of death! Before you were two days old she died. It was I who wrote to announce your birth to Squire Trevlyn; it was I who, by the next post, announced your mother's death. It was I—my young friend, it was I—who buried your father and your mother."

"You are a clergyman, then?" said Rupert, somewhat dubious about the beard, and the very unclerical cut of the stranger altogether.

It may be that Mr. Daw saw the doubtful glances, and he entered upon an explanation. How he, when a working curate, had married a young lady of good fortune, but delicate health, and had then gone abroad with her, throwing up for the time his clerical preferment. The doctors had said that a warm climate was essential to her; as they had said, if you remember, in the case of Joe Trevlyn. It happened that both parties sought the same place—the curate and his wife; Joe and Mrs. Trevlyn—and a close friendship sprang up. A short while and Joe Trevlyn died; a shorter while still, and his wife died. There was no English clergyman near the spot, and Mr. Daw gave his services. He baptised the children; he buried the parents. His own fate was a happier one, for his wife lived. She lived, but she did not get well. It may be said—you have surely heard of such cases—that she but existed from day to day. She had so existed all through those long years, from that time until within a few months of this. "If you attempt to take her back to England, she will not live a month," the local medical men had said; and perhaps they were right. He remained on, never quitting it. He had gone to the place for a few months' sojourn, and he never left it for over twenty years. It reads like a romance in history. His wife's fortune had enabled them to live comfortably, and, in a pecuniary point of view, there was no need for him to seek preferment or to exercise his calling. He would never seek it now. Habit and use, as we read, are second nature, and the Reverend Mr. Daw had learnt to be an idle man. He had learnt to love the country of his adoption, his home in the Pyrenees; he had grown to believe that its genial climate was necessary to him. His business in England concluded (it was connected with his late wife's will), he was hastening back to it. Had preferment been offered to him, he would have doubted his ability to fulfil its duties after so many years of disuse. The money that was his wife's was his now; would be his for the remainder of his days; so on that score he was at rest. In short, the Reverend William Daw had degenerated into an idle, useless man;

one to whom all exertion had become a trouble. He honestly confessed to it now, as he sat before Rupert Trevlyn; he told him that he had been content to live wholly for the country of his adoption, almost completely ignoring his own. He had kept up no correspondence with it. Of friends he could, as a young curate, boast but few, and he had been at no pains to keep them. At first he had believed that six or twelve months would be the limit of his absence from England, and he was content to leave the renewal of all friendships until his return. But he did not return, he stayed on; and the non-correspondent system, once entered upon, was too pleasant to his indolent tastes not to be retained. He told all this quietly now to Rupert Trevlyn, and said that to it he owed his ignorance of the deposition of Rupert from Trevlyn Hold. Mr. Freeman was one of his few old friends, and he might have heard all about it years ago had he but written to him.

"I cannot understand how it is that Mr. Chattaway should have succeeded," he cried, bending his dark eyes full upon Rupert. "I can scarcely believe the fact now: it has put me in a maze, as one may say. Had there been no direct male heir; had your father left only Maude, for instance, I could have understood its being left away from her, although it would have been unjust."

"The Trevlyn property is not entailed," said Rupert.

"I am aware of that. During the last few months of your father's life we were like brothers, and I knew all particulars as well as he did. He had married in disobedience to his father's will, but he never for a moment glanced at the contingency of himself or his children being disinherited. I cannot understand why Squire Trevlyn should have willed the estate from his son's children."

"He only knew of Maude—as they say."

"Still less can I understand how Mr. Chattaway can keep it. Were an estate willed to me, away from those who had a greater right to it, I should never retain it. I could not reconcile it to my conscience to do so. How can Mr. Chattaway?"

Rupert laughed—he believed that conscience and Mr. Chattaway had not a great deal to do with each other. "It is not much of his own interests that Mr. Chattaway will give up voluntarily," he observed. "Were my grandfather, the squire, alive, Chattaway would not give up Trevlyn Hold to him, unless forced to it."

Old Canham could contain himself no longer. The conversation did not appear to be coming to the point. "Be you a going to help young Master Rupert to regain his rights, sir?" he eagerly asked.

"I would—if I knew how to do it," he said. "I shall certainly represent to Mr. Chattaway the injustice—the wicked injustice—of the present state of things. When I wrote to the squire on the occasion of your birth and Mrs. Trevlyn's death," he added, looking at Rupert, "the answers to me were signed 'J. Chattaway'—the writer being no doubt this same Mr. Chattaway. He wrote again to me later, after Squire Trevlyn's death, requesting me to dispatch the nurse and children to England."

"Oh, yes," said Rupert carelessly, "it was safe enough for us to come then. Squire Trevlyn dead,

and the estate willed to Chattaway, there was no longer danger from me. If my grandfather had got to know that I was in existence, there would have been good-bye to the ambition of Chattaway. At least, people say so: I don't know."

The indifference of the tone forcibly struck Mr. Daw. "Don't you feel the injustice?" he asked. "Don't you care that Trevlyn Hold should be yours?"

"As to the injustice, I have grown up seeing the estate Chattaway's, and I suppose I don't feel it as I ought. Of course, I should like it to be mine, but in the absence of all probability that it will be mine, it is as well not to think about it. Have you heard of the Trevlyn temper?" he continued, a smile of merriment dancing in his eyes as he threw them on the stranger.

"I have."

"They tell me I have inherited it, as I suppose a true Trevlyn ought to do. Were I to think too much of the injustice, I might call up the temper: and it would answer no end, you know."

"Yes, I have heard of the Trevlyn temper," repeated the stranger. "I have heard what it did for the first heir, Rupert Trevlyn."

"But it did not do it for him," so passionately burst forth Rupert, as unconsciously to give the stranger a slight idea of what the temper might become. "I never heard—I never heard until the other day—not so many hours back—of the slur that was cast upon his name. It was not he who shot the man; he had no hand in it: it was proved so later. Ask old Canham."

"Well, well," said the stranger, "it's all past and done with. Poor Joe reposed every confidence in me; treating me as a brother. It was a singular coincidence that the squire's sons should both die abroad. I hope," he added, looking kindly at Rupert, "that yours will be a longer life. Are you—are you very strong?"

He put the question hesitatingly. He had heard from Nora that Rupert was not strong; and now that he saw him he was painfully struck with his delicate appearance. Rupert answered with bravery.

"I should be very well if it were not for that confounded Blackstone walk night and morning. It's that that knocks me up."

"Chattaway had no call to put him to it, sir," interrupted Mark Canham again. "It's not work for a Trevlyn."

"Not for the heir of Trevlyn Hold," acquiesced the stranger. "But I must be going. I have not seen my friend Freeman yet, and should like to be at the railway station when he arrives. What time shall I see you in the morning?" he added, to Rupert. "And what time can I see Mr. Chattaway?"

"You can see me at any time," replied Rupert. "But I can't answer for him. He breakfasts early, and he generally goes out afterwards."

Had the Reverend Mr. Daw been able to see through a few trunks of trees, he might have seen Mr. Chattaway then. For there, hidden amidst the trees of the avenue, but a few paces to the side of the lodge, was he.

Mr. Chattaway was pretty nearly beside himself that night. When he found that Rupert Trevlyn was not in

the house, vague fears rushed over his imagination to which he did not wait to give a more tangible substance. They were to the effect that Rupert had stolen from the house to meet clandestinely this dangerous stranger. He—Chattaway—scarcely knowing what he did, seized his hat and followed the stranger down the avenue, who, as you may remember, had not long left the Hold.

Not to follow him with bold steps; to come up to him and openly accost him, and say, "What is your business with Rupert Trevlyn?" No, no: cards would not have dragged Mr. Chattaway into that dreaded presence until he was sure of his ground.

He stole down, with a fleet and soft foot, on the well-trimmed grass along the side of the avenue, and close upon the lodge he overtook the stranger. Mr. Chattaway glided amidst the trees.

Peeping out from his hiding-place, he saw the stranger make a pause before the lodge window; he heard him accost Rupert Trevlyn; he watched him enter. And there he had been since—his ears straining, his pulses beating, in agony both of body and mind.

Do as he would, he could not hear their words. The humming sound of the voices came upon him through the open window, but not their sense; and nearer he dared not go, for the trees close to the lodge were not sufficiently thick to hide him. He might have gone round to the back of it and been sheltered, but he would have seen and heard nothing.

Hark! they were coming out. Chattaway's eyes glared and his teeth were set, as he cautiously looked round the trees. The man's ugly red umbrella was in one hand; the other was laid on Rupert's shoulder. "Will you walk with me a little way?" he heard the stranger say.

"No, not this evening," was Rupert's reply. "I must go back to the Hold."

But he, Rupert, turned to walk with him to the gate, and Mr. Chattaway took the opportunity to hasten back towards the Hold. When Rupert, after shaking hands with the stranger, and calling out a good evening to the inmates of the lodge as he passed it, went up the avenue, he met the master of Trevlyn Hold pacing leisurely down it, as if he had come out for a stroll.

"Halloo!" he cried with something of theatrical amazement. "I thought you were in bed!"

"I came out instead," replied Rupert. "The evening was so fine."

"Who was that queer-looking man, just gone out at the gates?" asked Mr. Chattaway, with well-assumed indifference.

Rupert answered readily. His disposition was naturally open to a fault, and he saw no cause for concealing what he knew of the stranger. He was not aware that Chattaway had ever seen him until this moment.

"It is some one who has come on a visit to the parsonage. He is a clergyman himself. It's a curious name, though—Daw."

"Daw? Daw?" repeated Mr. Chattaway, biting his lips to keep some colour in them. "Where have I heard that name—in connection with a clergyman?"

"He said he had some correspondence with you years

ago. At the time when my mother died, and I was born. He knew my father and mother well."

All that past time, its events, its correspondence, flashed over Mr. Chattaway's memory—flashed over it with a strange dread. "What is he come here for?" he asked quickly.

"I don't know," replied Rupert. "He—whatever's this?"

A tremendous noise and shouting from many people who were dragging something along behind them. Both turned simultaneously—the master of Trevlyn Hold in awful fear. Could it be the stranger coming back with a flock of constables at his heels, to wrest the Hold from him? And if you deem these fears exaggerated, my reader, you know very little of this kind of terror.

It was nothing but a procession of those eager killers, whom you saw in the road. They were dragging home the dilapidated body of the unlucky dog-cart; Mr. Cris at their head.

CHAPTER XXX.

NEWS FOR MISS DIANA.

IN that pleasant room of the parsonage, with its sweetly-scented mignonette boxes throwing in their perfume, and its vases of freshly-cut autumn flowers, sat the Reverend Mr. Freeman at breakfast, his wife, and their visitor. It was a simple meal. All meals were simple at Barbrook Parsonage; as they generally are where means are small. You have not yet to learn, though, I dare say, that comfort and simplicity frequently go together: while comfort and grandeur more rarely do. There was no lack of comfort at Mr. Freeman's: there was no lack of plain plenty. Coffee and rich milk; home made bread and the freshest of butter, new laid eggs and autumn water-cress; they had no need to starve.

Mr. Daw, however, paid less attention to the goodness of the meal than he might have done had his mind been less pre-occupied. The previous evening, when he and Mr. Freeman had first met, after an absence from each other of more than twenty years, their conversation had naturally run on their own personal interests: past events had to be related, opposite doings compared. But this morning they could go to other subjects, and Mr. Daw was not slow to do so. They were talking—you may have guessed it—of the Trevlyns.

Mr. Daw grew warm upon the subject. As he had done the previous day, when Molly placed the meal before him, he almost forgot to eat: and yet Mr. Daw, in spite of his assurance to Molly that he considered a crust of bread and a cup of milk was a meal for a prince, or some assertion equivalent to that, did know how to appreciate good things. He was partial to them, and that was a fact: idle men who have no occupation for their days and hours sometimes grow to be so.

"You are sparing the eggs," said Mrs. Freeman, a good-natured looking woman with a large nose, thin cheeks, and teeth that stood out. "I wish you would eat, Mr. Daw. We'll get you a bit of ham to-morrow morning."

Mr. Daw replied by taking another egg from the stand and chopping off its top. But there it remained. He was enlarging on the injustice dealt out to Rupert Trevlyn.

"It ought to be remedied, you know, Freeman. It must be remedied. It is a crying shame in the sight of God and man."

The curate—for Mr. Freeman was nothing more, for all his many years' services—smiled good-humouredly. He never used hard words; he preferred to let wrongs, which were no business of his, right themselves, or remain wrong; he liked to take life as it came, easily and pleasantly.

"We can't alter it," he said. "We have no power to interfere with Chattaway. He has enjoyed Trevlyn Hold for these twenty years, and he must enjoy it still."

"I don't know about that," returned Mr. Daw. "I don't know that he must enjoy it still. At any rate, he ought not. Had I lived in this neighbourhood as you have, Freeman, I should have tried to get him out of it before this."

The parson raised his eyes. "He holds it by Squire Trevlyn's will."

"But there's such a thing as shaming people out of injustice," returned Mr. Daw. "Has anybody represented to Chattaway the fearful, the wicked injustice he is guilty of in his conduct altogether to Rupert Trevlyn?"

"I can't say," equably answered the parson, his mouth full of bread-and-butter. "I have not."

"Will you go with me and do it to-day?"

"Well—no; I think I'd rather not, Daw. Were there any good to be done by it, perhaps I might; but there's not. And I find it answers best not to meddle with the affairs of other folks."

"But the wrongs dealt out to him are so great," persisted Mr. Daw, in his hot championship. "Not content with having wrested Trevlyn Hold from the boy, Chattaway converts him into a common day labourer in some coal office of his, making him walk to and fro, night and morning. You know him?"

"Know him?" repeated Mr. Freeman. "I have known him well since he first came here, a child in arms." In truth, it was a superfluous question, but the visitor had put it in his heat.

"Did you know his father?"

"No; I never saw his father. It was after his father went abroad that I came to Barbrook."

"I was going to ask, if you had known him, whether you did not remark the extraordinary resemblance the young man bears to his father. The physical likeness is great; the form of the features, the voice, the general resemblance; but I alluded more immediately to the suspicious delicacy of the face. I should fear that the boy will go off as his father did, and —"

"I have said a long while that he ought to live upon cod-liver oil," interposed Mrs. Freeman, who was doctor in ordinary to her husband's parish, and very decided in her opinion and remedies.

"Well, ma'am, that boy must die—if he is to die—Squire of Trevlyn Hold. I shall use all my means while I am here to bring this Chattaway to a sense of his injustice—to induce him to resign his possessions to the rightful owner. The boy seems to me to have had no friend in the world to take up his cause. What this Miss Diana, that you talk of, can have been about, to

stand tamely by and not interfere for him, I cannot conceive. She is the sister of his father."

"Better let it alone, Daw," said the parson. "Rely upon it, you will make no impression on Chattaway. It—it—you must excuse me for saying it, but it's quite foolish to think that you will. All Chattaway has in the world is Trevlyn Hold: he is not likely to put himself out of it."

"I could not let it alone now," impulsively answered Mr. Daw. "The boy seems to have no friend, I say; now I consider that I have a right to constitute myself his friend. I'll say more than that—that I should not be worthy the name of a man were I not to do it. I intended to stop with you but two nights; you'll give me house-room a little longer, won't you?"

"We'll give it you for two months, and gladly, if you can put up with our primitive mode of living," was the hospitable answer of the curate.

Mr. Daw shook his head. "Two months I could not remain; two weeks I might. I cannot go away leaving things in this most unsatisfactory state; I should have it on my conscience. The first thing I shall do this morning will be to go to the Hold and seek an interview with Chattaway."

But Mr. Daw did not succeed in obtaining the interview with Chattaway. When he arrived at Trevlyn Hold he was told the squire was out. It was correct; Chattaway had ridden out immediately after breakfast. The stranger asked next for Miss Diana, and to her he was admitted.

Chattaway had said to Miss Diana in private, before starting, "Don't receive him, should he come here; don't speak to him; let not his foot pass over the door-sill." Very unwise advice, as Miss Diana judged; and she did not take it. Miss Diana had the sense to remember that an unknown evil is more to be feared than a known one; so long as we can see our enemies' tactics we may meet and grapple with them; but who can fight in the dark? The stranger was handed into the drawing-room by the orders of Miss Diana, and she came to him.

It was not a satisfactory interview, since nothing came of it; but it was a decently civil one. Miss Diana was cold, reserved, and somewhat haughty, but courteous; Mr. Daw was pressing, urgent, but respectful and gentlemanly. Rupert Trevlyn was the indisputable owner by right of Trevlyn Hold, was the substance of the points urged by the one; Squire Trevlyn was his own master and made his own will, and it was not for his children and dependents to interfere against it, still less for a stranger, was the persistent answer of the other.

"Madam," said Mr. Daw, "did the enormity of the injustice never strike you?"

"Will you be so good as tell me by what right you interfere?" returned Miss Diana. "I cannot conceive what business it can be of yours."

"I think the redressing of injustice should be made the business of everybody."

"What a deal everybody would have to do!" exclaimed Miss Diana.

"And with regard to my right of interference, Miss Trevlyn, the law might not give me any; but I assume

it by the bond of friendship. I was with his father when he died; I was with his mother. Poor thing! it was only within the last six or seven hours of her life that danger was apprehended. They both died in the belief that their children would inherit Trevlyn Hold. Madam," he added, quite a blaze of light flashing from his dark eyes, "I have lived all the years since, believing that they were in the enjoyment of it."

"You believed rightly," equably rejoined Miss Diana. "They have been in the enjoyment of it. It has been their home."

"As it may be called the home of any of your servants," returned Mr. Daw; and Miss Diana did not like the severity of his tone.

"May I ask," she continued, "if you came into this neighbourhood for the express purpose of putting this 'injustice' to rights?"

"No, madam, I did not. But there's no necessity for you to be sarcastic with me. I wish to urge the matter upon you in a friendly spirit, rather than in an adverse one. Business connected with my own affairs brought me to London some ten days ago, from the place where I have lived so long. As I was so near, I thought I would come down and see my former friend Freeman, before starting for home again; for I daresay I shall never more return to England. I knew Barbrook Parsonage and Trevlyn Hold were not very far apart, and I anticipated also the pleasure of meeting Joe Trevlyn's children, whom I had known as infants. I never supposed but that Rupert was in possession of Trevlyn Hold—but that he had been ever since his grandfather's death. You may judge what my surprise was when I arrived yesterday and heard the true state of the case. It is very probable that it struck upon me all the more forcibly than the facts deserved, from my being so entirely unprepared for it."

"You have a covert motive in this," suddenly exclaimed Miss Diana, in a voice that had turned to sharpness.

"Covert motive?" he repeated, looking at her.

"Yes. Had you been, as you state, so interested in the welfare of Rupert Trevlyn and his sister, does it stand to reason that you would never have inquired after them all through these long years?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Trevlyn: the facts are precisely as I have stated them. Strange as it may seem, I never did once write to inquire after them, and the neglect strikes forcibly upon me now. But I am, I believe, naturally inert, and all correspondence with my own country had gradually grown into disuse. I did often think of the little Trevlyns, but it was always to suppose them as being at their own home, Trevlyn Hold, sheltered by their appointed guardian."

"What appointed guardian?" cried Miss Diana.

"Yourself."

"I! I was not the appointed guardian of the Trevlyns."

"Indeed, Miss Trevlyn, you were. You were appointed by their mother. The letter—the deed, I may say, for I believe it to have been worded in all legal form—was written when she was dying."

Miss Trevlyn had never heard of anything of the sort. "Who wrote it?" she asked, after a pause.

"I did. When the dangerous symptoms set in, and she was told that she might not live, Mrs. Trevlyn sent for me. She had her little baby baptised Rupert, for it had been her husband's wish that the child, if a boy, should be so named, and then I sat down by her bedside at her request, and wrote the document. She entreated Miss Diana Trevlyn—you, madam—to reside at Trevlyn Hold as its mistress, when it should lapse to Rupert, and be the guardian and protector of her children, until Rupert should be of age. She besought you to love them, and be kind to them for their father's sake; for her sake; for the sake, also, of the friendship which had once existed between you and her. This will prove to you, Miss Trevlyn," he added in a different tone, "that poor Mrs. Trevlyn, at least, never supposed there was a likelihood of any other successor to the estate."

"I never heard of it," exclaimed Miss Diana, waking up as from a reverie. "Was the document sent to me?"

"It was inclosed in the dispatch which acquainted Squire Trevlyn with Mrs. Trevlyn's death. I wrote them both, and I inclosed them together, and sent them."

"Directed to whom?"

"To Squire Trevlyn."

Miss Diana cast her thoughts back. It was Chattia, who had received that dispatch. Could he—*could* he have dared to suppress any communication intended for her? Her haughty brow grew crimson at the thought; but she suppressed all signs of annoyance.

"Will you allow me to renew my acquaintance with little Maude?" resumed Mr. Daw. "Little Maude then, and a lovely child: a beautiful young lady, as I hear, now."

Miss Diana hesitated—a very uncommon thing for her to do. It is strange what trifles turn the current of feelings; and this last item of intelligence had wonderfully softened her towards this stranger. But she remembered the interests at stake, and thought it best to be prudent.

"You must pardon the refusal," she said. "I quite appreciate your wish to serve Rupert Trevlyn, but it can only fail, and further intercourse will not be agreeable to either party. You will allow me to wish you good morning, and to thank you."

She rang the bell, and bowed him out with all the grand courtesy pertaining to the Trevlyns. As he passed through the hall, he caught a glimpse of a lovely girl, with a delicate bloom on her cheeks and large blue eyes. Instinct told him it was Maude; and he likewise thought he traced some resemblance to her mother. He took a step forward involuntarily, to accost her, but recollected himself, and drew back again.

It was scarcely the thing to do: in defiance of the recent direct refusal of Miss Diana Trevlyn.

(To be continued.)

A HEAVENLY conversation is better than an earthly possession. It is a great mercy to have a portion in the world; but to have the world for a portion is a great misery.

The Religious World.

THE objections which Dr. Colenso has deemed it his duty to promulgate, and thus to unsettle the minds of men, still continue to occupy public attention; and as the wisdom of God is seen not merely by drawing forth good results out of praiseworthy actions, so also does he cause even the errors of men to tend to the establishment of truth. Men are now led more diligently than ever to examine the Scriptures for themselves, and this no man can do, in a humble and teachable spirit, without gaining deeper convictions of the love and faithfulness of Almighty God: and thus the errors of men tend to his praise.

The subject of Emigration is now demanding the serious consideration of those benevolent persons who interest themselves in the future provision that is needed for our unemployed and redundant population. It is not possible for us to discuss the benefit to be obtained by this means; although we fully believe that emigration wisely carried out, and upon a sufficiently extensive scale, would prove an enormous good to those who go forth, and tend also to the well-doing of those who remain at home. Nor can we set forth the claims of our different colonies. We believe that all of them possess advantages to the poor and the destitute; but to say which of the various colonies is most to be desired is beyond our power, and we are of opinion that the parties themselves are the only ones who, with proper and necessary information, can form a right judgment. If a man dreads a cold day, however healthy, let him not take up his abode in Canada. If that portion of the summer's sun which falls to the lot of the inhabitants of this little isle is more than is agreeable to any of our friends, then let them eschew the burning clime of the East. A man must consider his capabilities—what he can do, and what he can endure, and what he is willing to do—before he decides upon a locality; but while weighing in his own mind the wisdom of emigration for himself, and for those who are part and parcel of himself, let him beware of the United States. Whatever were the advantages which they offered in days that are past, no such advantages can again for years exist.

OUR RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

THE attention of the religious public is almost absorbed by the meetings that crowd so rapidly upon one another at this season of the year; and if we are to judge by the thousands that did gain admission, and by a thousand that wished for admission, but were kept out, when the friends of the Reformatory Union congregated together at Exeter Hall, a few evenings since—if, we say, we are to judge from the scene the hall that night exhibited, we are driven to the conviction that the cause of benevolence is not languishing. Indeed, to behold 600 children decently attired, and admirably conducted, and devotionally engaged, and to listen to the subdued tones which sweetly rose in hallowed praise to the Father of the fatherless and the Friend of the afflicted, were, indeed, ample causes to urge men to activity and to self-denial in the great work of reformatory benevolence; more especially when

they reflected upon the scenes of vice and wretchedness from which these 500 little choristers had been rescued.

A survey of the various religious and philanthropic associations which are wont to assemble at this period cannot but give rise to a feeling of devout thankfulness to Almighty God. For at no period of the past, even among the favoured nations of ancient days, and on no spot throughout the wide surface of the globe, could there be seen equally large masses of our fellow-creatures assembled in the cause of piety and benevolence— assembled from every portion of the kingdom—in order that they may meet more or less together on ninety-five occasions, and that within the narrow limit of thirty-two days. Moreover, these wondrous assemblies are in addition to the scores of other meetings of minor magnitude held in their respective localities. When we contemplate the objects of these meetings, and consider the energy, generosity, and self-denial of the men by whom these works of charity are maintained, may we not exclaim, in the language of gratitude and admiration, What has Christianity done for the men of England? Must not these pious men have been greatly blessed to be made so great a blessing? How diversified are the lessons taught! How loudly do these associations declare that charity may begin at home, but that it cannot tarry there; that true piety is operative, demanding the faith that is seen as well as the faith that is heard; that it is also aggressive, invading the abodes of the sinner, and entering the dwellings of the destitute. We see, from these associations, that Christianity is also an expansive principle, embracing the babe at its birth, and comforting the aged pilgrim ere he descends with tottering steps to earth's last home—the silent grave; that in its large-heartedness it reckons every approachable being a neighbour; it regards him as one who is to be instructed or to be comforted by the oil, the inn, and the penny, if such be needed. In such meetings we perceive that the man of God considers the Christian, the Jew, and the Gentile as the fit recipients of words of counsel and of deeds of mercy. While we gaze with delight at this large amount of Christian philanthropy, as evinced by the crowded assemblies during the May meetings, we have cause to be thankful for that liberty of action and for that freedom of thought which these meetings proclaim. We see how men are permitted to rank themselves under their respective guides and spiritual teachers, "no man making them afraid;" and we discern also, as a portion of the liberty of conscience, that each labourer in the vineyard, while acknowledging it to be his duty to sow his seed, knows that he is privileged to select the spot on which his seed shall be sown, and to select the people to whom it shall be given. In this holy combination against error, ignorance, and sin, all ranks and orders are happily enlisted. Churchmen and separatists unite with friendly zeal; for pre-eminence in usefulness they contend with hallowed ardour, and agree to differ. Town and country are doing their duty; Canterbury and York send forth each its highest dignitary. Ripon shows the Christian world that she enjoys a bishop able and willing in a good cause to plead; and Carlisle, having resigned her former dean

for London's welfare, lends her present dean, that the much-needed Pastoral-Aid Society may enjoy the benefit of his advocacy. The House of Lords sends eight of her peers to do suit and service, one of whom, in all that is great, good, and useful, is ever found to be a host in himself; and by general assent it is believed that that cause must be defective in some point of view, which my Lord Shaftesbury is unwilling to befriend. In those good deeds the City has a claim: my Lord Mayor and several of the civic authorities withhold not their time, their influence, and their aid in the cause of suffering humanity. Nor would we forget that Ireland and Scotland are both powerfully represented, by Armagh, for a season, sparing her worthy archbishop, and Dublin her much-esteemed ex-Lord Chancellor. The Scotch have also an able delegate in one of her sons, who, though not dwelling among his people, unites in himself, in a pre-eminent degree, a love for his country and a zeal for the truth, with ability to defend it. When men of prayer go forth, with energy and wisdom, to the work of humanity, and to the cause of godliness, vast as is the object to be attained, we will never despair: for although miracles have ceased, wonders have not; and these societies show by their results that piety, faith, and perseverance can accomplish wonders, and, actuated by godly motives, Christian men rejoice to trample upon impossibilities, when the love of God calls them to exertion. To these holy men, of whatever clime or creed, we would say, May the needy and the afflicted give you their prayers, and may God in Christ enrich you with his blessing!

MISS RYE'S EMIGRANTS.

Miss RYE writes from Dunedin:—"I have much pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of the *John Duncan* at Port Chalmers, and the disembarkation of my 100 women at Dunedin, after a glorious passage of ninety-eight days. As a whole, the girls behaved remarkably well, and we had no illness worth speaking about, except in the case of Louisa Haines, who died after a short illness. The weather has been magnificent; storms and sea-sickness almost mythical; and nothing could have exceeded the kindness of Captain and Mrs. Brown, or the courtesy of both first and second officers of the ship. I shall have no difficulty in disposing of the girls we have here; they will all find good situations and good salaries; but already I see more clearly the force of my reiterated assertion that it is certain destruction to ship off unsteady girls. As we have been scarcely forty-eight hours in this town, it would be folly to attempt any description of Dunedin, which, however, is not deserted, according to the report in some of the London papers, the townsfolk reaping harvests sufficiently golden to induce them to remain by their stores and attend to the wants of the miners on their arrival and during their stay in town before starting for the diggings. More than 26,000 oz. of gold were brought down from the Lake last week, so that there can be no doubt of the richness of the field. On our arrival we were kindly received by the High Sheriff and some of the leading merchants of the town. The girls are in excellent spirits, and 'all's well' at present."

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